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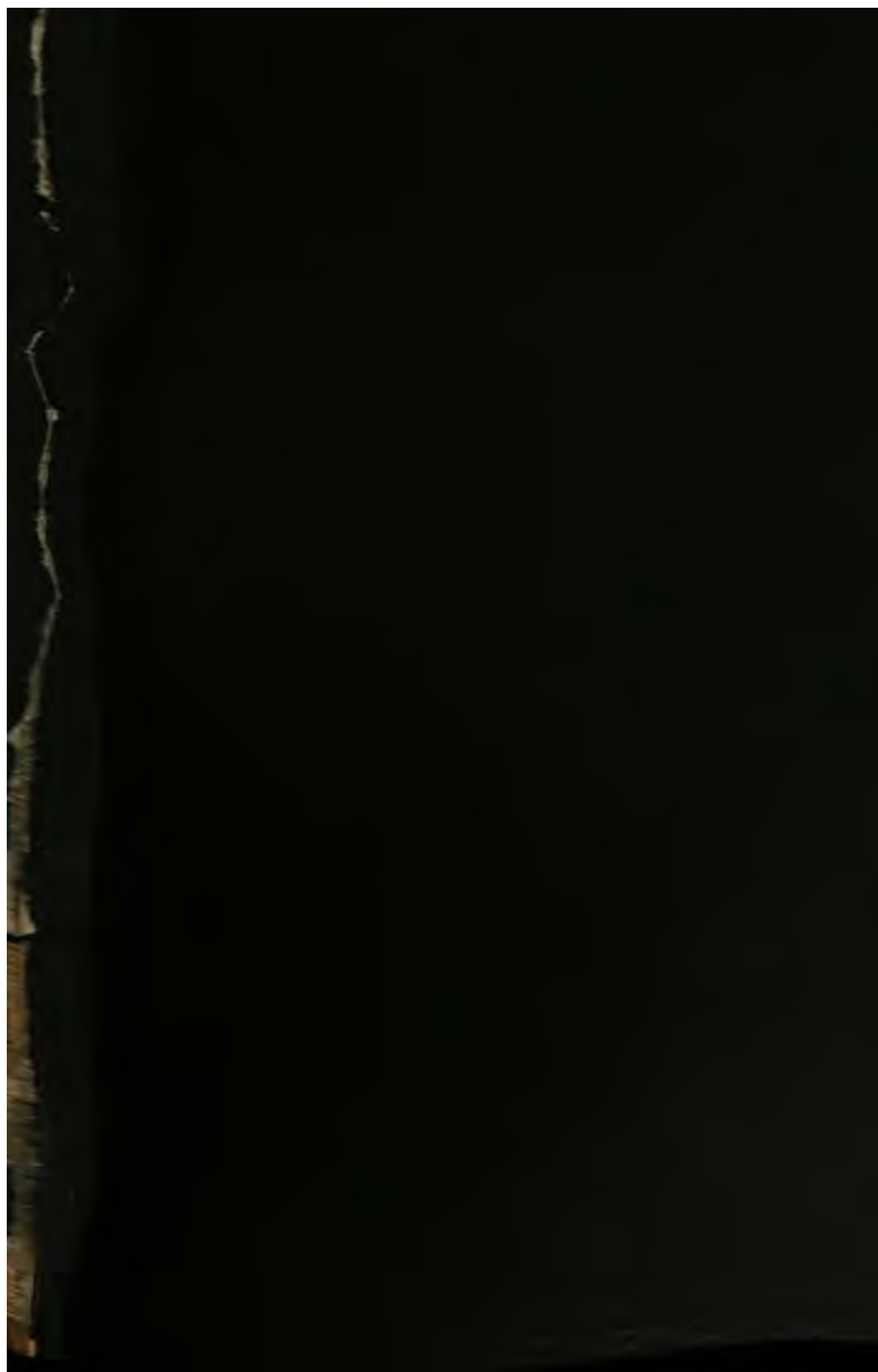
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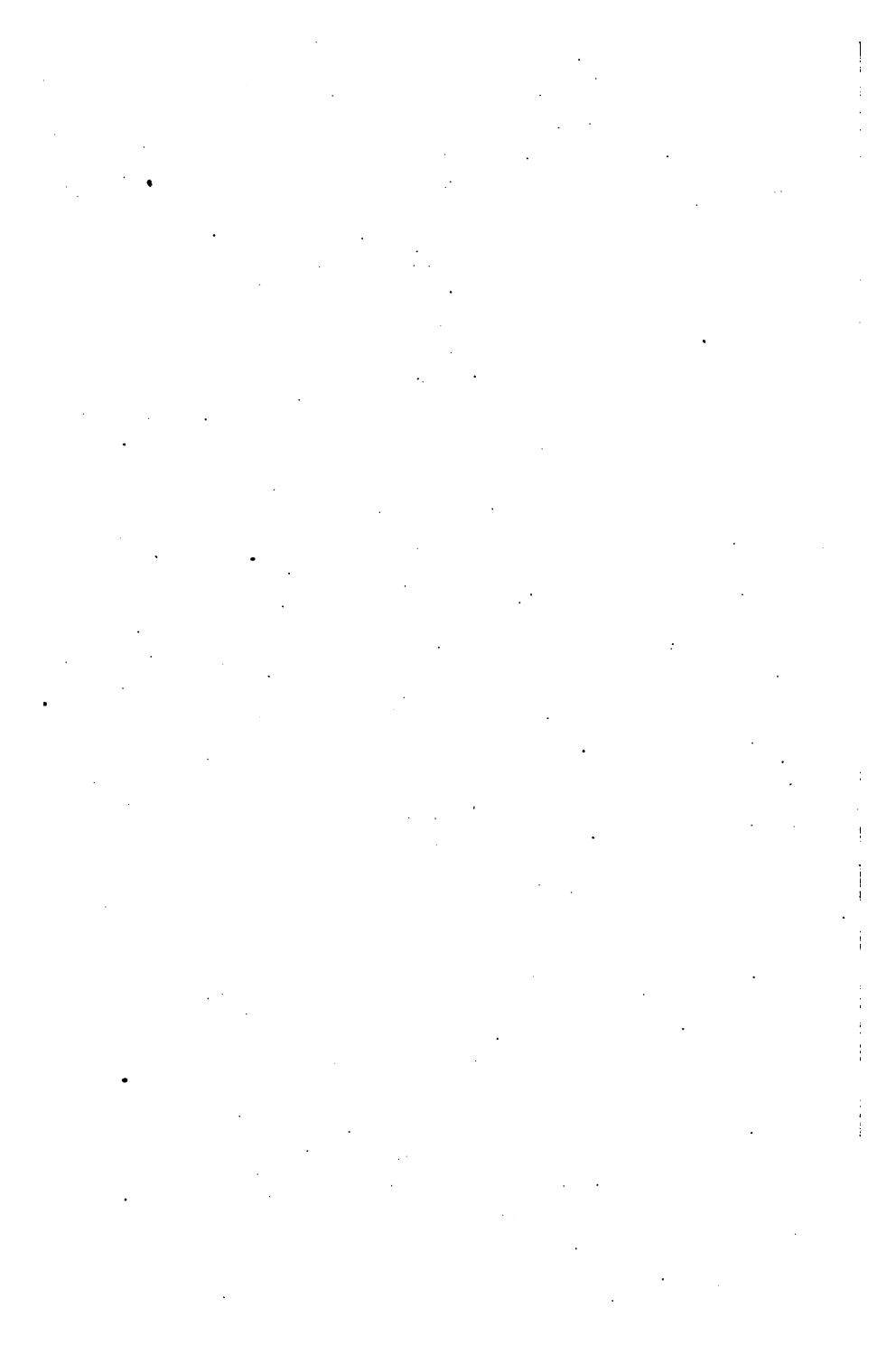
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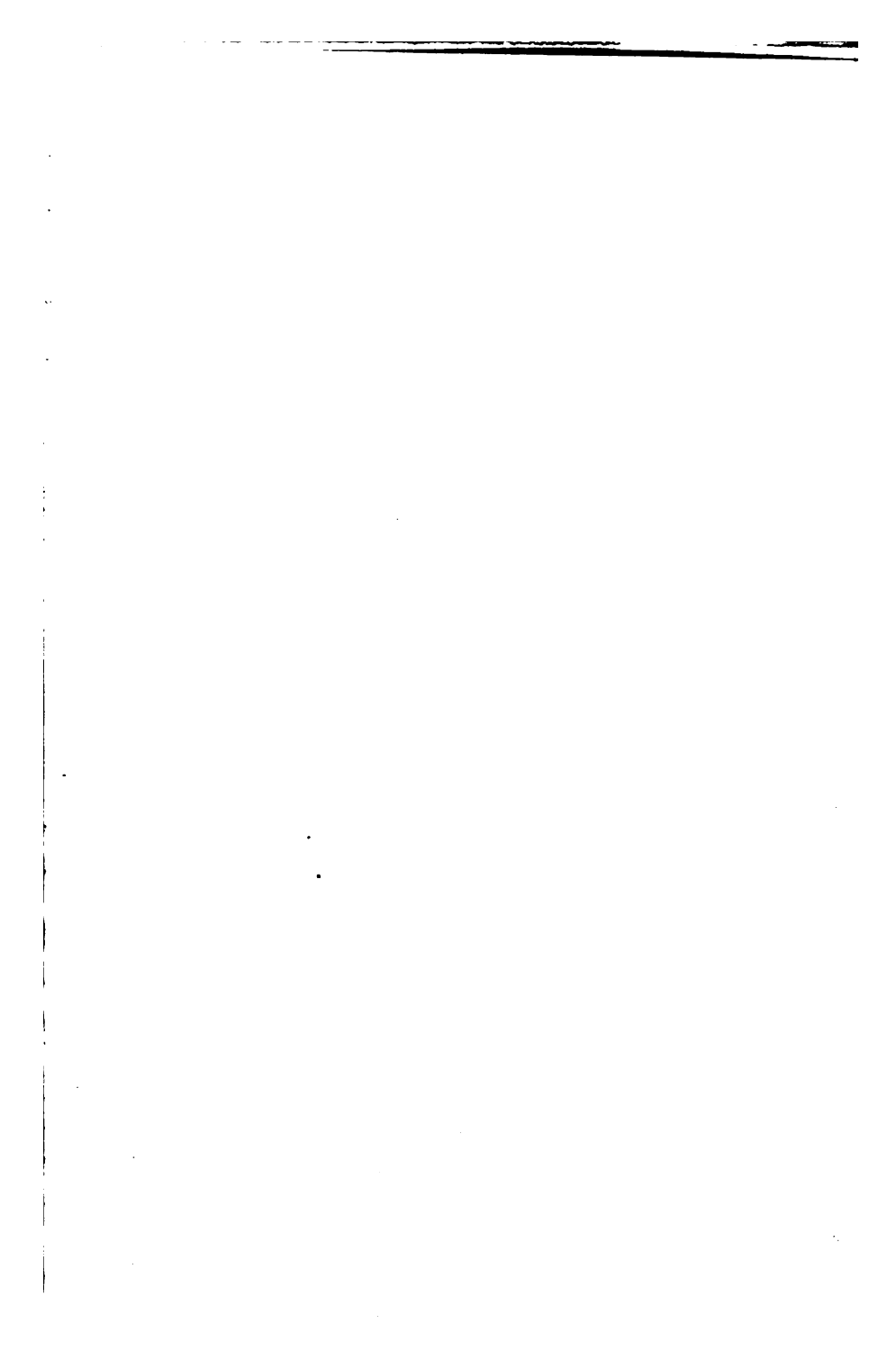
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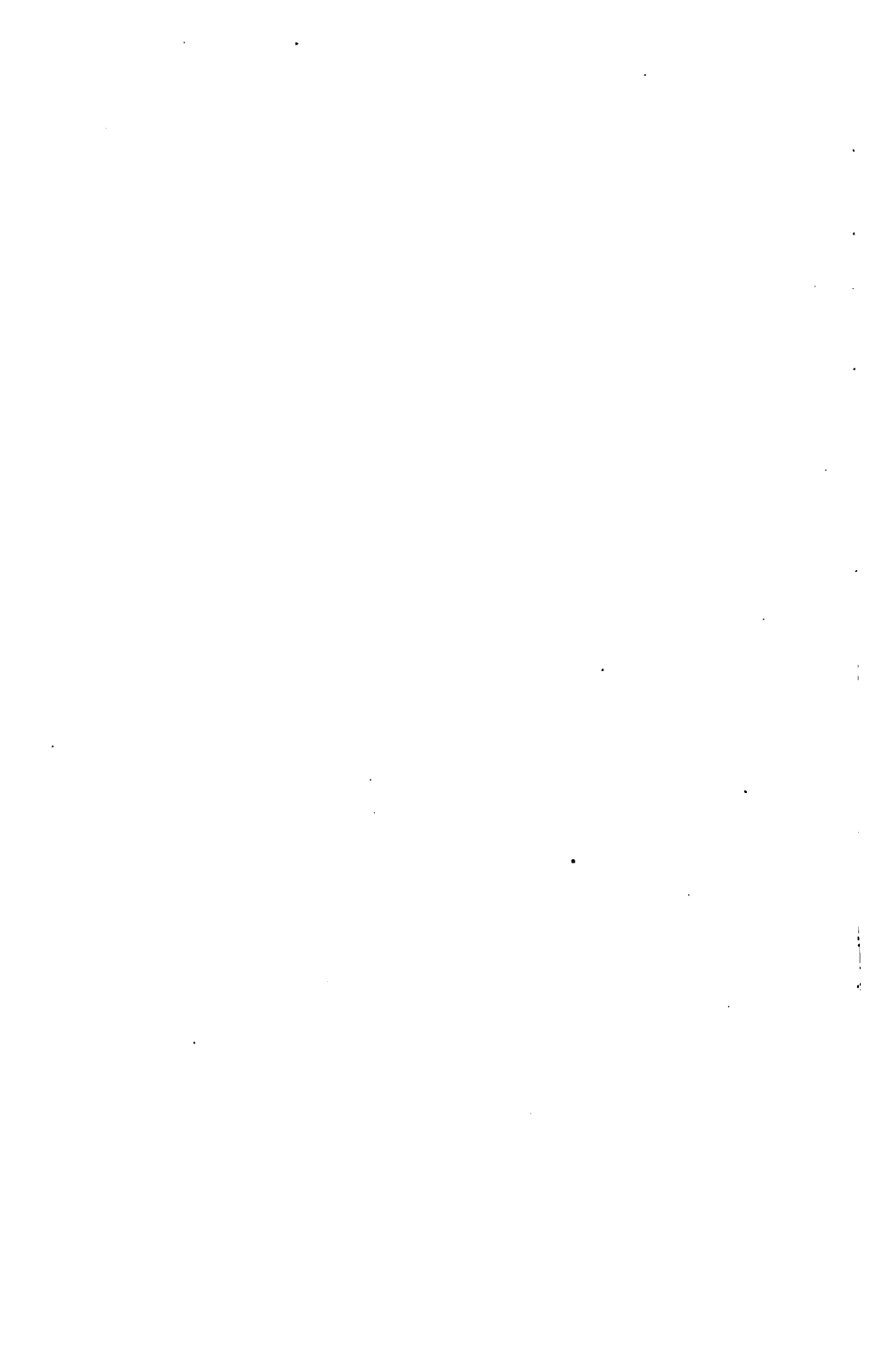
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M A F E E S H,

OR,

Nothing New;

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR

IN

GREECE, TURKEY, EGYPT, THE SINAI-DESERT,
PETRA, PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND RUSSIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—Vol. II.

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SYRIA.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR, &c.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 29.—We started at half-past 7 o'clock, and rode past the cemetery, under the mountain range of Hermon to Wady et-Teim, the continuation of the plain of Hâleh and the valley of the Jordan. The road was very wet and marshy till we crossed into a deep ravine, where there is a rapid stream which you cross by a narrow stone bridge. The path then lay up a high hill, and as the heat became very intense, and the sun's rays very powerful, we agreed to rest under some olive trees in the Wady Khureibeh. We lunched and rested for two hours here, and then rode up by a steep rough road to the little village of Râsheiyet el-Fukhâr. There is a missionary school here, and some good pottery works, to which the name of the place refers. We passed down a remarkably steep hill, and were all obliged to get off and walk until we reached the valley. We noticed some caves in the side of the hill, and a kind of amphitheatre at the foot of the limestone rocks. At last we arrived at the ruins of the Temple of Hibbârîyeh,⁽¹⁾ which are very beautiful and face towards

Mount Hermon. We did not stay long here, as there was not much to see, and we were surrounded by people from the village, but took a guide and hurried on to try and reach Hasbeiya before dark. We rode for a long time by the banks of a river and then went over a hill, leaving Hasbeiya (?) on the left. Our guide missed the way, and it was quite dark before we reached our camping place on the banks of a river which flows down from the fountain of the Jordan. The last part of the road was very rough, and the stars, and a little moonlight, alone aided us to find our way ; but soon we saw some lights shining through the trees, and heard the murmur of the river, and a few moments afterwards we were settled in our tents.

Thursday, April 30.—We were called before 5 o'clock. When I looked out of my tent the sun had not risen, but my tent was surrounded already by Druze⁽³⁾ women and girls, who had brought milk and eggs. Some of them looked very pretty in their picturesque white veils. We started at 6, and fording the river, guided by a venerable looking man, we rode up a high hill to visit the natural bridge, Kûweh, over the Litâny,⁽⁴⁾ or Leontes, river. In about an hour and forty minutes we reached a small village on a hill from which we had a splendid view of the glen below, where the river, bursting through some high cliffs, flows down to the Mediterranean, instead of continuing its course towards the Jordan. The Leontes rises near Ba'albek. We reached down to see the glen where the rest of the party joined us, and we proceeded up the hill, a very

steep one, and then up and down several other hills, alternately descending into deep gullies, running at a little distance from the river. We had frequently to dismount, the hills being too steep to ride up or down. The sun was very powerful, and we were very glad when at last we reached Yuhmur, a Metâwileh village, about two miles from the chasm which intersects the eastern spurs of the Lebanon. Here we took a guide who showed us the path, which, when once it began to descend, became so steep that we were obliged to dismount. We left our horses and scrambled down to see the chasm. The scenery about the river is very wild and picturesque, but the bridge itself disappointed me. It is merely a green causeway formed across the river which flows about 105 feet below. Rocks fallen from above have filled up part of the bed of the stream, and others have fallen across these, bridging it over; earth has been deposited upon the rocks, which have thus been covered with grass. Though disappointed in my expectations of the bridge I was delighted with the scenery, and should have liked to encamp near the village above and to explore this wild gorge at our leisure.

We climbed up again to take advantage of the shade of some rocks overlooking the ravine, and opposite to some curious caves almost inaccessible on the other side, said to be the dwelling of robbers. There was a lovely waterfall just above the robber-caves, and some cattle feeding near, which formed a pretty picture. The three parties lunched close together,

Mr. and Mrs. B——, Mr. H——, and ourselves, all sitting under the rocks. Our guide would not eat anything we offered him. The Metâwilehs are neither Christian nor Mahometan. We hastened up the hill, as time pressed, mounted our horses, and rode over hill and dale to reach Rasheiya, but it was a long weary ride, and our guide lost his way several times. The views, however, from some of the high grounds were beautiful. One of Mount Hermon (*) was quite splendid. We climbed a high hill, and then began to descend, when we saw Rasheiya in the distance. This was so far satisfactory, as our horses were very tired, having travelled all day without halting. Again we took the wrong road, and coming down a hill we met a goatherd with a large flock of goats. He looked very wistfully at some fresh green beans I had in my hand, and when I gave them to him he was so pleased that he stopped the goats, and milked one into a tin vessel, giving us all the warm milk to drink, which we found most refreshing. The peasants always offer you green beans when they meet you as a compliment. He put us into the right track.

We rode on and tried to reach Rasheiya (°) before sunset, but had to climb a very high stiff hill which seemed interminable, and which tired the horses dreadfully. At last, on turning a point of rock, we saw our tents. Ely and Mr. H——, who had taken the right road, had reached the tents half-an-hour before us. A fine old fortress is situated at the entrance to the town, which commands a magnificent view. One

window in the tower overlooks the whole plain, and reminded me of the song "The Red Cross Knight,"—

"A knight looked down from a Paynim tower,
And a Christian host in its pride and power
In the path beneath him rode."

We rode into camp tired and glad to get to rest after our long day.

Friday, May 1.—Rising early I went with Dr. C—— to see the old castle; we took Hassan Wyse with us, and after walking some little way through the town ascended to the fortress. We knocked at a little postern gate for some time, and at length persuaded a soldier, who opened it, to obtain permission from the governor for us to see the fortress. It was granted, and we saw the governor himself, who had been dressing, and whose shaving was hardly completed when he made his appearance. He was a fine soldier-like looking man. He sent a soldier with us to take us to the top of the tower, from which we had a splendid view of the Lebanon and Anti-lebanon ranges, and of the valley that lies at the foot of the hill. Behind the fortress rose the snowy range of Mount Hermon. The mountain has three summits; on the second in height are the ruins of a small temple from which the view must be glorious. We remained a little looking at the different landmarks and at our route of yesterday.

On returning to the tents we breakfasted, and started about 8 o'clock. We rode down the valley

passing several trains of donkeys and mules belonging to a marabout travelling with his wife, who was sitting on a fine mule, dressed in white, and veiled, with her baby in her arms; then up a difficult pass, with the Hermon range on the right, several patches of snow coming low down on the mountain's side, till we reached Rukhleh,(7) where are the remains of an old temple. We saw some fine columns, and a wonderful head in a medallion, the features much mutilated, but with a pleasing sad expression and wonderful large eyes, like the Sphinx. Mr. H—— copied some pretty tracery for me from one of the fallen columns. This temple, like that at Hibbâriyeh, faces Mount Hermon. Among the ruins we found a beautiful sculptured eagle, with expanded wings.

We mounted and started for Deir el-'Ashâyir, but got into a bad rocky road, and, losing our way, we wandered about, scrambling and climbing up almost impassable hills, always ascending, with no trace of a footpath till we reached the head of a narrow glen, down which we rode. Before us lay the beautiful plain of Zebedâny, which we reached at length, and half-an-hour more easy riding brought us to the ruins of Deir el-'Ashâyir,(8) where we found Mr. and Mrs. B—— at luncheon. They had come by a more direct road. We sat down to rest and have luncheon, but were soon surrounded by women and children, all with their eyes painted and some rouged; some little boys, with bright curly hair, had deep black marks painted under their eyes, which looked supernaturally large in consequence.

We walked over the ruins of the temple, which contained some fine remains of capitals and friezes, and then, mounting our horses, a short ride of half-an-hour brought us to the high road to Damascus; but we stopped short at Dîmas,⁽⁹⁾ a bleak, cold place for camping. The wind blew keen and cold all night.

Saturday, May 2.—Dr. C—— and I started first, and Mr. H——, Ely, and Mr. S—— followed us. We rode along the high road for some time, and when the rest of the party came up we took a shady path, with hedgerows of pink and white hawthorn, by the banks of the river Abana,⁽¹⁰⁾ which is very deep and rapid, to Mezzeh. Before reaching Mezzeh, we met a marriage-procession, with Arab music, escorting the bridegroom to the house of the bride, which startled our horses. Continuing our ride along the river-side, we reached the village of Dummar, where we crossed the river, and, diverging from the path, ascended the hill by a steep zigzag path to a little *wely* on the top. Here the most magnificent view of Damascus lies before you. The wely stands more than 500 feet above the city, which lies embedded in gardens of orange, olive, and palm trees. The Barada runs winding through the plain, and the grand mosque stands out conspicuously, with its golden crescents glittering among the verdant groves. Mahomet, the prophet, is said to have exclaimed, when he first beheld Damascus from here and looked down upon the gorgeous scene at his feet, “Allah made only one paradise for man; mine is in heaven!” and turned and retraced his steps. The

ridge on which this wely stands is a continuation of the snowy Hermon ridge; farther to the right are the Jebel Haurân, more anciently called the Hills of Bashan; and in the distance you see the river Pharpar. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" (2 Kings, v. 12) was said by Naaman to the messenger of Elisha.

The Desert appears like a yellow line, far away, but bounding and encircling this verdant oasis. It was blowing very hard when we were at the wely. Here we left Mr. and Mrs. B——, and rode down the hill, passing through narrow shady lanes and gardens of fruit-trees, along which sparkling streams flowed, making the breeze, which rustled perfumed through the apricot-trees above our heads, cool and refreshing.

We rode down one or two streets before we reached the Damascus hotel, which we found very full: but our rooms had been secured, and we were soon settled in them. The hotel is very pretty: it has a large court-yard in the centre, with a fountain in the middle, and orange-trees round it, besides roses and jessamines trained against the walls of the hotel.

After luncheon we went to see the English Consul, Mr. Rogers. He was not at home, but his nephew, Mr. Sydney, took us to see two Jewish houses, the prettiest in the town, one of them belonging to a merchant and banker. You walk through dirty streets, now and then obtaining a glimpse of a lovely Jewish face at some window above your head. Sometimes you see faces of rare beauty in the streets. It was

the Jewish Sabbath, when they all receive. We stopped at a door, and when it was opened we passed through a narrow passage into an open court with a beautiful tessellated pavement, and a jet d'eau in the middle, with flowers round it. Against the walls was trellis-work, covered with jessamine and roses, and in pots and planted round the court were orange and lemon trees. All the summer-rooms open into the court, none of them into each other. On one side, generally the south, is an open alcove, called *lewan*, with a marble floor, and a dais covered with cushions for the ladies to recline upon. We found the lady of the house with some friends, sitting and smoking in the lewan or alcove, all beautifully dressed, and wearing a profusion of jewels. They rose to welcome us, and putting their feet into beautiful pattens inlaid with mother-of-pearl work, they crossed the court, and conducted us into a beautifully-painted and decorated salon, the divans covered with the richest and handsomest silks. The salons consist of two parts: one low, and paved with marble, called the *atâbeh*, having a fountain in the centre, and a ceiling often 40 feet high; the other part raised a foot higher, carpeted and surrounded on three sides by a couch covered with satin, and having cushions lying about it. Here, having taken off their pattens or shoes, which are left on the floor of the *atâbeh*, the visitors sit. The water flows all day long in the fountains, round which are silver cups, and the sound of the water is very soothing. These are not *harêms*, and the Jewish ladies receive unveiled

and see gentlemen. The ladies offered us cigars, pipes, coffee, and sherbet. We sat at many of the houses with the ladies and gentlemen of the family in these beautiful garden-like courts. Female attendants bring the pipes, first leaving their pattens at the door of the salon. They have other rooms for winter use. You find no work or books in these salons; one of the gentlemen told us that the ladies never read or work.

We visited the French consulate: there, also, was a pretty court and garden, in which was a tree covered with the sweet Damascus rose. The salon was lovely; but the house, said to be one of the prettiest in Damascus, was dismantled, the Consul and his family being absent. We then called upon the Hon. Mrs. D——, who has a beautiful house just outside the town. A branch of the river Barada runs through the garden, which is a wilderness of flowers: lovely roses, climbing over the trees like ivy, some European ones mixing with the delightful Damascus rose. We sat some time with her in a cool pretty room, opening into the garden, and enjoyed our visit very much. We returned by the "Straight Street" to the hotel, and dined at the table-d'hôte, joining Mr. and Mrs. B—— and Mr. C——, a very clever American painter, and his wife.

Sunday, May 3.—We had church in the house at ten. Mr. W—— officiated. Then luncheon, after which Mr. S—— took us to see the mosque. It has a fine large interior of 431 feet by 125 feet, with a marble tessellated pavement. They showed us the

kubbeh, or sanctuary, of the building, under which the head of John the Baptist is supposed to be contained in a casket, which is deposited in a kind of crypt. This mosque has three minarets, one of which we ascended, and had a splendid view over the town; but it was so cold and windy that we were driven down again. One minaret is called "the Minaret of the Bride," *Mâdinet el-Arûs*; another is "the Minaret of Jesus," *Mâdinet el-Isa*; the third is "the Western Minaret," *El Mâdinet el-Ghurbiyeh*. There are some good remains of mosaic in the mosque. We next visited the Latin church, which is not remarkable, and then a Christian merchant's house, in the same style as the Jews. We then walked home by the great plane-tree, which stands in one of the streets, and is said to be the largest in Syria. It appears to be of enormous size. We dined at the table-d'hôte. There is great uncertainty whether we can go to Palmyra or not, and in consequence we have arranged with Mr. and Mrs. B—— to visit the Haurân, where are the ruins of the ancient cities of Bashan.

The Haurân is an extensive district diversified by plain and mountain, chiefly in the hands of Druze chieftains, but infested, particularly on the borders next Damascus, by Bedouin robbers, which renders travelling, except with a strong escort, unsafe. The Haurân is divided into three provinces, the Lejah, the Nukrah, and the Jebel. The Lejah is inhabited by a few Bedouin tribes, who are about the most lawless of their race, but are kept somewhat in order by the

more powerful Druzes. The chief Arab tribes are those of Es-Solût, El-Medley, Es-Selmân, Ed-Dhohery, and Es-Siyaleh, who acknowledge the rule of the Pacha of Damascus. There are a few villages of Christians, Druzes, and Muslems in the Lejah. The largest of them is Edhr'a, the *Edrei* of Scripture, where the giant Og reigned (Deut. i. 4). A strip of land extending round the Lejah is called *El-Luhf* "the coverings." The old Hebrew name for this stony region was *Argob*, which signifies "a heap of stones." In Argob, as mentioned in the Bible, were threescore great cities, with walls and brazen bars (1 Kings iv. 13). *El-Jebel*, "the Mountain," is the mountain district between the plain of Haurân and the eastern desert. It is occupied almost exclusively by Druzes, but there are some small tribes of Bedawîn between whom and the 'Anazeh there has long been a feud.—*Notes from Murray's 'Handbook.'*

On the way to the Haurân, not far from Damascus, at the village of Kabr es-Sit, is the tomb of Zeinab, grand-daughter of Mahomet, and wife of Omar ibn el-Khattab, the second Caliph. Over her grave is a mosque with white cupola and minaret. It would be impossible for any one who has not visited it to give a description of the country of the Haurân; I only mention the principal cities. Burak, the city of "cisterns," may have contained 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, but is now a complete ruin, with the exception of some houses built with stone, which are in good preservation. Those who have visited the country

describe the walls and flat roofs as being built of large square blocks of basalt nearly as hard as iron. The doors are also of stone, from 6 to 12 inches thick, hung on projecting points, which work in the lintel and threshold. These houses are of various sizes, and probably of great antiquity, though their age cannot be determined. On a few there are Greek inscriptions.

There are several other curious and interesting ruins, such as El-Musmieh, near which is an extraordinary specimen of an eruption of basalt, bearing evident marks of having been in a state of ebullition, presenting appearances like the lava-fields around Vesuvius. Another remarkable place is Dâma, the capital of the Lejah. Here are about 300 houses, some still in good repair, but all deserted. I must also mention Kunawât, the Kenath of the Bible, a fine old ruin of great extent in the eastward portion of the Haurân. Also Suweideh, having the most extensive ruins of any place in this district next to Busrah. Kureiyeh was one of the largest cities in the Haurân, but has dwindled down to a mere village, and nothing is known of its history except that it is mentioned by Jeremiah among the cities in the plain upon which judgment was pronounced. The plain of Moab extended eastward from the Dead Sea, and the Jordan valley, and the Moabites were driven out of it by the Amorites, and they in their turn by the tribes of Reuben and Gad. In Joshua xiii. 12 are the words, "All the kingdom of Og in Bashan, which reigned in Ashtaroth and in Edrei, who remained of the remnant of the giants:

for these did Moses smite and cast out." In Kerioth is a temple containing a colossal face of Ashtaroth, who represents the moon, and was worshipped by the Phœnicians and the Philistines, and, indeed, by all the inhabitants of Syria. Her worship was introduced among the Israelites, but abolished by Joshua. She was especially honoured in Bashan. Ashtaroth is represented with a crescent and rays, significant of the moon.

The Israelites defeated the Amorites in a battle near the city of Edrei, and Og, king of Bashan, was killed. It is said that probably the Moabites retired for a time to the desert, and returned when Israel's power began to decline. The Haurân is never referred to in Bible history after it fell into the hands of the Israelites. The inscriptions found on its tombs are all of the age of the Roman dominion. It is mentioned in the Crusading wars; but these great cities are all deserted, and the country is in a sadly unsettled state. Mr. and Mrs. C——, the American consul and his wife, told us they had made a tour of three days in the Haurân, and were much pleased with what they saw, except in one case, when they came unexpectedly upon some dead bodies, merely covered with a little sand, the victims of a quarrel between the Bedouins and the Druzes. A Druze sheikh, a relative of Mr. H——'s head muleteer, offered to escort us through the Haurân, but we were obliged later to give up the expedition, to our great regret.

Monday, May 4.—I went with Mr. and Mrs. B——,

Ely, and Mr. S—— to visit the bazaars, which are in the street called "Straight." You enter by a low Roman arch, when long lines of shops appear before you, and a great many khans, with their picturesque groups of merchants sitting cross-legged in them, or smoking round the fountain, which is always in the centre. A gallery generally runs round the khan, and in little niches of it the merchants display their goods, and sleep. Spices and fruits are arranged and spread out on tables, with different kinds of sherbet and sweetmeats, for Damascus is famous for preserved fruits. Men go about the bazaar carrying sherbet, and snow to cool it in barrels, a curious and primitive machine. The snow is placed above the vessel containing the sherbet. In the middle of the bazaar is a fine old gateway, a splendid specimen of Saracenic architecture, with beautiful marble columns. Round the whole is a border of fretwork with stones of different colours arranged in it in patterns. It was erected in the year of the Hejira 1166 (A.D. 1788) by Asad Pacha, and there is an inscription in Arabic upon it in praise of Allah. The counting-houses of some of the principal merchants of the city are situated in this structure, which is lighted by nine domes. We looked in, it was a busy scene; all the merchants were actively employed. We visited the "Silversmith's Bazaar," and walked round between the little shops. It is dark and gloomy looking, but the workmen were very busy with little fires before them, hammering away, only looking up now and then. They were very civil, and allowed

us to examine their work. We noticed some quaint figures amongst them. At each shop one man exhibits the goods for sale, whilst his companion works silently by his side. We saw heaps of fine jewels lying on their little tables—diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, all mixed together. It reminded me of Aladdin's treasures in the 'Arabian Nights.' Here were a good many of the silver ornaments, such as are worn by the women of the country, curiously shaped belts, &c. Mrs. B—— and I bought each a trifle, but the prices were exorbitant.

We next went to the "Arms," or "Greek Bazaar," where we saw some fine old specimens of Damascus blades, and other weapons, Turkish and Arabian, some beautifully worked coffee-cup holders, fine amber mouth-pieces, and one or two handsome amber necklaces. We also passed through the "Bazaar of Carpenters;" here are made the pretty pattens, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which all the ladies of Damascus wear. We tried some on, and bought a few pairs, the gentlemen as well as ourselves. Their purchases are intended for presents. They make here lovely ebony chests, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, to contain the trousseaux of the Eastern brides. Many fine specimens in Europe come from Damascus; they are beautifully executed. Some pretty tables, screens, and footstools of the same workmanship were exhibited for sale. We stood and watched the whole process of carving the walnut wood, and then fitting in the little pieces of mother-of-pearl. We visited all we could; in the "Tobacco Bazaar" were the narghîly makers, who carve

the little brass bowls to enclose the cocoa-nut shells for smoking; the silver and brass cups for holding the little porcelain or brass coffee-cups are also made here. In many of the shops are hung up beautifully engraved old copper and brass vessels, plates, and pans, all covered with Arabesque ornaments and inscriptions, many of them very old indeed. In other shops were displayed fine cashmere shawls, Persian carpets, quaint weapons inlaid with precious stones, and beautifully embroidered dresses, it was really like a scene in the 'Arabian Nights.' Inside some of the courts or khans, with their curious old carved doorways, are fine white donkeys, and horses are seen standing with handsome red saddles and trappings, waiting for their masters, and some grave old Turk sitting smoking his narghily. Sometimes you meet the merchants riding gravely through the streets of the bazaar, their servants running on before. Sometimes a veiled beauty passes on a white or black donkey led by her attendant. Near the western gate of the mosque are four massive columns, supporting an arch of singular beauty; you can only see the shafts from the bazaar, but a little *bakhsheesh* procures entrance to the terrace of a house close by, from which you can see the capitals and arch. It is one of the finest pieces of ancient art in Syria. We went next to a quaint little shop with some bottles and cups displayed outside, but here you can purchase the finest and purest Attar of Roses; for a very small bottle of it the merchant asks a Napoleon, nearly a franc a drop. He had some other curious perfumes,

and scented beads. We sauntered on, visiting the Silk Bazaar, and on our return went into a shop, where we ordered some abbas, and bought some silk handkerchiefs, and some stuff made of camel's hair. We appointed the silk merchant to bring some of his goods to the hotel after luncheon.

We returned home very tired, the day had been so hot and oppressive. There were a good many people at luncheon. Our little party at one end of the table was very gay and merry. About half-past 2 o'clock the Druze sheikh, who was engaged to take us to the Haurân, called, then Mrs. D——, and lastly the merchant with the silk. We adjourned to the lewân, or alcove, in the court of the hotel, and sat there. After a great deal of bargaining with the merchant we got rid of him. I bought two table-covers, one for Ely, and one for the Q—— of H——, besides other things. Mr. B——, Ely, and Mr. S—— then went to dine with the family of a Druze, Mr. B——'s principal muleteer, and Mrs. B——, Dr. C——, and I set off to the bazaars, where we visited the "Silversmiths' Bazaar," and called to see some fine old Damascus weapons at the house of a merchant, who showed us all his curiosities, and gave us flowers and sweetmeats. Returning we met Mr. B——, who told us he had received a telegram which obliged him to leave next day for Beyrout, and in consequence he could not go to the Haurân. After dinner we all went to a party given at a Jew's house. We rode on white donkeys through the streets, which looked quite picturesque in the moonlight, and we

passed many a little mosque lighted up by the silvery moonbeams. We heard music as we got near the house, and soon entered a large court, into which the reception-room opened. It was crowded with people. About twenty ladies, all dressed in bright colours, mostly pink, and covered with jewels, and two or three pretty little children, with their hands painted in patterns, were assembled. The Arab music was at one end of the room on a raised platform. The Jewish girls danced by turns singly, as the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod. One danced the sword-dance very well; they were all much painted and rouged, and their eyes darkened. Mrs. D—— was there, and all the French gentlemen. We enjoyed our evening immensely, and rode back on our donkeys to the hotel through the bazaars. The streets were full of dogs lying about asleep; with difficulty we avoided treading on them. Some looked up, and uttered a low discontented growl as we passed by.

It is settled that we give up going to the Haurân, as Mr. and Mrs. B—— leave to-morrow. We remain till Friday, when we hope to start for Tadmor, if Sheikh Miguel can take us. Ely, Mr. H——, and Mr. S—— enjoyed their dinner at the muleteer's immensely. They had one course of meat, and at the second course twenty-six sweet dishes were served.

Damascus is a curious old town; by the Arabs and inhabitants it is called "The Earthly Paradise," and is supposed to be the site of the Garden of Eden. It is situated on the south bank of the river Barada, and its

length is marked by the street called "Straight," which runs from west to east, and is an English mile long. In this part are the great mosque, the castle, bazaars, the khan As'ad Pacha, and the Christian churches. The Turkish quarter is on the north bank of the river, reaching to Salahîyeh; here are all the public offices. Of the suburbs, the Meidân is the largest and handsomest; it terminates at the "Gate of God," *Buwahet Allah*, so called probably because the pilgrims to Mecca pass through it.

"Damascus is now the political capital of Syria. The official title of the Pacha is *Wâly*, and he is ruler of the whole country from the borders of Egypt to the parallel of Maarret En N'amân,¹ north of Hamath. Under him are three provincial pachalics—Beyrout, Akka, and Jerusalem." "Since the massacre of 1860, Lebanon is an independent pachalic, governed by a Christian. The first pacha appointed was Dâud, an Armenian from Constantinople." "Damascus is the head-quarters of the army of Syria, and the pacha is commander-in-chief. It is part of his duty, when possible, to accompany the annual caravan to Mecca."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aram, whose family colonized north-eastern Syria, and gave it that name, *Aram*, rendered into English, Syria. It is so called in Judges x. 6. In the Old Testament this country is called *Aram-Damesk*, Aram of Damascus, 2 Sam. viii. 6. Also in Isaiah we read "For the head of Syria is Damascus," Is. vii. 8.

The natural highway from Southern Mesopotamia, the cradle of the human race, is by the fountains of Palmyra and Kuryetein, and the earliest wandering westward, after the building of Babel, would be to the banks of the Abana. Damascus was well known in the time of Abraham, and is again mentioned in the time of David. In 2 Kings v. 1, 2, is the history of the leper Naaman, the great Assyrian general. Damascus has had many masters: Ahaz, King of Judah, sought the aid of Tiglath-pileser, King of Assyria, against Pekah, King of Israel, and Rezin, King of Damascus. Tiglath-pileser took Damascus, and slew Rezin, and thus all Syria, about B.C. 740, became a province of the Assyrian Empire. Damascus fell into the hands of Alexander after the battle of Issus. The Egyptian Ptolemies also reigned in Damascus, and Herod lived here. St. Paul's conversion and baptism took place at Damascus, and his escape also. They show the houses of Ananias and Judas to this day. Damascus, A.D. 740, was the see of a Christian bishop. In 635 it fell into the power of the Khalif Omar. The khalifs of this house, and the Abassides, who reigned at Bagdad, adorned the city with many splendid buildings. The Crusaders, under three sovereigns, Baldwin, Conrad, and Louis VII., assaulted the town; but the Cross never displaced the Crescent. In A.D. 1401 Damascus came into the power of the Tartar Tamerlane, called El-Wahsh, "the wild beast," by the Arabs, on account of his cruelty. He swept the country with his victorious troops, and put many of the inhabitants to the sword. The Mamelukes

had afterwards possession of the city, but, in A.D. 1516, it was taken by Sultan Selim I., and has ever since belonged to the Turkish empire. Its pachalic extends from Maarret, halfway between Hamath and Aleppo on the north, to Jerusalem and Hebron on the south, and from Hasbeiya on the west to Tadmor on the east, including the vast plains of the Haurân, and all the region towards the desert. Between Damascus and Bagdad there is a large caravan once, and sometimes twice, or oftener, a year, consisting of 1500 or 2000 camels, which convey merchandize. The route is by way of Palmyra, and thence eastward, till it joins the caravan road from Aleppo to Bagdad. The Euphrates is crossed at Hit.

Tuesday, May 5.—Mrs. B—— went to the bazaar with Dr. C—— and myself at 9 o'clock. We wandered about till nearly 12, and then returned to the hotel, passing through the ruins of the castle. The outer walls are in good repair. It is not easy to decide whether they date from the Byzantine, Saracenic, or Roman times. Some soldiers were loitering about in a vaulted court, under a kind of archway, where some horses were standing. One of the soldiers opened a wooden door and showed us part of the old wall. There is nothing to be seen of interest in the castle. In 1860 the Christians and Druzes took refuge there, and were defended and saved by Abd el-Kader.

We returned to the hotel, and after luncheon Mr. and Mrs. B—— left *en route* to Ba'albek. Ely and Mr. S—— went to the bazaars, and Mr. H——, Dr. C——, and I rode to the muleteer's house, where they

had been the day before. The muleteer's wife wished to see me. They gave us an Arab repast, consisting of a dish of pillau, and sweetmeats. We sat on the floor, cross-legged, and ate with our fingers. The pillau was beautifully dressed, and very good indeed; after it we had some excellent sweetmeats. I then went to see the mistress of the house, a very handsome woman, rather coarse, but with lovely eyes. She kept her veil down, because Hamet went with me to interpret.

After this visit we rode round the town, past the Jewish cemetery, to the Christian one, where they showed us a large tombstone covering the place where lay the remains of the poor victims of the massacre of 1860. We then crossed the Barada by a small wooden bridge, and rode along the banks to the green Merj, where is the rendezvous of the Haj when they start for Mecca; so celebrated also in the 'Arabian Nights.' There we saw two women sitting close to the bank of the rapid river on a beautiful green spot, veiled, and quite motionless; a man and some horses and donkeys were standing near them, making quite a picture. The Barada is very rapid here, but pure and silvery looking, with green banks on both sides, fertile with orchards and gardens, through which appear the domes of the Tekîyeh, and several picturesque mosques or mausoleums, embowered in their foliage. The Tekîyeh, a hospital or almshouse, was founded by Selim I. A.D. 1516, for the accommodation of poor pilgrims on their way to Mecca, who receive food and clothing here, and sometimes money. From Damascus to Medina is

twenty-seven days' march, but ten or twelve days are usually spent *en route*; from Medina to Mecca is eleven days' march, and from eighteen to twenty days are spent at Mecca and Arafât.

We entered the city and called on Mrs. D——; and then, leaving our horses, we walked home, passing the plane-tree, and making a *détour* to see the house of Judas, where St. Paul lodged. It is in a lane off the Bazaar. We peeped through a dirty window into it, and saw a few rags and votive offerings hung over a tomb, said to be that of Ananias. We dined at the table-d'hôte. Being very tired I went to bed early.

Wednesday, May 6.—We spent our morning in the Bazaar, and at 12, when the gentlemen went to luncheon, Hassan took me to the Baths, where I had a Turkish bath, very refreshing but very fatiguing. I could not make them understand me, and they continued throwing water over me till I was quite exhausted. I saw a good many Turkish women there, some beautiful young faces among them; some were bathing, others resting, and their attendants were drying their long hair and plaiting it, and in some cases dyeing both eyes and hands with the juice of the henna plant. One young Turkish beauty arrived splendidly dressed, wearing a large pink gauze veil, which covered her from head to foot. She raised it and displayed her dress, which was very magnificent. She was pretty, and had splendid dark eyes, and a bright intellectual expression of countenance. In the centre room is a large fountain, round which were

placed fruits, a kind of cucumber, and sweetmeats. Here in little rooms leading off, the ladies sit and cool themselves after their baths, and enjoy each others' society ; they were laughing and talking together, and seemed very merry.

I got home about 2 o'clock, and after resting a little we went to the "Saddlery Bazaar," where we bought a pretty embroidered horse-cloth, and some red trappings and head ornaments for ponies. We saw some beautifully worked saddles here. From here we passed close to the shops where they make the quaint yellow slippers of soft leather, and the red over-shoes ; also the yellow boots the Turkish ladies wear when they go out. We then went to pay some visits with Mr. S——, who called at a Jewish banker's house. The wife of the latter received us very kindly. Her daughter-in-law had just been confined of twins about two weeks before. One child was dead, and the other very ill. Dr. C—— and I, at the grandmother's request, went up to see the child. In a plain, quiet-looking room, we found a pretty pale young Jewish lady sitting by the cradle. The baby lay quite still, but looked so waxen and fragile that one feared it would soon follow its sister. The poor young mother fixed her large dark eyes very eagerly on Dr. C——'s face, not understanding our language, to try to read his thoughts. Dr. C—— said all he could to console her, and we took leave of her and the family, and went to pay some other visits. At all the houses we met the same kind welcome, and in the last we sat in the open courtyard. One of the

gentlemen spoke English and very good French. In one house we found a large party of ladies who could not speak French, but they were all bright and full of spirits, and made us understand by signs how glad they were to see us.

We returned home at last, but were very late for dinner, which was nearly over. A friend came in to tea, and gave us a very interesting account of Arab and desert life. Late to bed—very tired.

Thursday, May 7.—I rose early, packed, and finished some letters for England. To-day we start on our long-projected expedition to Palmyra. After breakfast we walked to the Bazaar, as Ely wished to buy a dressing-gown. Here we found two Arabs purchasing “abbas,” strange, wild-looking men, with long black elfin locks. One had his long glossy hair hanging in plaits and curls about his face. He had taken a fancy to a crimson abba, embroidered in gold, and was trying it on. They have a shy, scared look in towns, to which they seldom come; but in the desert their appearance changes, and you see the proud bearing and eagle-like eye, so characteristic of their race. These men belonged to Sheikh Miguel’s tribe, and had come to Damascus with a message from him concerning our expedition to Palmyra.

We wandered about the bazaars revisiting some of the shops we had seen before; one is never tired of seeing these bazaars, with their quaint, picturesque groups before the shops. At every corner you see a grave Turk, sitting cross-legged, sometimes sound asleep,

among the carpets and stuffs displayed before him. There are innumerable studies for the pencil of an artist in this busy scene. We passed an old doorway leading into a court, where stood a beautiful grey Arab horse and two donkeys. Here some Turks were sitting round the fountain, and 'not far off' was a Turkish school with its lively inhabitants. Dogs were lying about in every direction, opening only one sleepy eye as we passed, for they never rise to get out of your way. We made a few purchases and then left.

We found all ready at the hotel, and, mounting our horses, we started at once. The muleteers had set off with our tents some hours before. Our poor white donkey has been sold, and is left at Damascus. I saw him standing in the market-place, and looking so handsome. Damascus abounds in white donkeys, and very fine animals they are. We rode through the town and out by the gate Bab Tûma,^(10a) "Thomas's Gate," crossed the old bridge over the Barada; and taking the road which runs to the north-east, we soon left the paved streets of Damascus, the beautiful city with its bright streams and lovely gardens, behind us.

We rode on along the high road to Aleppo. On one side were beautiful orchards affording a grateful shade, and perfuming the air. We crossed two or three streams, sometimes by fording, and sometimes by bridges, half ruined and pointed in the centre, which renders riding difficult. The road is excellent, but the torrents in winter bring down large stones in their

headlong career. After two hours' riding we reached the small villages of Harista and Dâma. Riding through Dâma, we found our tents pitched on a little green space outside the town. There was a beautiful sunset over Damascus, flooding with rosy light the snowy range of Hermon in the distance.

After dinner I went with Ely to see Mr. H—— and Mr. S——, to settle the arrangements for next day. The moon rose bright and clear, and soon all was quiet in our little encampment; the stillness of the night only broken by the cry to prayers from the minarets of Dâma, and the baying of some dogs.

Friday, May 8.—We were called at half-past 5 o'clock, but were not able to start before 7, on account of some delay with the luggage. Our road lay along a wide cultivated plain, irrigated by streams flowing into the Barada and its tributaries. This plain extended on our right as far as the horizon eastward, bounded on the south by the hills of Bashan. No trees are to be seen on it, except a few clustered round some villages, dotted about at a great distance on the plain. On our left was the lowest ridge of the Anti-lebanon, and in about two hours we passed at a distance the village of Adhra. The view back towards Damascus was very fine. We could see in the foreground the villages of Harista and Dâma embedded in groves of palm and olive-trees, and far distant the snowy mountains of Hermon, and at its feet Damascus, its spires and mosques glittering in the sun's rays.

We rode on, the sun rising higher and higher, and

the day growing extremely hot. About 11 o'clock we reached a ruined khan, called Khan el Tinîyeh, which stands at the foot of Jebel Tinîyeh, ⁽¹¹⁾ "the Hill of Figs." Here we met a party mounted on fine Arab horses, and armed with spears and guns. It consisted of a grave-looking Turk and his attendants. We exchanged salutations, and proceeded up a mountain-pass under Jebel Tinîyeh. An hour's riding brought us to the summit, where we saw some ruined columns, and heaps of stones round a wall, the remains of a caravansary which formerly stood here. We then descended into a plain, having the mountains of Schamailka, a range of bleak hills, on the left, with curiously coloured rocks, pink and grey turning to purple, and with patches of snow on them. The road was very stony. We met strings of camels and donkeys carrying grain. This plain is very fertile, and there are five villages upon it, Kuteifeh, Muaddamîyeh; beyond it Ruheibeh, close to the hills on its south side; and Jerûd and Atny in the distance. We reached Kuteifeh ⁽¹²⁾ at half-past 12 o'clock, and, leaving the road to Aleppo on the left, we passed on to the village, in order to look for a shady place to rest in. This village was built by Senân Pacha about 300 years ago, as a resting-place for caravans on the road to Hums, Hamah, and Aleppo. We found a pretty orchard close to the road-side, and, climbing over a low wall, we encamped under the shade of some apricot-trees, and spread out our luncheon; Hamet, Hassan Wyse, and the couriers sitting at a little distance. We were a merry party, and all enjoyed the

shade; the ground was strewed with young green apricots, and the birds were singing gaily in the trees. Some of the party took a siesta. At last the head-muleteer appeared, and we had to start.

We did not follow the usual, or rather the old, route from Damascus to Palmyra, but rode past the village across some fields, till we struck into a road leading through a wild pass in the mountains. The road was steep and difficult, being on the side of a high cliff, and the rocks were so slippery that the horses could hardly keep their footing; but the gorge was very fine, though narrow. At length we reached a ruined khan, and, passing it, a wide plain opened before us, with a range of high hills on one side, having a fringe of columnar basaltic-looking rocks crowning them, and giving them in the distance the appearance of castles and fortifications; these mountains are called Djebel Karamoun, and our road across the plain led us to Nebk and Hums. We overtook our mules in the middle of the plain resting, and had some difficulty in persuading the muleteers to proceed; but they did so at last, and we rode slowly after them. In about an hour we came to a good camping place. There was a village near, and no other for some miles further on, so, on account of getting barley for the horses, we agreed to encamp for the night. We selected a little hill close to the road-side, with a fine view of the hills. We unsaddled our own horses, and had great difficulty in preventing them from grazing on a field of young barley close by. At last order was established. We agreed to dine

together, and, as we had to make an early start, to go to bed early. The night was very hot and oppressive. I could not sleep, and about 2 o'clock I rose and looked out of my tent at the encampment, which was perhaps the most gipsy-like and picturesque we have had yet. No houses, no village, no trees near—the tents close to the road-side under a hill—the muleteers all asleep lying round the watch-fires, which were gradually going out—the horses and mules picketed about. Some of the latter, feeding close to my tent, had disturbed me by their restless movements. The beautiful moon shone calmly down upon us, a small party of strangers in an almost desert land. Travellers who arrive encamp for a few hours, and pass on, leaving no trace behind them but the blackened embers of their watch-fires, and wander on to seek another resting-place, like birds flitting from tree to tree in their restless flight. I went back to bed, but soon the camp began to be in a state of movement, the sun rose bright and splendid, and we all hastened to get ready to start.

Saturday, May 9.—We got away about 7 o'clock, and plodded on hour after hour, the heat growing more and more intense, over an extensive plain without shade; the glare was very painful to the eyes. At last, going through an uninteresting pass in the mountains, we reached El-Knub, and stopped for a moment at a fountain outside the walls of the town, where we found some travellers and gipsies encamped. We did not delay long, as we were soon surrounded by beggars,

but continued riding round the town, which is nearly as large as many of the Syrian towns. You can trace the little river which runs by it through the gardens and fertile strip of trees and shrubs on its banks. On our right was a range of hills, with a still higher range of mountains above them, the latter called Djebel el-Karamoun, which we had already seen.

We continued riding along a dreary, stony plain, till we came to a pass between the hills. On the right was the village of Dahatyeh, sheltered by some trees, the white roofs of the houses, with the sun shining on them, made it appear as if on fire. Passing it at a distance the road wound round a hill, on the top of which were the remains of a ruined castle. The sun was so powerful and we were all so tired, that we pitched our small tent by the road-side, near a fountain of water, to lunch and rest a little. We did not remain long, but soon resumed our journey and rode on to Kara,⁽¹³⁾ a little town on a high steep hill. We stopped to water the horses at the public fountain, round which some women were standing in a picturesque group. Leaving the town, we rode slowly on as our mules were behind us, and came, after a two hours' ride, to a pretty camping place by a fountain and little stream, called 'Ayun el-Allak.⁽¹⁴⁾ There was plenty of fresh green grass for the horses and mules, and abundance of water. The horses waded into the stream, and could not be got out again, we therefore camped early about 4 o'clock. Dr. C—— took his gun and went for a walk. He shot a grey

butcher-bird, and, as he told us, had a fine view from the hill above the camp over the plain to the desert of Palmyra.

We have agreed to send Hassan Wyse on to-morrow to make arrangements for us at Hums with Sheikh Miguel, for our journey to Palmyra. Just when the tents were pitched and we were going to dinner, a great many irregular soldiers came in from Kara to guard our camp, and they made a great noise all night. The moon rose splendidly from behind the mountain, and shed her soft light over the landscape, which we sat outside the tent for a long time to admire.

Sunday, May 10.—We were astir early on account of the insecurity of the road. We have a larger escort and must keep with the mules and baggage, which is always unpleasant, as the horses are more restive and uneasy. After our breakfast the irregular soldiers had theirs. Hassan Wyse, with two soldiers as an escort, had started at 7 o'clock. We got away about 8, and rode along a brown sandy plain with no trees or verdure, having on our left the lofty mountains of El Karamoun, in some places streaked with snow, till in about an hour we reached a ruined mosque and a graveyard. A few huts were clustered round the mosque, which is called El Braidge. Our escort stopped to drink some water, when some women and children came out of the huts and brought us sour milk and water to drink; the latter was gratefully accepted.

We continued our route, the plain growing wilder and more desolate, and the sun becoming more powerful

every hour. There was no shade, no air, and I was reminded of the Sinai desert in its hottest part. At last, after several weary hours' ride, we came to the town of El Kasir, and stopped at a ruined mosque now converted into a khan. We entered it, but finding the only large room in it occupied by some pilgrims lying about asleep or resting, we had the little arched entrance before it swept, and, spreading some carpets, we all lay down exhausted by the heat. After luncheon several officials came; and, after much discussion in which Hamet took an active part, Dr. C—— and Mr. H—— settled we should encamp outside the town of El Kasir on a green place, and start before daybreak, at 3 o'clock in the morning, for Hums, the road being infested with brigands.

The people of the village all came round us, and were much amused with the pictures we showed them in an 'Illustrated London News,' particularly with one representing the Queen reviewing the troops at Aldershot. "Melec Ingles!" they all cried out, and the head official of the town carried it off with him. We soon left the mosque for our own tents, where we rested till dinner-time. The heat was quite overpowering. We dined and went to bed early.

Monday, May 11.—Ely called us at half-past 2. We got ready, and, after taking some coffee, mounted our horses and got away about a quarter before 4 o'clock, the mules with the tents following close behind us. The moon was still up, and only the faintest streak of light in the east heralded the dawn as we left El Kasir

and rode across the plain of the same name. It was, however, still so dark that we had to ride carefully. Our escort went on in front. The air was delightfully cool and pleasant, and, as day dawned, the view was charming. On one side stretched the wild trackless desert, and on the other the ranges of the Karamoun Mountains were still visible. As the sun rose its rays illumined the snowy peak of Karameh Carah with its ruddy morning light, producing a fine effect. This range is called Djebel Wady Haub, and is, I think, a continuation of El Karamoun. Far behind these mountains we thought we could discern the highest peaks of the mountains of Lebanon. We passed the village and plain of Lam-Sheen, and here witnessed the mirage. The desert looked like an expanse of water broken by islands and graceful trees; it was like fairyland; but the beautiful lake and islands vanished at our approach. About 9 o'clock we reached the fountain of El Boida, where we dismounted and breakfasted. The horses got some excellent water. Round the fountain were many picturesque groups of muleteers, horses, and travellers, resting like ourselves. Among them was a Turkish gentleman riding with two little boys, dressed in Arab fashion, and escorted by a guard.

We started at 10 o'clock—the whole cavalcade together. The horses were dreadfully tormented by large flies, and became very restive. A two hours' ride across a fine, well-cultivated plain brought us to Hums. A long way before we reached the town we saw the

castle, which stands on an eminence. On the left was the river Orontes, which flows past, about a mile from the town, bordered by beautiful gardens and orchards. The Orontes⁽¹⁵⁾ takes its rise in the mountains of the Antilebanon, from a spring at Lebweh, called 'Ain el-Asy, "the Fountain of the Orontes," and flows through a small lake near Hums, which collects all the snow-water from the Lebanon, and the course of the river is marked by a belt of verdure and trees. On the plain between the lake and the town we observed some curiously shaped grassy mounds, and we passed a great many flocks feeding, and among them great numbers of black goats. As we entered the town we met one of the soldiers who had escorted Hassan, and he guided us, skirting the outside of the town-walls, to a green open common, where our tents were to be placed.

Here we found Hassan Wyse with Sheikh Miguel and his brother Mahommed. We went into a beautiful garden full of rose-trees and pomegranates in full flower, and, sitting under the shade of some olive-trees, had coffee and sherbet whilst we arranged with the sheikhs about the journey to Palmyra. Both sheikhs were very kind and amiable. Sheikh Miguel does not accompany travellers now, but Sheikh Mahommed will conduct us. The sheikhs were dressed in their Arab costumes, and had on beautiful black abbas embroidered in gold. Several of their attendants came and sat near us on the ground, watching us with their bright restless eyes as though endeavouring to make out what we were saying. The sheikhs smoked a cigar each, and then

took leave of us, having agreed that we should start next day for Palmyra at 11 o'clock.

We returned to our tents. Dr. C—— and Mrs. H—— went to call upon Mr. Lucas Gabrielli, the banker; Ely and I remained in our tents. I packed my box for Palmyra, and then we had luncheon. The two sheikhs paid us another visit, and had coffee and pipes and sherbet. Mr. L. G—— also came. We settled everything at last, and started to see the town, followed by several children and dogs. We had fortunately two soldiers who had been sent as our escort by the Governor, and they got us through the crowd which thronged the streets. In the bazaars, which are very pretty, they sell the brown and black cloth for abbas. It is made both here and at Hamah. Beautiful carpets also, in imitation of Persian, are made here, and we saw several looms busy at work as we passed through the town.

Hums is the ancient Emesa, or Zobah of the Bible; it has a population of 20,000, and is situated in the midst of a fertile plain on the edge of the desert, but is exposed to the continual depredations of the Bedouin Ghuzees, or robbers. This was the reason of our large escort from El Kasir. We walked through the streets, often buying trifles in the bazaars, and with Mr. L—— went to see the old castle, which stands on a high mound surrounded by a fosse, now built up with houses. The scarp of the mound was covered with sloping masonry, small portions of which still remain. The ascent was very steep, but broken in several places.

One of the soldiers helped me up. However, when we reached the top the view repaid us for our toil in ascending. The "castle" is a mass of ruins; broken pieces of the wall which surrounded it are all that is left. Only a granite shaft, and broken columns lying on the ground here and there, mark the place where the fortress once stood, but the view was beautiful; the town lay at our feet, beyond it the wide plain, covered with waving corn, stretched away to the desert, the dim yellow outline of which we could just see. On the other side was the road by which we had come, and far away the blue hills of Lebanon and Antilebanon, with the fine peak of Karimeh Carah, covered with snow, somewhat nearer. After a short stay, we went to see a modern "Wely" with a white cupola, which our guide said was sacred and interesting, but the door was locked. Peeping in, we could only distinguish a round chamber with the place of prayer turned to Mecca. We descended the hill, and walking through the town, which was quite deserted except near the bazaars, we went to Sheikh Miguel's house and had coffee and sherbet, handed round by Arabs of his tribe. The house is very prettily arranged, and ornamented with beautifully carved wood, some of it being sandal-wood. The floor and divan of the room we sat in, were covered with handsome carpets. The sheikh showed us some fine arms he has.

We next went to the house of Mr. L. G——, whose wife, a pretty Arab woman, received us very kindly. Mr. L—— is half Italian, half Greek. They showed us some pretty abbas and carpets, but all immensely

dear, so we agreed to wait till our return from Palmyra to make our purchases. In the pretty garden attached to Mr. L——'s house a tame gazelle was bounding about among the fig-trees and flowers, and the servants were drawing water from a picturesque-looking old fountain. Mr. L—— walked back with us to the gate of the city, and we returned home, passing the sub-governor, who greeted us most courteously. He was sitting under a tree before a café. A good many irregular soldiers were sauntering about and talking with the townspeople, who were sitting under the trees enjoying the cool of the evening smoking their long pipes and drinking coffee and sherbet. We soon reached our tents, and found everything in order for the start next day. Groups of women, children, and grave-looking men sat talking and smoking around the tents, but our guard removed them at last, and our camp was cleared. Hums (¹⁶) passed successively into the hands of the Saracens in 636, of the Crusaders in 1099, and lastly of the Turks. It has shared in the misfortunes of Syria, but is now a thriving town.

Tuesday, May 12.—There had been much noise during the night; the frogs kept up a continual croaking, and the dogs from the town quarrelled and fought around the tents. At 8 o'clock we were already surrounded by people from the town. I retreated into one of the gardens near us, and remained there enjoying the cool shade and the perfume of the flowers till we started. At twenty minutes before 10 o'clock we mounted our horses and rode on, parting from our soldier escort at

a little stream which ran at the end of the common, forming a kind of boundary to the town of Hums. Preceded by Sheikh Miguel, his brother, and an escort of Arabs, we left Hums; but our party was much reduced. Mr. H—— and Mr. S—— only took their dragoman Hamet, and Heloise their servant; our party comprised ourselves, Hassan Wyse, the two couriers, a cook, and our Syrian servant, nicknamed in the camp by the other servants, Jerusalem. We took very little baggage, and only my small tent, the large one for the four gentlemen, and the cooking tent. We rode our own horses. To amuse us Sheikh Miguel and his brother rode "the Jereed," which they did most beautifully, being both well mounted.

After four hours' ride across a plain well cultivated with fields of wheat and clover, we reached a wide shallow stream, which we forded; then dismounting, we sat down on the green banks to rest, and wait till our baggage mules came up. Some people from a neighbouring town came down to get water and stare at the strangers, and a number of half-naked Arab children sat close to us begging for bread and money. Above us were the ruins of an old Roman fortification. The name of the town is Muskarka. Dr. C—— walked to the top of the fort, and found it to be a Roman encampment of vast extent. The mules now came in sight, headed by Heloise in his red Garibaldi shirt, and we started as soon as they had had some water.

Sheikh Miguel lent me his pretty Arab mare to ride; she went beautifully, and was full of spirit, but most

docile and gentle. We rode through the mud huts beneath the forts, and, skirting round the Roman encampment, proceeded across fields of waving corn and barley. The horses picked their way carefully along the edge of the field, the grain being very high, like a wall, on each side of us. In about two hours we emerged upon low, swelling, grassy hills, quite uncultivated, but beautiful pasture land, and on ascending the crest of one we came suddenly on flocks and herds of camels feeding, the property of the tribe of the Misrah, a branch of the 'Anazeh Bedouins to which Miguel and his brother belong. The sight was most curious; we counted hundreds of camels, each with a young one, and sometimes two, by its side; pretty, graceful creatures. Some of the camels had their coats in good condition, others were torn and ragged, large masses of the wool hanging down. All the way we went, in every valley we saw large flocks of sheep and goats, and climbing the little grassy knolls, camels and sheep and goats were again everywhere to be perceived. At a distance we could see some low, black, Arab tents, being the camp of the tribes to which the flocks belonged. Lower down in the valley we came in view of a larger encampment, and as we rode slowly towards it, Sheikh Miguel's son, a good-looking, gentlemanlike lad of sixteen, came cantering up on a beautiful Arab mare, accompanied by his cousin, Sheikh Mahommed's son. The meeting between Sheikh Miguel and his son was most affectionate. The two lads rode before and around us, brandishing their spears, and conducting us

into the encampment, which was not in the valley of Meidan.

We dismounted, and until our tents were ready, Sheikh Miguel took us to his own, pitched on rising ground. It was the same black, low kind of tent usual in Arab encampments, but the ground was covered with beautiful Persian carpets, upon which we all sat Arab fashion. Part of the tent was railed off by a partition, formed of a coarse kind of matting, for the women and children, and many bright, restless, black eyes, peeped at us through and around the sides of the matting. Pipes were handed to the gentlemen, and then coffee was made. The beans were first roasted by Sheikh Mahommed over a fire made on the floor of the tent, then Sheikh Miguel's son and his cousin bruised and pounded them quite fine, and laying a stone on the ground broke some sugar upon it. Sheikh Miguel poured some water on the coffee, and adding some coffee already made, he poured some out for us into tiny little cups. The coffee was excellent and most refreshing. Whilst we were sitting, a great many Arabs of the tribe came, and sitting down cross-legged on the ground gravely considered us. Miguel at last persuaded them to leave us in peace. The two lads went in and out of the other part of the tent, but except a rustling movement, and now and then a suppressed laugh, no noise betrayed the vicinity of the children. Some handsome gazelle greyhounds came wandering by, and we saw them bringing in from the fields several beautiful Arab mares. Time was passing

on, and there was still much to settle for the next day's start, so we proposed to go to our tents. Sheikh Miguel gave me his arm, and we passed along the tents of the tribe. The women were sitting at the doors, some nursing their children, some making bread, but all actively employed.

I dressed for dinner and sat writing outside my tent, close to Ely and Mr. S——, when an Arab came up and made signs to me which I did not understand, but he sat down beside me and looked with interest at the different things in my tent. I showed him a looking-glass, in which he contemplated himself for some time, and pointing to his long, glossy, black moustache, which seemed to displease him, he seized hold of my scissors, and was proceeding to cut it off, when I stopped him. He examined everything, and at last left me. The sun was beginning to set when I joined Mr. H—— and Dr. C—— on a hill above the tents to which they had ascended. I climbed the steep side, and when I reached the top was charmed with the view. The black Arab tents extended in every direction, till they were lost to view in the numberless valleys that lay before us. Thousands of camels (¹⁷) were feeding on the sides of the hills and in the valleys, and masses of flocks of sheep and black goats were to be seen on every side. The words of the Psalmist, "The cattle on a thousand hills," were forcibly brought before us. Wherever you turned, as far as the eye could reach, they seemed to be pouring into camp in great multitudes from the pasture lands. Only the cry of the shepherds, the bleating of

the sheep and the silvery tinkling bells of the goats could be heard, for the camel never makes a noise except when he is angry. Such, one imagines must have been life in the days of Abraham and Lot. (Gen. xiii. 5, 6) "And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents. And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together; for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together." As it was in those early days, so it is now. The camels and flocks eat up the grass, and then the Arabs move elsewhere. During our sojourn in the desert we had several examples of their wandering Bedouin life. We gazed on this strange scene with an interest that will never be forgotten.

Beneath us we could see our tents and a great many Arabs sitting in a circle on the grass, with the two sheikhs in the centre, holding a council concerning the journey next day. It soon broke up, and some of the Arabs ascended the hill where we were standing. We walked down to our tents, and then discovered the use of the large bare patches we had observed in the green grass. They were full of dust, and each camel as he came into camp proceeded leisurely to lie down, and, after rubbing his long neck on the ground, rolled over and over on these bare spots, which are scattered all over the encampment.

Just as we were going to dinner Sheikh Miguel's son brought me the Arab mare I had ridden as a present from his father. He held it by a long halter, one end of which he put into my hand, and then fastened her to

the pole of my tent, which is the Arab custom. Pretty, gentle creature! She is so tame. The handsome Arab boy in his picturesque dress, with his graceful, shy movements, smiling softly as he held the beautiful mare, proudly arching her neck, and looking at us with her intelligent eyes, made a truly pretty picture. She lay down, and allowed me to sit beside her and put my head on her shoulder and play with her.

After dinner the sheikhs paid the gentlemen a visit. My horse was sent back to the sheikh's tent to be kept till our return. We all retired early. When I looked out in the night the moon had risen, and the scene was picturesque and pretty. The Arabs were still sitting round their watch-fires talking, and singing a low chant. A solitary camel came and lay down close to my tent; he was quiet enough, but the dogs were very noisy all night.

Wednesday, May 13.—We were all up and at breakfast by 4 o'clock—Ely in immense spirits. The sheikhs have settled that the mules must carry part of the luggage, as their camels will not carry very heavy loads. There was some trouble in getting it arranged, and whilst they were all quarrelling about it, and settling the load each camel should take, Ely, myself, and the other gentlemen, went to the top of the hill, which we reached just before sunrise. Again the same curious scene met our gaze—the flocks were all going to the pasture-ground, and the valleys seemed alive with them. We descended and went into some of the Arab tents to see the women make their cheese and

butter, which they do by putting the milk into large skins, fastening it tight, and then rolling the skins slowly backwards and forwards. Some of them were kneading bread, and all were actively employed. After a great deal of disputing and quarrelling we started at 7 o'clock.

I rode a very tall dromedary with a splendid embroidered crimson saddle-cloth. Sheikh Miguel and his son were to go part of the way with us. We rode through the camp with an enormous escort, all armed with long guns and spears, besides pistols and daggers in their belts. Almost all were on dromedaries, but some followed us on foot. Sheikh Miguel left us in about an hour, and we then got into order. Our real escort consisted of sixty men, all armed, and fifty-four dromedaries, besides the mules. As we passed the different tents we peeped in at the curious-looking interiors. Old, haggard, weird-like women were squatting on the ground outside the tents. Some pretty young women, employed in domestic occupations, were going in and out of the tents, and numbers of dark children, half clothed, were playing about, but all stopped as we passed, eager to look at the strangers. A great many dogs, among them some beautiful gazelle-hounds, barked at us as we passed by.

We rode up a narrow valley, and then came upon a vast fertile plain—a "rolling prairie" of grass and flowering plants—with rounded grassy hills, but no tree or shrub to break the sky-line. It was very different from the sandy stony desert of Sinai. Our

escort rode, some of them in front and some behind ; a few mingled with our party. Sometimes they dashed into a wild gallop across the plain, handling their long spears very actively, and most gracefully. At 2 o'clock we stopped and lunched by the banks of a stream, where once stood a village called Mosarâfa. An Arab tribe was just leaving their camping-ground in search of fresh grass. The women were sitting on the camels with their children fastened on in panniers, or clinging on behind their mothers. The sheikh's wife rode a fine dromedary, and was seated on a pile of magnificent carpets, veiled, showing one eye only ; she guided her dromedary very gracefully. One woman was driving a camel before her laden with her tent and household utensils ; she had a little baby sitting in Arab fashion on her shoulder, with its little arms clasped round her neck and head, and three older children following her. A little stream called El-Kurbah runs through this plain.

We rested for nearly two hours, the heat was so great, but had only a small curtain, supported on a pole, to shelter us from the burning rays of the sun which fell perpendicularly upon us. Sheikh Miguel's gazelle-hound, Richard, came and begged for water and bones. He is a beautiful creature. Soon after we started we passed a very remarkable oblong embankment, enclosing a vast space, evidently once a town. Near it are the remains of a Roman camp. We rode till 5 o'clock through the country of Shumariah, when we camped for the night near some wells, or rather

water-holes of muddy water, at a place called 'Ain el-Morsimdeh. The Arabs unloaded the camels and sent them all off into the plain to feed. As soon as the tents were pitched they began shooting at a mark. Ely and the gentlemen joined them. We dined and went to bed early, very tired by the long ride and by the great heat of the day.

Thursday, May 14.—We rose before daybreak. The light was most peculiar. The moon shone brightly like a lamp above us, and a pale rosy streak, denoting the dawn, stretched along the line of the horizon; before us the watch-fires were still burning. We breakfasted, and after a great deal of disputing between the Arabs and the muleteers as to the amount of luggage each mule or camel should carry, we started and rode across the plain, through the Shumariah country, keeping close together by the sheikh's orders.

We lunched on the side of a hill, from some rising ground near which we could see the mountains above Damascus. This morning we passed some Arab tombs, wild and desolate-looking resting-places, with only a few broken stones here and there among the grassy mounds to mark the graves. At 9 o'clock we saw the trees of al-Balish, where were some Arab tents and flocks. We were riding down a long narrow valley, when, passing a "rolling-place," V——'s dromedary threw him and lay down to roll. The ground was so soft that he was not hurt. From here we ascended a steep hill, and then accomplished a very sharp descent,

in which my dromedary lamed himself, but managed to go on, though rather stiffly. We obtained here a distant view of the hills above Palmyra.

At the end of the Shumariah country we stopped for luncheon, during which the Arabs made one of their favourite cakes of honey, dates, butter, and flour. They knead some dough well, and then making a hole in the ground they put the cake into it with hot embers below and above it, and leave it there till it is quite ready, then, adding some butter and dates, they break it into small pieces and eat it with their fingers. We had not ridden far when one of the camels lay down and threw off his load. It was the same camel and his driver who had given so much trouble in the morning, and the quarrel was renewed, the Arabs and muleteers all screaming and shouting at each other. Peace was restored at length, and we proceeded across a long weary plain with nothing to make it interesting. The heat was very great, and the thirst it caused most painful. We all begged for water from Hamet, who carries several leathern bottles fastened to his saddle, and has always the freshest and clearest water. The Arabs caught a great many little half-fledged birds, which they brought to us, besides plover's eggs, and shot a few partridges and quail. We saw several bustards.

Towards evening the dromedaries grew hungry, and never ceased eating, stopping at every moment to pick up the wild parsley, of which they are very fond. At last the sheikh told us that the place he had intended

to stop at was still so distant that we could not reach it before dark. We therefore rode on for an hour more, and then stopped at a pretty place in the 'Ain el-Kurr country under some low hills. The camels were soon unloaded, and went roaming over the plain. The sunset was magnificent, quite a desert one, rich and glowing with crimson and golden hues, throwing a roseate light over the more distant hills, purple with the shades of closing evening. There is but a short time between sunset and night in the desert. Some stray camels stood out in strong relief against the red sky, flooded with golden splendour; an Arab with a spear standing close to them added to the pictorial effect.

Our tents were pitched on the side of a hill, to screen the watch-fires from the observation of any other wandering tribe. The evening was so calm and warm that we sat out for a long time after dinner. The Arabs in their brown abbas were all sitting round the watch-fires with the camels and dromedaries close to them; some were smoking, others listening to one who was telling a story, some were lying asleep, but the dark bronzed faces of all were now and again lighted up by the fitful gleams from the watch-fires. It was a scene worthy a painter, and rendered still more striking by the extraordinary stillness of the desert—no sound broke the dead silence, all nature seemed asleep.

Friday, May 15.—We started early, and rode across a pretty plain for about an hour and a half, when we stopped at some holes of water. The Arabs imme-

diately began to prepare for bathing; before they draw the water they plunge in, and having taken their bath they replace their brown shirts, and plait their hair up again into long plaits which hang down on each side of the face. The gazelle-dog, Richard, also plunged into a small hole, and lay down in it. Here one of the Arabs was taken ill, but he was very soon restored by pouring water on his head, and administering some brandy. We continued on and stopped to lunch in Wady Jahar under a wide-spreading Butum, or Butm Tree, "*Pistacea Terebinthus*," a solitary one in the desert. Its green shade was most grateful.

We started again in an hour, and rode over the plain of Ah Dowar. The mountains to the south of this plain are called Ruaz, and to the north, El Labrat. We next came to the plain of Abal Fouaris where there is a fine fountain, and on a hill a ruined mosque which marks some old tombs of sheikhs. We now came into the desert road—the direct line from Damascus to Palmyra. We had had till now a strong westerly breeze, but across this plain of Kuryetein the heat was intense, and the reflection of the sun's rays from the parched sand quite unbearable. The ground was quite hard in some places, with large cracks through it. All vegetation ceased here, and our camels laboured heavily along. This valley which runs all the way due east from Kuryetein to Palmyra is 40 miles long, and from four to eight miles broad. It is everywhere bleak and bare, without vegetation and without water; mountains shut it in on each side. This plain is considered

unsafe on account of the Ghûzus, who overrun it. From the earliest times this must have been the high road from Mesopotamia to Syria, and the abundant fountains to be found both at Kuryetein and Palmyra must have been most important to caravans and migrating tribes. All the wealth of Persia and India was conveyed by this road to Syria and Europe. On the north-east is a circular reservoir with traces of an aqueduct running southwards to the mountain. The Arabs pointed out to us, at a great distance, the ruined remains of the aqueduct, which is said to have brought the beautiful clear water to Palmyra from the fountain of 'Ain Faija. The Arabs have a superstitious notion that this water was brought a great way underground by a Jân, an angel, or genie. There are, according to their belief, three kinds of created intelligences. Jân, or genii created of fire, men created of earth, and angels formed of light; the Jâns appear under the forms of dogs, cats, and serpents. The Arabs have destroyed the fountain that existed at Palmyra, for fear lest the Turks, finding the pure water, should repair, garrison, and fortify Palmyra, and drive out the wild children of the Desert. We may quote the beautiful lines of a celebrated poetess as applicable to this fountain :—

“ The spring of the Desert in darkness flows on,
When the hand that has quenched its pure waters is gone,
And the eye of the stranger in vain seeks to know,
Where the Arabs' pure fountain lies sparkling below.”

There is no trace of the fountains, once so celebrated at

Palmyra left, and the Fellaheen, who live there, use the water flowing from a fountain in the hill, which has a strong sulphurous taste.

But to return to our route; we rode on wearily across the burning sand, suffering from great thirst. Hamet's water-bottles were nearly exhausted, my dromedary having in a fit of rage upset and broken one bottle. He tried hard to get at it when Hamet was handing it to me, and when he found he could not succeed, he wheeled suddenly round, and knocked it out of Hamet's hand; he then paced off, tossing his head and muttering as they do when angry, leaving Hamet very much disgusted, and carrying me off in triumph, sadly disappointed at losing the refreshing drink when almost at my lips; but I had no control over the animal. I consoled myself by the reflection that I should have been quite as thirsty again in a few moments.

Soon, when the sun had declined a little, the Arabs suddenly stopped and pointed to the horizon, calling out "Serab," the name they give the mirage, and far away we saw what appeared to be a large lake, clear and distinct, its waters sparkling in the sunlight, and just beneath the distant hills a river appeared, and seemed to flow across the desert; but the beautiful vision vanished at our approach. The wind rose a little and raised a high column of sand which was driven slowly across the plain, and gave one an idea of the fearful nature of the whirlwind of the desert, when it overwhelms travellers and caravans. The column glided slowly along towards the hills, increasing in

height and size as it collected more sand in its progress. We did not lose sight of it for a long time.

In this desert objects, and even the air, appear different, and strange shapes and forms seem to surround you, I fancy caused by the heat and the effect of the strong glare upon the eyes. It is a strange wild mysterious place, the vast, boundless, trackless desert! Its monotony was relieved by the activity of our dark-visaged escort, who dashed wildly across the plain on their fleet dromedaries, brandishing their spears. Many pursued and brought back huge serpents writhing on the point, which they had killed by striking at them with their spears. Their aim is unerring. Richard, the gazelle-dog, pursued a hare, and we had a pretty run, but the hare escaped, and Richard returned very crest-fallen.

The Sheikh now began to increase the pace. The Arabs fell into line, and we proceeded more regularly; the air was growing cooler; we were nearing Palmyra. Some hills before us seemed to close in on every side and run diagonally across the valley, leaving only a narrow entrance on a high hill, El Sabet. Close to this entrance we saw a few ruins, and rounding this hill to the right we came into a narrow valley which opened into a small plain, with the range of Jebel el-Abiâd, "the white mountain" on the north. This range is said to be a continuation of one of the lateral ridges of Lebanon, which, as I mentioned before, forms one of the boundaries of the plain of Jerûd. Near the steep sides of the mountain some gazelle were grazing, but

too far off to be disturbed by our approach, till the Arabs chased them. Richard and they bounded away out of sight. We rode slowly along the plain, our expectations rising every moment, as we saw before us on the summit of the highest peak, about a mile to the east, the ruined Saracenic Castle of Gālā Tadmor. The Arabs pointed to it, exclaiming Tadmor! Tadmor! and made us stop till the Sheikh whom we had been expecting now came up, and placing me next him rode on in advance. The rest of our party hurried on after. Entering the broad pass in the mountains before us, we found the sides covered with curious square towers, some on high banks, some close to the road. These, the Arabs told us, were the tombs of Palmyra. They showed us, also, the ruins of the aqueduct. A few minutes more, and, on ascending a little rising ground, Palmyra⁽¹⁸⁾ burst upon our view in all its fallen greatness. It was a thrilling sight. On the edge of the desert stood the beautiful ruins of this once proud and glorious city. Long lines of columns, masses of ruined arches and temples, and far in the distance, standing proudly up against the blue sky, and bathed in the golden splendour of the setting sun, rose the Temple of the Sun, its pillars standing out in strong relief against the brilliant sky of declining day. We gazed with admiration.

Our dromedaries had to be led past the ruins, as they had never seen buildings of any kind before. They started, refused to advance, and showed unmistakable symptoms of resistance and fear. Two Arabs, one on

each side, walked by them, and coaxed them by their voice to proceed. They obeyed, but kept turning their heads from side to side with a shy frightened movement, and trembled all over when we passed close to a ruin higher than the others.

We rode steadily on in search of a camping-place till we reached the Temple of the Sun, close to which, after a long discussion among the Arabs, our camp was pitched. The gentlemen went to bathe, and while the tents were being put up I looked at the glorious scene before me—those wonderful ruins I had so longed to see.

The evening turned out very stormy, and the high wind prevented us from sleeping. It chilled us after the great heat of the day, and blew through every crevice and fold of the tents; we experienced this wind almost every night at Palmyra. It falls towards morning, but the Arabs say it is of immense use and benefit, as it cools the air, over-heated during the day; there is no dew during the night in the desert.

Saturday, May 16.—I looked out of my tent just at dawn; the sun was rising slowly behind the rows of columns and beginning to light up the Temple of the Sun with his beams. Before the tent the Arabs were still sleeping round their watch-fires—their camels near them, and their long spears by their side. I dressed, and soon after 7 we started to go over the ruins with our guides. We ascended the stony path leading to the Temple of the Sun. The entrance and ornamented gateway of the Temple are shattered and half-

concealed by modern Saracenic additions; but there are still beautiful remains to be seen of the monolithic sides and lintels of the great door, richly sculptured with large bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, with the tendrils forming the garland; also pretty scroll patterns. This door was 32 feet 6 inches high by 16 feet wide. We found in the walls of the huts beautifully carved stones, each of a different pattern. As you enter the outer door, one of the sides, about 40 feet high, is seen fallen forward and resting against the arch. Round the interior ran a double colonnade, except at the western side, where it was single. Attached to some of the pillars are brackets, evidently intended for statues. The Temple is so built up that it is impossible to judge of the real proportions of the inner court; but we climbed up some broken steps among the huts, and were thus enabled to get closer to the columns. Under these columns a cloister appears to have run round the interior court of the Temple. Passing on we came next to the cell or sanctuary of the Temple: before it is a colossal portal, the sides still more richly ornamented with most beautiful scroll patterns—flowers mixed with birds and festoons of fruit; some large fruits in shape like oranges. Seen sideways, the whole of the portal leans forward out of the perpendicular. This portal stands pre-eminent among the ruins of the Temple, and the soffit has a sculptured eagle, with extended wings, upon a starred ground. Passing under it we came to a small wooden door, which an Arab woman opened for us, with the usual clamour for bakhsheesh, and admitted us into

the cell or sanctuary of the Temple, now converted into a mosque. The interior is much defaced; the roof is partially open to the sky: round it is a kind of wooden protection, but the centre part is quite unroofed. At each end is a small apse or chamber, with a ceiling of a single stone, panelled and richly ornamented with sculptures. These are deeply cut in octagon-shaped cells, each containing a flower of a different pattern, and surrounded by an intricate rope-pattern.

In the recess on the south side is the shrine, sculptured in a modern arabesque pattern. Near it, through a hole in the wall, we saw a piece of one of the old pillars of the Temple. Opposite, on the north side, is a larger recess, also with a monolithic ceiling containing a small deeply-carved cupola, in which are six compartments, each containing a head or bust of an emperor, and a central hexagonal compartment containing another bust, all in Roman togas, but sadly defaced—no trace of features left. Round the cupola are the signs of the Zodiac; though much defaced, they are plainly visible. Outside this circle are four figures of birds, with expanded wings, and the remainder of the roof is carved in a deep diamond pattern. On the right side is also a small dome, having a bust of a Roman emperor; the rest of the roof is also carved in the diamond pattern. On the left side is a staircase in the thickness of the wall, leading by some broken steps to the roof. At the entrance to this recess are two fluted columns of great beauty, from the delicacy of their tracery; and on each side of the entrance are two tablets, with some defaced

inscriptions. The pediments of these tablets are supported by handsome Ionic columns. After admiring the beautiful carving of this recess, we ascended the staircase to the roof, where a magnificent view presented itself. Far away to the east and south stretched the desert, a level plain of sand as far as the eye could see, broken only by a glittering lake-like appearance, arising from a large extent of sand covered with nitrous salt—an effect which we had already seen in Egypt, and arising from the same cause. They tell us that the Euphrates is distant only about three days' journey; but between Palmyra and the great river the desert is constantly traversed by different Bedouin tribes, which renders travelling unsafe.

Beneath us on the south side of the Temple we looked down upon gardens, enclosed by high mud walls and secured by diminutive stone doors taken from the tombs and temples of other days. These gardens are irrigated by the little stream which flows from the fountain at the base of the hill at the right side of the mouth of the valley. They were bright with the soft green foliage of the pomegranates, with their dark-red flowers, glowing like rubies. There were many date-trees and a few palms. The eye rested gladly on this oasis, surrounded on all sides by the sandy desert, through which the little stream was winding, like a silver thread. It was like a fairy land.

To the west, in the direction by which we had approached Palmyra, we saw two ravines filled with lines of high, square, tower-like tombs, and above them the

hill on which are the ruins of the Saracenic Castle, Gālā Tadmor, a deserted ruin, but very picturesque. On the plain between us and the castle lay the ruins of the ancient city of Palmyra. The long colonnade, with its beautifully sculptured pillars, ending in the triumphal arch, ruined temples, half-buried columns, with their splendid capitals, and the remains of a Christian church, lay scattered in confusion on the plain beneath us. The view, looking down upon the ruins of the Temple, was most striking. From amongst the Arab mud-huts rose the remains of the interior colonnade, which originally surrounded the court, and of which two perfect groups, surmounted by their entablatures, still remain, while nearly one hundred pillars, more or less perfect, are still standing, partly concealed by the native huts.

On the east side is a group of Ionic columns of vast proportions, of which eight are still standing, and are part of the colonnade which originally surrounded the sanctuary. The ornamental Corinthian bronze capitals, with their entablatures, have long since disappeared. On the east side of the Temple stands a group of three, another of four, and another of two columns. In one place there are two standing alone, belonging perhaps to a doorway. By the south-west angle stand eleven columns, still supporting their entablatures, and three columns of the middle series, forming the inner colonnade, distinctly showing its double character. The width of each colonnade was eight yards, as far as we could judge. There seems to have been a double colonnade, which ran right round the four sides of the en-

closure of the Temple. A single row of fluted columns appears to have surrounded the sanctuary. The columns, both of the inner and outer colonnade, have brackets turned towards the centre, evidently for small statues.

After lingering some time to look at the view we descended and walked round the Temple to look at the outer wall, of which the south-east and north-west corners still remain perfect. These walls are highly ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, between each of which are ornamental windows, with delicate Corinthian pediments; the cornices, which only in a few places remain perfect, project boldly, with rich Corinthian patterns. The wall itself stands on a projecting base, and in forming the fortress they have used the old stones of the Temple. Leaving the Temple, we walked to the monumental column, on which is a Greek inscription to Alibamos, the column having been erected to his honour by the Senate and people in 450 A.D. The column is graceful and elegant in its proportions, and 60 feet in height. There are two other monumental columns at Palmyra, farther to the south, of equally grand proportions, but prostrate.

Leaving the column, and crossing the ruined walls of the town, we visited a pretty little temple, whose portico and walls remain perfect; and from there we went to the remains of two buildings, apparently tombs, which have fallen into masses of chaotic confusion. Among the ruins we found some sarcophagi, with several mutilated statues of draped female figures in sitting postures; also some monolithic ceilings and

finely-sculptured friezes for doorways, their festoons of flowers and fruits having in some places a lizard or a bird carved among them. We returned by the colonnade, entering it by its north-west extremity, passing between the columns, which still remain in great preservation through a great part of its extent. Mr. H—— counted, in one portion, twenty-six standing in one group, each bearing its capital and entablature, with richly-decorated cornices. Here, again, you find the brackets, all of them simple, except one which had a mural wreath sculptured on it; and later we found two brackets, having inscriptions of dates, all before A.D. 238.

The colonnade is supposed to have consisted of four rows of columns, thus forming a central and side avenues, which extended through the city for a distance of about 4000 feet; the height of them, including base and capital, is 57 feet. Where the colonnade is slightly curved in the middle, it is supposed to have been crossed by another street in the direction of north to south. There you find the remains of four rectangular bases or piers, upon which, it is supposed, formerly stood large pillars of granite, perhaps supporting archways. On the southern side are two handsome arches, which probably gave exit to colonnades running in that direction.

A little further eastward are four monolithic red granite columns, of which three are fallen and broken, one alone remaining entire and upright, surmounted by its Corinthian capital in white marble. This one

measures 30 feet in length and 3 feet in diameter. The granite exactly resembles that we saw at Assouan and in the Egyptian temples. A little further eastward this colonnade terminates by a grand triple triumphal arch, strikingly beautiful from its highly-wrought ornamentation and remarkable for its architectural design. The triple archway is supported by pilasters, richly ornamented with scroll patterns; trellises of roses and trefoil-leaves, linked by their tendrils, like the finest lace-work; also curiously-shaped leaves, like scales of fish; wreaths of ferns and acanthus, mixed with roses, adorn the sides of the arches and twine round the pilasters; and in the hollows of the archways are rich geometrical diamond-shaped patterns. Everywhere you turn you see wreaths of flowers or vine-leaves, with grapes, tied by bands like love-knots. Flowers, scrolls, and all are woven together in endless variety. The stone of the arch is a pure yellow or deep cream-colour, in some places approaching to brown, and darker where the weather has affected it. The keystone of the arch has fallen considerably, and the stone above it—a fragment of which rests upon the keystone—though retaining its position still, is fast crumbling away from age.

This triumphal arch is of large proportions, and must have been one of the chief ornaments of the ancient city. Three pillars, in similar proportions to those forming the colonnade, here take a southerly direction from the arch; but whether forming a continuation of it or not, it is impossible to say, as there

is in this place a mass of broken columns, ornamented capitals, and friezes lying scattered about.

The heat drove us home. We breakfasted and remained in our tents all day, nearly suffocated by the heat and tormented by the flies. There were constant inroads from the women of the place. At one time I had five or six squatting on the floor of my tent. One took an orange from my table, the others fingered everything I had, and looked at themselves in my looking-glass, till Eloise, Mr. H——'s servant, came; at sight of him they all fled, scampering across the stones to a little distance, only to return again. Towards evening it grew cooler, and at twenty minutes before five we started on donkeys and rode across the plain through the ruins to the old castle. We had to walk up the hill, as it was so steep. The Castle stands on the summit of one of the highest peaks of the mountain range. A deep moat surrounds it, and, as the drawbridge is broken down, we had to clamber up a steep, difficult path upon the rugged side of the rock to a little postern-gate. We first walked round the rampart of the castle, to view its immense proportions; in the mean time Sheikh Mahommed's son ascended to the top of the old fortress, and the guides persuaded us to follow his example. The ascent was difficult and steep to a degree, but by the aid of the Arabs we soon reached the interior, which is now a complete ruin; but must have been a very strong place. It is supposed to have been built by some Druze prince, as a place of refuge in case of defeat and banishment. It is not

older than the time of Tamerlane, but there are no inscriptions and no means of determining the age or name of its founder. This is the story told to some Aleppo merchants, the first Europeans who visited Palmyra, A.D. 1691, by the Arabs. The walls of this fortress are said to have been repaired by Sultan Selim in 1519, when he became possessor of this part of the country. This fortress must have made a strong point of defence on the Syrian frontier against the Bedouin of the desert, as it commands the narrow defile which leads from Palmyra into the sandy plain of Kuryetein, the old highway for caravans to and from Damascus. There is a beautiful fountain near it, one of the principal watering-places in summer of the Labá tribe; but we did not see it. The view from the ramparts of the fortress is very extensive. We could see across the plain of Kuryetein to the blue summits of the Lebanon range. In the distance the ruins of Palmyra lay stretched at our feet, the beautiful Temple standing pre-eminent in its fair proportions against the blue sky and the golden-coloured desert behind it. Very few people have seen the interior of the castle, on account of the difficulty of the ascent, as there is barely the trace of a path. You have to climb along the narrow ledge of a nearly precipitous rock. Ely and Mr. S—— wrote our names on the wall of one of the old towers. Descending, we stopped to look across the broken bridge, and peeped into many of the old rooms, now so desolate, but once so full of life and activity. One could imagine the sentinel on the watch-

tower, gazing across the desert, from whence came the wild Bedouins in their impetuous course, even to this day untamed and hostile. Gazelle abound in these mountains, and partridges also.

We descended slowly, creeping first through the little postern-door, then down the steep cliff. At last we reached the bottom in safety. Ely and Mr. S—— started for their evening bath; and Mr. H——, Dr. C——, and I turned to the right and went up one of the ravines to visit the tombs in the valley of Kurye-tein. They are in the shape of towers, slightly inclining inwards towards the top, built of large blocks of dark-brown stone, having over the entrance-door inscriptions bearing the name of the proprietor, generally in Palmyrene characters. Over the door of one was a handsome sarcophagus, supported on a carved stone bracket, with the recumbent figure of a man in armour on it. This tomb is said to be that of the family of "Elabelos," in the year 414 (A.D. 102). The decorations of this tomb are very fine; the ceiling is rich and beautiful. The walls are in panels, some of them having white flowers in relief on them, and others busts or bas-reliefs. The columns are in general fresh, but faded in some places from the effect of the air. The busts and bas-reliefs are all more or less broken; the bodies, like in the old temples in Egypt, seem to have been embalmed, and some mummy-linen, similar to that found in Egypt, has been discovered in these tombs. Many similar mausoleums and tombs are to be found along this mountain-side; some still in good preserva-

tion, others in ruins. On one is a Greek and Palmyrene inscription, recording that it was erected by Gichos in 314 A.D. They are all of pure Palmyrene architecture, dating before the Roman conquest.

The interior is divided into three or four stories, the doorway opening upon the second or principal story, each containing a large central chamber, ornamented with white Corinthian pilasters, and handsomely carved cornices and mouldings. The two sides of the three chambers, or stories, contain very deep and narrow recesses, generally six on each side, having ledges about two feet apart, which supported the shells or loculi, on which were placed the bodies of the dead, the ends of the recesses being filled up after the bodies were placed in them. The end of each chamber opposite the entrance, is covered with decorative carving, and with busts of the dead, whose bodies have been entombed there. The floor of each room is formed of large blocks of stone handsomely carved, generally on their lower surface, so as to form the ceiling of the lower or next story, which is generally much decorated and beautifully painted, the colours still retaining much of their freshness. The second story is always the most highly furnished; the upper and lower ones, though equally well built, being less decorated. Few of these tower-tombs on the hills round Palmyra remain in their original condition, most of them having been rifled of their internal decorations, and many are complete ruins. The principal, and most remarkable, skirt the sides of the ravine leading to the west.

Mr. S—— and Ely had found a new bathing-place in a garden full of pomegranates, from which they brought me a bunch of the red flowers. We dined at half-past 7 and sat a little in the air after dinner, then went early to bed, all tired from the heat and our long walk.

Sunday, May 17.—The wind very high and very cold all night. The curtains of my tent got loose, and when I rose to fasten them down more securely, I looked out at the wild and striking scene. Some of the Arabs lay asleep round the watch-fire, with their long guns close to them; there was a group of three, sitting as watchmen to guard the tents. The moon was shining down upon us, and casting long silvery beams through the beautiful ruins which appeared part in deep shade, and part brought out and softly illumined by the effulgent light of the desert moon, which glows warmer than in our more northern climes. Some camels were lying near my tent, moving their long graceful necks and heads about; not a sound, except that of the wind, which came now and then in long, melancholy gusts, shaking the poles of the tent, and the low murmur of voices from the watch-fire. I fastened the curtains down as well as I could, but about a quarter to 5 o'clock the poles began to bend, and part of the tent was blown in. The Arabs came and fixed it, but the sun was rising, so I dressed, and about 6 o'clock started with the rest of the party for a walk.

We went first into the ruined Christian church, where we found no remains of interest. It has evidently been built from stones taken from the older ruins. From

these we passed on to the Triumphal Arch, and paused to admire the effect of the early morning sun lighting up the long colonnade with its golden rays; the outlines of its columns looking delicately and beautifully defined, and as sharp and distinct as though done yesterday.

We proceeded onwards, and at the bend on the south side of the colonnade we saw standing five *fluted* columns, with brackets tapering downwards in steps, and their entablatures still remaining. Enclosed in the semi-circular forum, on a small eminence, we found the ruins of three buildings apparently; only the pillars of the porticos were still standing; the rest being a mass of ruins. Nearer the high road stand the ruined walls of two square buildings, one having highly ornamented entrances and windows. This, according to the legend of the Arabs, was the ancient palace of Zenobia, Queen of the East. The second has three of its sides standing. The fourth has fallen, apparently from the shock of an earthquake. The stones lie as though they had been pushed down by a giant power.

In the Colonnade, not far from here, one peculiar column, as of a second tier, remains standing. At the western end of the great colonnade stands, facing it, a beautifully proportioned Corinthian portico, with six columns and pediments, nearly perfect. It commands a perspective of the whole grand colonnade after the central bend. To the east of the temple lie two masses of fallen masonry in blocks of vast size. In one of them two columns are still standing, and several others half broken and much mutilated stand or lie half

buried in the sand. On the pilasters and capitals is delicate tracery-work, some with acanthus leaves; and some have inscriptions in the Greek and Palmyrene languages. There are also one or two sarcophagi, which lead to the supposition that they were built for tombs. On one of these sarcophagi there is a peculiar pattern of rounded leaves, imbricated like the scales of a fish; at the corners there are heads of satyrs, and in the wreaths round the cornices are similar heads, with lizards and birds mixed with the flowers of which the wreaths are composed. The same are also carved on large blocks which formed part of a cornice. The second seems to have been a small square building, with a stone roof, richly cut in deep square panel work. A long Greek and Palmyrene inscription runs round the building. Its interior carving is deep and rich, and of most varied patterns. These buildings also appear to have fallen from the shock of an earthquake.

We now come to one of the most beautiful and interesting of the ruins. Under the hill to the west where the wall of Justinian passes over a low hill, on a gentle rising ground, are the ruins of the temple said to have been erected by Diocletian. "Upon a broken architrave is a fragment of a Latin inscription containing the names of Diocletian and the Cæsars Constantius and Maximianus, proving that this building was erected between A.D. 292 and 305."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'* The columns of the portico, four in number, are monoliths, but only one remains standing, whilst of those of the wings two only remain upright.

The whole of the ruins lie in heaps on the ground, but the delicate carvings on the columns and capitals retain their freshness and sharpness of outline. Every variety in design of fruit and leaf, connected together by twining tendrils, patterns of roses and acanthi mixed, geometrical forms containing flowers for centres, seemed as perfect as when cut; but all lying in utter ruin on the ground, evidently from some shock of an earthquake. The semi-circular apse forming the back of the temple, contains two tablets with finely ornamented pillars, and a most elaborate scroll pattern runs above them, and is in tolerable preservation. We climbed up to the back of the temple, and had a lovely view from it across the plain to the Temple of the Sun. We also ascended the hill at the back of the temple, where are some remains of the city wall, and then descending, we crossed the high road, and skirting the mountain, walked on to the source of the little river which supplies Palmyra with water. The fountain gushes out of a large hole in the mountain side, pure, sparkling and limpid. A good deal of white moss grows at the bottom, and it looked most inviting to bathe in. The water is sulphurous and tepid. At the opening there is a stone, shaped like an altar, with a defaced inscription upon it. We stopped and tasted the water, but the taste was strong of sulphur, even the air was pervaded with the odour of it.

We then went on to the old cemetery, where there are some ruins of tombs still remaining, shaped like towers, but with nothing in them—neither paintings

nor inscriptions. Mr. H—— took a sketch of the Temple of the Sun from this spot, while Dr. C—— and I wandered about among the ruins. The Arabs in the meanwhile were sleeping. We walked back to the tents by the little gardens, for the irrigation of which the arrangements are very efficient. A small drain or canal is cut round each so that it can be opened and allowed to overflow the land at will. All the water is supplied from the little fountain we saw.

After breakfast we went and sat in the sanctuary of the temple, and spread our carpets in the chamber on the right side of the mosque. We were surrounded by people from the village, men, women, and children, who scrambled about and peeped at us from every corner. Our sheikh's son sat gravely smoking, and another of our guards also remained with us. We read and wrote till it grew cooler, and then about 3 o'clock we ascended to the roof to see the view once more. We could appreciate it better, having become more familiar with the different ruined temples and spots of interest in the city. We remained a little time on the top and then descended, and with our guides walked about the Arab huts to see the different columns, and to examine more closely the double row which surrounded the sanctuary. Here we saw several Arab women sitting at the doors of their tents with their children playing among the ruins. Some of the children are quite fair. The women wore very curious handsome ear-rings and other ornaments, but asked immense prices for them. They fingered everything I

had on when they could get near me. The Arabs who inhabit the ruins of Palmyra are called Fellaheen; they live in mud huts inside the ruins of the temple; some are very fair. The son of the sheikh had a fair skin, auburn hair, and hands as white as any of ours. We saw a few handsome women among them. The old ones looked like witches. Some pretty children, half-clothed, and all clamorous for bakhsheesh, were playing about. Our dragoman got poultry from them, and they brought us a few beads and old coins, but nothing remarkable. I purchased two or three little statuettes. They all wear the grey or blue calico garments, fastened round the neck and sweeping to the ground, and a veil, generally black, thrown over the head. They hold up their dress when they walk in a prettily-draped manner. They wear an immense quantity of ornaments, silver bracelets with bells, and sometimes without, but richly worked and embossed. Some have nose-rings, and all ear-rings. They paint a good deal, staining the under lip a dark blue colour, and adding a few spots on the chin and cheeks. Sometimes they have flowers or curious designs painted on their foreheads. They walk most gracefully; and have all beautifully moulded limbs; and their hands and arms are, generally speaking, well shaped. Their teeth are regular, and very white.

We wandered on till we reached a place near some ruined columns where we rested. Here we had a splendid view of the temple, the outer wall of the original temple before it was destroyed by fire in

the reign of Zenobia. It is quite perfect even to its cornices; 13 windows between square pilasters, and the higher portion of the end of the façade are entire. The windows have each been filled up by a broken column; when converted into a fortress. You next see through the low broken wall a group of the columns of the inner colonnade, and a little to the left of them, towering above all, the beautiful portal of the sanctuary, together with the perfect wall of the building itself, and the 8-fluted columns of its own colonnade; then a splendid group of Corinthian columns forming part of the great colonnade of the temple, which is distinct from the colonnade surrounding the sanctuary. The next object in this splendid view is the Christian church, and then the colonnade, down which the sunshine was streaming in all its brightness, the delicate tapering columns looking exquisitely lovely in their graceful proportions. The marble is of a warm tint, and glows in the light of sunset. This morning all looked so glorious that we sat a long time and conjured up visions of the past when Palmyra was in all her greatness. How busy must have been the scene in the colonnade! The pillars of it are supposed to have been erected as monuments of respect raised by the Palmyrenes to their distinguished statesmen and warriors, and also by private individuals to friends, and beloved relations. I should be inclined to think that the brackets and the busts placed on them must have been so designed, as the colonnade appears to have been built all at one time. Under the shade of this colon-

nade, according to ancient writers, was the great thoroughfare of Palmyra; here the rich citizens sat and walked; round the pillars were displayed, as in the bazaars of Damascus, all the costly merchandize brought by the caravans from India, China, and Persia; bright jewels, beautifully carved ivory, even Roman and Etruscan vases, were brought to this emporium of trade. Down the centre street of the colonnade must have passed the chariots of the proud nobles, elephants, camels, the fleet dromedary, and the beautiful Arab horse of the desert—a restless busy throng—now, not a footfall breaks the death-like silence of those once busy streets. The proud nobles, Zenobia and her brilliant court with its famed beauties, the great men and philosophers attached to it—all are gone, and scarcely a record remains of the past greatness of this glorious city of the desert; its beautiful gardens have disappeared—its marble fountains are dried up—its stately mansions are heaps of ruins. A few broken columns—a few half effaced inscriptions on the tombs alone give a clue to what Palmyra, the City of Palms, must have been in the days of her barbaric splendour.

The palms have all vanished; only a stunted tree is to be found here and there, the sole vestiges of the stately forest once in existence. The city was sacked and burnt by the soldiers of Aurelian after the defeat of Zenobia, and a fire which broke out afterwards completed its ruin. Aurelian had it repaired and the temple rebuilt, but it never entirely recovered its

former splendour. After the fall of Zenobia Palmyra's grandeur declined, and the city became tributary to Rome. Diocletian rebuilt the walls 80 years later, but Palmyra sank gradually into insignificance. Over that once proud luxurious city the sand of the desert has passed, and half buried the ruins in its golden dust.

An Arab legend points to the supposed site of the Palace of Zenobia, who is said to have escaped by a subterranean passage, once a public conduit, but long choked up and dry. She was accompanied by her daughters and a few faithful retainers. They rode on fleet dromedaries across the desert, but just as the queen was embarking on board a vessel about to cross the Euphrates, she was stopped by some Roman soldiers, who, through the treachery of one of her followers, had pursued her from Palmyra, and brought back a prisoner to the camp of Aurelian. Zenobia's beauty, her bright daring spirit, her fearlessness, had endeared her to her subjects, who worshipped her. Her friend and tutor, the philosopher Longinus, was captured with her. He was taken a prisoner to Emesa with other noble Palmyrenes, and executed by order of Aurelian. Zenobia was taken to Rome to adorn the triumph of the conqueror, and all the treasures of her palace were conveyed there in chariots to swell the glories of his triumphal procession. Zenobia herself was made to walk in front of the chariot of Aurelian, dragged along the Via Sacra by a chain of gold, dressed in her royal robes, and covered with splendid jewels. She deserved a better fate. Her husband's services to the Roman

Empire, her own exalted rank, and the estimation in which she was held for her wisdom in council, her support of commerce and the arts—all ought to have saved her from an ignominious slavery.

Whilst we were sitting admiring the view and resting, we saw our camels being led to the river or brook to be watered, and then to the desert to feed upon the stunted shrubs. They have become accustomed to the ruins, and were stalking majestically along, followed by the mules and donkeys which strayed about; the camels, on the contrary, never hurry or show signs of a desire to stray, but keep on their way, only turning their heads from side to side, looking curiously about them.

We left our seats after a little while, and walked about till the heat drove us home. At breakfast we were tormented by the flies; the top of the tent all round the pole was quite black with them. They fell into our plates, crawled all over the table, and swarmed in the sugar. In despair we took our books and writing materials to the sanctuary of the temple, and sat there during the heat of the day. There, as usual, we were surrounded by Arab women and children, who sat cross-legged on the ground watching our every movement. Towards 4 o'clock we ascended to the ramparts of the temple. The sun was still very powerful, and beat fiercely down upon us, and the desert looked glowing red in the noontide sunshine. We descended, driven away by the heat and glare, and returned to our tents till the sun had nearly reached the horizon, when we

walked across the plain to see the effect of the sunset on the Colonnade. It was really beautiful. We went on as far as the Temple of Diocletian, where we left Mr. H—— to sketch, and wandered over the plain with no defined object, but merely to enjoy the scene, and to revisit our favourite spots.

After dinner, which was at 8, we sat outside the tents to enjoy the cool breeze which arose after the intense heat of the day. The glorious stars were shining down upon us, and the crescent of the new moon just appeared above the Temple of the Sun. The temple itself is most to be admired in the early morning light, when the luminary to which it is dedicated gilds it with his first rays, and when his parting light softly floods it with rich and glowing colours. The wind did not rise so much as usual, and the night was rather oppressive in consequence.

Monday, May 18.—With some difficulty we obtained from our sheikh leave to remain another day in Palmyra. Ely and Mr. S—— did not go out early. Mr. H——, Dr. C——, and I, started with our donkeys, and rode past the Temple of the Sun, in the direction of the Desert, to see the view looking back. We then skirted the remains of the old wall, passing some openings in it, which, with ruins lying on the ground, are said to be the remains of the old archways leading into the town. There are no marble columns among the ruins, nor has marble been used in the construction of the town, which is built of a white limestone of a very fine texture, found in the neighbouring mountains. The

other materials used are granite or syenite, of which a few shafts of pillars in the Colonnade are made. We proceeded until we reached a place just opposite the north-eastern side of the Temple. Here we sat down and remained a short time, admiring the view of this part of the old ruins. We walked about till breakfast time, and, after that, adjourned to the sanctuary of the Temple, where we read and wrote till towards 4 o'clock, when the sun was less powerful. We went up once more to take a last look from the temple wall over the desert and the plain, and spent our afternoon wandering through the ruins.

That Solomon built Tadmor in the Wilderness we are told in the Old Testament, and that this was the same city which the Greeks and Romans afterwards called Palmyra, though the Syrians retained the first name, we learn from Josephus. St. Jerome thinks that Tadmor and Palmyra are only the Syrian and Greek names of the same place. The Arabs say that Solomon, son of David, did all the mighty things at Palmyra by the assistance of spirits. All the buildings he erected there perished when Nebuchadnezzar, before he besieged Jerusalem, destroyed Palmyra. No mention is made of Palmyra by Xenophon in his 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand,' though he gives a very accurate account of the Desert, and must have left Palmyra on his right in his march towards Babylon. Pliny is the only author who gives any description of ancient Palmyra.

Palmyra is remarkable for situation, a rich soil, and pleasant streams. It is surrounded on all sides by a

vast sandy desert, which totally separates it from the rest of the world, and has preserved its independence between the two great empires of Rome and Parthia, whose first care, when at war, was to engage it in their interest. It is distant from Seleucia and Tigris 337 miles, from the nearest part of the Mediterranean 203, and from Damascus 176 miles. The soil that remains is rich, and its waters very limpid. The River of Palmyra mentioned by Ptolemy is supposed to have been the united streams from its fountains in the rocks, which flowed in greater abundance in summer than in winter. The channels were lined with stone to prevent the loss of water, which, for want of proper care, is soon soaked up in the sand without producing verdure. The hills, and no doubt a great part of the desert, were covered with palm-trees. Abulfeda also mentions the palm as well as the fig-tree growing at Palmyra; and the merchants who went thither from Aleppo in 1601 do the same, though we could find but one palm-tree left in the country. There is no mention made of Palmyra in the time of Alexander, though it is supposed to have submitted to him; nor, indeed, is there any historical notice of it during the Roman occupation of Syria until Mark Antony's attempt to plunder the city, which the inhabitants avoided by removing their valuable effects to the other side of the Euphrates. Antony's excuse for this intended pillage was the pretence that the Palmyrenes did not preserve a just neutrality between the Romans and Parthians. But his real motive seems to have been to enrich his troops with the

plunder of the Palmyrenes, who were merchants, and who sold the commodities of India and Arabia to the Romans.

Dr. Halley is of opinion that, when the Romans got footing in these parts, and the Parthians seemed to put a stop to their further conquest in the East, then the city of Palmyra, by reason of its situation, being a frontier in the midst of a vast sandy desert, where armies could not subsist to reduce it by force, was courted and caressed by the contending princes, and permitted to continue a free state.

Alexander, when he marched through the desert to Thapsacus on the Euphrates, which was the place where he, as well as Darius and Cyrus the Younger, passed that river, must have passed near Palmyra. We hear nothing of Palmyra either in Trajan's, or Adrian's expedition to the East. Stephanus, in his geographical dictionary, mentions that Palmyra was repaired by Adrian, and named after that emperor Adrianople. Upon the coins of Caracalla, Palmyra is designated as a Roman colony, which we know from Ulpian, the Roman Jurist. We find that the Palmyrenes joined Alexander Severus in his expedition against the Persians. We do not meet Palmyra again until the reign of Gallienus, when it makes a prominent figure in the history of those times.

The Roman affairs in the East had been for some time in a very deplorable state, when Odenathus, a Palmyrene, but of what family or rank in the State is not agreed, made so good a use of the position between

the two great Powers, Rome and Persia, as to get the balance of power into his hands. He declared in favour of different interests as alterations in the face of affairs made it necessary, but finally allied himself with Gallienus, his courage and activity forming a striking contrast to the shameful negligence of the Emperor, who even seemed pleased with the captivity of his father Valerian, a prisoner in the hands of Sapor, King of Persia, who treated him with great indignity. Odenathus joined the shattered remnants of the Roman army, routed Sapor, the Persian King, and advanced as far as Ctesiphon, the capital of his empire, victorious in several engagements. For this Gallienus declared him Augustus, and a partner of the empire, which was approved by the public. He also defeated Ballista, one of the many pretenders to the empire, who was an officer of much experience and great merit, and had served under Valerian, whose particular favourite he was. The many good qualities recorded of him made him a dangerous enemy had not Odenathus removed him. Odenathus also relieved Asia Minor from the Goths, who had overrun some of its rich provinces. While pursuing these he is generally supposed to have been murdered by his kinsman. Mœonius Herodes, his son by a former wife, whom he had joined with himself in the empire, suffered the same fate. All that we know of him is that he was delicate and luxurious to a degree, indulged by his father, and hated by his step-mother Zenobia. Odenathus was a great loss to the Roman empire.

Mœonius, the kinsman and murderer of Odenathus, survived but a little while. He was saluted emperor, but soon after cut off by the soldiers.

Odenathus left behind him his queen Zenobia, and two sons by her, Hereucanius and Timolaus; others add Vaballathus, but he is supposed to be the son of Herodes. Zenobia is accused by some authors of having consented to the death of her husband and step-son.

All that is known of Zenobia's family is that she boasted herself descended from the Ptolemies, and reckoned Cleopatra among her ancestors. Her complexion was dark brown, and she had sparkling black eyes full of fire; her expression was sprightly, and her person graceful beyond description. Her teeth were white as pearls, and her voice clear and strong. She was very clever, and spoke many languages. Egyptian and Latin she knew well, and she read and translated Greek; she was also well versed in History. In council she was cautious and prudent, but of great determination in the execution of her plans. She could be open or reserved, implacably severe, or indulgently forgiving, as occasion required. She was fond of show and magnificence, and her dress was rich and set with jewels; she lived in the midst of regal pomp, like that of Persia, and received homage with the state of its kings. In her banquets she imitated the Romans, and, like Cleopatra, drank out of gold cups set with gems.

This evening, as an acknowledgment for the day the

Arabs had granted us beyond those agreed to, we gave them a sheep, which they cut up, and mixing it with rice and flour, they cooked it over a large fire in the ground. When it was ready they sat cross-legged round the cauldron with thin cakes of bread in one hand; dipping the other into the vessel, they ate till they were satisfied; then others took their places. It was a very wild and savage scene.

Tuesday, May 19. — Hassan called us soon after 4 o'clock; we rose, dressed, and hurried through our breakfast as quickly as possible, as the sheikhs were anxious to make an early start. Whilst they were loading the mules and camels, and the usual disputing was going on, we agreed to walk through the ruins and mount our dromedaries near the Tower Tombs. We were soon surrounded by Fellaheen from the town, men, women, and children, all bringing coins and broken pieces of glass to sell. We were glad to escape from the confusion and noise in the tents to the calm quiet of the ruins. We walked slowly under the Triumphal Arch, and along the Colonnade, taking our last look at this interesting spot, which no one of us Europeans may ever see again. Our three days in this complete solitude had made us feel quite at home, and the days had passed calmly and pleasantly among these ruins, which seemed to us, now we were about to leave them, more beautiful than ever. But the sheikhs looked impatient, and we were obliged to mount. We rode slowly on past the Tower Tombs and the ruins of the Aqueduct, casting many a lingering look behind. First

we lost sight of the Temple, and at length even the castle on the hill, just tipped with the golden light of morning, disappeared from our view. We crossed the little plain where some gazelle were feeding, and soon came to the dreary desert plain of Kuryetein. The morning was cool, and a five hours' ride brought us to the Butum-tree we had lunched under on our way to Palmyra. One of the couriers got into trouble here with the sheikh and his son by wandering from the camp, which was dangerous on account of the hostile tribes that hovered about us. We stopped again for water for the camels, and reached our present camping-place at 7 o'clock, having been more than twelve hours out, and eleven on the dromedaries. The sheikh has a beautiful falcon with him to tame and teach to hunt the gazelle; he has also a kind of vulture, quite young and unfledged. We saw a great many snakes, and a large drove of camels and Arab horses and donkeys came up with us and encamped near us, Sheikh Mohammed taking them under his protection. They were going to Damascus for sale. The Arab owners had bought them from some of the wandering tribes in the desert to the east of Palmyra. Some of the dromedaries were very small and graceful-looking, but all very wild and difficult to manage. Our encampment was very large in consequence. We had watch-fires in every direction, and merry voices and songs resounded all night in the camp.

Wednesday, May 20.—We got away at 6 o'clock, and rode till 11. A great many snakes were seen

to-day; one a horrible long red one, which the Arabs killed. The sheikh's gazelle-dog, Richard, hunted a wild boar, with two others and some young ones. The boar was frightened by our immense caravan, and rushed off, but the dog caught one of the little ones. It defended itself very gallantly, but the Arabs went to the assistance of Richard, and it was soon captured and killed.

We retraced our steps very nearly, sometimes passing the remains of our former camping-fires, traversing the same long grassy plains, with a hill rising now and again. We met a friendly tribe, and our Arabs and they fraternised. They were close to us; we could see their black tents near where we stopped for water. We went on and encamped about 6 o'clock in Wady Ghar, in the Al T'in country—perhaps our last night of desert life. Our ten days' trip has been only too delightful; I shall long remember it.

Thursday, May 21.—We started early from our encampment, all feeling tired and languid from the extreme heat and the want of pure water, and rode on till 9 o'clock, when a movement among the Arabs announced the approach of Sheikh Miguel, who rode up with his little boy. My dromedary knew him at once, and we were all glad to see him. We rode on with him to his encampment, which had moved during our absence. Great numbers of camels were feeding, and we soon descried the black Arab tents. All the tribe were waiting to receive us, and our escort fired off their guns as we came in sight of the encampment.

The children and dogs rushed out to meet and welcome us, and the sheikh's son led my dromedary in. We lunched in the sheikh's tent, sitting cross-legged on carpets, with a circle of Arabs round us watching all we did. The poor gazelle-dog, Richard, was tired and crept away, but another came and made friends with us. Sheikh Miguel offered me Richard, but said he was a great friend, meaning favourite. I did not like to deprive the sheikh of him, so I thanked him, but declined. We had coffee, and the gentlemen smoked. We then mounted our dromedaries and took leave of the tribe. The little children, some of them quite naked, ran after us. It was strange to see all these wild children of the desert assembled to welcome back the strangers, their guests for a short time. Their faces are bronzed, and their natures wild and untutored, but still they show the courtesy and chivalrous bearing of the gentleman, and are faithful and true when trusted. Few, if any, of the women appeared, but as we passed the black tents we saw them sitting nursing their children, or actively engaged at work. The beautiful Arab horses were wandering about the tents and among the children at perfect liberty.

After our leave-taking we rode on, only a few Arabs accompanying us. As we neared the village of Musheraha, where are the remains of a Roman encampment, we saw at a little distance another Arab tribe: the men had just returned from a *Ghuzu* after some camels and cattle, in which they had been disappointed, and were riding a "Jereed," and making attacks upon each other,

Bedouin-fashion, on a rising ground. We wished to approach nearer, but as they were not on very friendly terms with Sheikh Miguel, he would not allow us to go. Hundreds of camels were feeding near their tents, and thousands of black goats, sheep, and cattle. After we had passed them we went through the village, crossed the stream at our former luncheon-ground, and then trotted our dromedaries the whole way to Hums. It was a long run, but they went beautifully, and the motion was not unpleasant. The Arabs closed round us as we neared the town, and sang a song of triumph. Crowds of people came out to see us, and we were conducted to our tents in a kind of procession, the Arabs chanting the whole time a long low note, which swelled out wildly, but very musically. We found the green in front of our tents crowded with people. We received our letters, and, after resting a little, walked to see Mrs. D——'s new house. It is well built and planned, and the view from the upper windows is very pretty. We dined and went to bed early.

Friday, May 22.—None of us could sleep beyond 5 o'clock, accustomed as we have been to early hours for so many days. We made no exception this morning, and before breakfast I walked with Ely. About 10 Mr. L—— called with his wife, who was beautifully dressed, and looked very handsome. Then Sheikh Miguel and his son came to see us. After luncheon we walked into the town and made some purchases in the bazaars, and then went to Mr. L——'s house, and sat with his wife till Mr. H—— and Dr. C—— joined

us. After the pipes were smoked we returned to our tents. Sheikh Miguel took a walk with us, and we got some roses from the beautiful garden behind our tents. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these gardens at Hums: full of fig, mulberry, and apricot trees, with hedges of the Damascus rose. Later we walked through them with Mr. H——, and round by the fields home, which we reached gladly, being all knocked up by our long ride of yesterday. The nightingales sang sweetly in the evening, but later their delightful notes were superseded by the hoarse croaking of frogs. We dined and went to bed in good time.

Saturday, May 23.—It was 8 o'clock before we got away, after taking leave of our Arabs, who looked very sorry to part from us. Sheikh Mahommed remained with them, but Sheikh Miguel and his son, and Sheikh Mahommed's son, rode out with us on the plain for an hour. Mr. L—— gave Ely and me each an antique ring found at Palmyra. We thanked him for all his kindness, and bade him good-bye, with a pleasant recollection of his good nature.

Leaving the Orontes on our right, we rode on across the plain of Hums. To the north of this plain extends a group of four hills, of which the two centre ones are Karum Kamâh, "the horns of Kamâh." A little eastward is seen the range of mountains which are in the district of Salamîyeh. Still further eastward the plain is lost in the line of the horizon; but from due east southward extends another range, until it joins the

eastern branches of Antilibanus, from which a lofty peak, called Jebel Halimêh, rises conspicuously. We rode on across the plain in the direction of the Lake Hums, (¹⁹) and on our way passed close to the two villages of Bata Hama and Darah Teen, not far from the lake. Just before arriving at the villages we rode close to the place where the river is turned from its course for purposes of irrigation. One branch is brought by an artificial canal to irrigate the beautiful gardens of Hums, the other branch wanders on its natural course. After passing these villages, the plain narrowed as we approached the mountains of the Antilibanus range into the Wady Sibâl, which wady opens into the plain of Bukâ'a between Breitân and Neby Shît. The Antilibanus has three distinct ranges, which tower one above the other in wild fantastic shapes. The Lebanon mountains run more to the north-east, but, like the Antilibanus range, enclose the plain on the other side. As we entered the valley of Bukâ'a, we had on our right the Lebanon range, with the peaks of Djebel Bakr, Djebel Akar, and El Hemiel: our road lay across this plain, having the Antilibanus range on our left. We passed on our right a small hill with a white mosque, containing the tomb of the prophet of Minden, Neby Mendan. About 1 o'clock we stopped to lunch at a village called Cosair Homs, and persuaded the people to let us sit and rest ourselves in a beautiful garden, under the shade of some apricot-trees. Thence we rode on for about five hours more, passing Zerra'a, across a

fertile plain, well watered, with good crops of barley growing, to the village of El Kià, where there is an old ruined castle and some beautiful vineyards.

The evening was bitterly cold, and the sun had set long before we reached our encampment. While they were putting up the tents we sat with Mr. H—— and Mr. S——, whose muleteers had preceded ours, and had all arranged. The wind blew bitterly cold through the tents all night, and we suffered much in consequence.

Sunday, May 24.—Rising early, I was gratified with the sight of a splendid sun-rise, which gilded the snowy mountains opposite. On a rising ground under them is a pillar, which is said to mark one of the sources of the River Orontes. A great noise arose in the camp, caused by a dispute between some peasants, who had brought me a present of roses, and a party of irregular soldiers, who had camped near the village. We walked on till our horses overtook us, when, mounting, we rode across the rough stony plain of Bukâ'a, by the side of a small stream which turned some curious old mills, till we reached a more cultivated country. Here, on each side of the road, were gardens of fig-trees, and in the hedge-rows a tree like an olive in colour, but shaped like a willow, covered with yellow and deliciously sweet-smelling blossoms which perfumed the air.

Leaving the valley of Ras el-Ba'albek on our left, and descending a rather steep path, we came to the fountains of Lebweh, which consist of a copious spring of water gushing out at four different places. The water flows down in a pure sparkling stream, and,

dividing itself into little rills, overflows and fertilizes a verdant spot like an English meadow. The ground was covered with wild flowers and aromatic herbs. Some low shrubs gave us protection against the rays of the sun, now very powerful. Here we encamped; the horses were allowed to roam about and feed on the soft green grass, whilst we all rested under the shade. The watershed of the Bukâ'a is about three miles from Lebweh.

The village of Lebweh is about fifteen minutes distant from the fountain in a low dell among the streams. There are a few remains of a large structure, perhaps the ruins of a temple; but a few miserable huts comprise all the present village. Lebweh is situated in the middle of the vale, which extends across the whole Bukâ'a from the base of Antilebanon to that of the opposite range. The fountain at Lebweh (²⁰) is the highest source of the Orontes. Lebweh is supposed to be the representative of the ancient Lybon. Lebweh is mentioned by Arabian writers as a fortified place. In A.D. 1132 it was seized along with Er-Ras by Mohammed, then Lord of Ba'albek. Here too, in A.D. 1170, Shehâhed - Dîn with 200 horsemen fell in with 300 Frank horsemen, and put them to flight, and slew the chief of the Hospitallers, who, at that time, had possession of El-Husn, then known as Husn el-Akrâd, "the Kurd's Castle." The name Lebweh seems ancient, and it may, though it is doubtful, correspond with Lybo, or Libo.

We spent a very pleasant hour here in the cool

shade, lulled by the murmuring waters, and were loth to leave our delightful resting-place, particularly as the heat of the sun, now high in the heavens, came fiercely down. Even the horses and mules were unwilling to move. We were, however, forced to proceed, so we mounted and rode on. Gradually ascending we reached the summit of an eminence, whence we could see the northern part of the Bukâ'a, and at a distance the lone monument of Hürmul, a building situated on a rising ground commanding a view of the valley of the Orontes as far as Hums, and down the Bukâ'a to Mount Hermon. It is three stories high, ending in a pyramid, and is built of limestone. In some parts it has been rent, apparently by an earthquake. On the sides of the chambers are some bas-reliefs of hunting scenes. Various animals are depicted, but there are no inscriptions. We did not visit this place, as it was some miles distant from our path, and we had not time to spare. I give the account I received from another traveller.

We passed the old bed of a stream in a wady, said to be the watershed of the great valley of Bukâ'a, and soon came in sight of the village of Resmel-Hadeth, lying at the foot of a hill. All along this part of our road we had a view of the northern portion of the Lebanon, and after ascending some time, we reached a kind of ridge along which we rode through green fields to a deep ravine, the sides of which were covered with trees, among them some fine old walnut-trees, into which we had to descend. The road was very steep and winding

and brought us to an old broken stone bridge of a single arch, by which we crossed the little river which runs through the ravine. Near the bridge some women were standing at a fountain, and a man was filling their pitchers for them. They formed a picturesque group under the shade of a wide-spreading walnut-tree. After crossing the bridge one of the mules broke loose, and plunged into the river, refusing to come out when called. One of the muleteers waded in and brought him plunging and kicking to shore. A steep ascent brought us to Nahleh, "Honey Bee," on the top of the opposite bank. Here are the remains of an old temple, cornices and mouldings, a platform of three layers of stones, each $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, a portion of the *naos*, some of the stones of which are 12 feet long. An ancient village was situated to the east of Nahleh, the foundations are still visible, and there are caves or tombs in the rocks. The ruins of an aqueduct, which brought water to Nahleh, also exist. The houses are miserable in the modern village of Nahleh. We hastened on, as we were anxious to reach Ba'albek before sunset, by an ascending track on one side of the plain, which, as seen from Ba'albek, has the appearance of a ridge running out across the valley from the eastern mountain. "It is," so writes Robinson, "the southern end of a wide gravelly slope extending westwards from Anti-lebanon, and reaching half-way or more across the whole valley, with spurs or ridges running down it from the mountain with deep wadys between them. It is a

sort of continuation of the desert plateau south of Ba'albek, and extends north to the watershed near Lebweh."

We saw, as we advanced, the range of the Lebanon Hills⁽²¹⁾ on one side, and below, half-way up the mountain, a broad uneven terrace, divided by irregular shallow valleys into two or three parallel but irregular ridges. These extend northwards along the whole of Lebanon and run into several smaller ridges. All these and the whole lower part of the mountain appear well wooded, chiefly with stunted oaks, *Sindrân*, which are kept so by the goats and sheep feeding on the young twigs. From this terrace the lofty dorsal ridge rises with a steep slope, composed of naked rock, except where covered with snow.

After a ride of about an hour over very uneven ground, we came in sight of the magnificent ruins of Ba'albek or Heliopolis, situated in the plain of Bukâ'a, at the northern end of a range of hills about a mile from the base of Antilebanon; the highest point of them, just above Ba'albek, being called Djebel al Ba'albek. The scene was quite beautiful—the fine old ruins, the broad, fertile, cultivated plain, chequered with many colours from the peculiar properties of the soil, and the magnificent range of the Lebanon Mountains, with their snow-crowned summits. The splendid pillars of Ba'albek⁽²²⁾ stood out in strong relief against the blue sky, looking most imposing from where we stood. As we drew nearer, we could see white tents gleaming amongst the ruins, and began to conjecture

whose of the many travellers we knew they could be. We came up with a large number of mules, and got mixed up with them; but in a little time were freed from them, and went on, cantering along a smooth good road to Ba'albek.

When we arrived, our muleteers and Hassan had not yet come up, so the gentlemen dismounted and entered the ruins through an old archway in the wall. Dr. C—— and Mr. S—— went round below the ruins. I dismounted and followed them. We soon found a path and, climbing up, came to an entrance which led us into the great court in the centre, before the Temple of the Sun. Here we found three tents and a party of friends encamped. They had arrived three days before from Damascus, and kindly gave us the last English news.

Whilst the tents were being raised, we walked round the ruins and saw the sunset, which was quite glorious; the last rays falling on the peristyle of the Temple of the Sun cast long shadows from the pillars on the ground. We visited the beautiful portal of the Temple of Jupiter, across which a wall has been built by the Arabs, leaving only a small hole through which we crept. The portal is 21 feet wide and 42 high, the sides being formed each of a single stone, and the lintel is composed of three huge blocks, with beautiful patterns on them, representing fruits and flowers, with vine-leaves. Little Cupids and Bacchuses in different attitudes are sculptured among them, holding bunches of grapes in their hands. The frieze represents acanthus-leaves

winding round Cupids, and is surmounted by a handsome cornice. On the ceiling of the portal is represented the figure of an eagle holding a caduceus in his talons, and strings of garlands in his beak. The ends of these are held by flying figures on either side. As this eagle is similar to that in the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, and the crest shows that it is not the Roman eagle, Volney and others suppose it to be the Oriental eagle consecrated to the Sun. The earthquake of 1759 rent the wall, and the middle stone of the lintel sank about 2 feet. The same effect is seen in the Triumphal Arch at Palmyra. The interior is much ruined. On each side of the portal are massive pillars; in the one to the north is a little hole, hardly large enough to creep through, which leads to the top of the temple. We did not attempt the ascent. At the western end of the *cella* is the sanctum or altar, which must have been considerably elevated above the floor of the nave, and has evidently been separated from it by a range of columns. Underneath are two vaulted rooms. The *cella* is strewn with broken columns, capitals, and friezes. Round the walls are some finely executed niches with beautiful tracery work about them, still not so fine and delicate as that at Palmyra. We walked round the peristyle, which consisted of 42 columns, and the sun having now set we returned to our tents. Ely was not very well, and we were all very tired by the long continuous travelling, and exhausted by the heat. We look forward, however, to our two days' rest among these beautiful ruins with great pleasure.

Monday, May 25.—The bright rays of the sun glancing into my tent awoke me about 5 o'clock; no one was stirring. I got up at half-past 5, and went to see Mr. A—— and his party off. They started at 8 o'clock *en route* for 'Ain 'Ata, and intended going to Beyrout by the Cedars. After leaving them we took a guide and scrambled down by the side of the ruins, and walked round them under the shade of some poplar-trees to see the enormous Cyclopean stones which are in the outer wall. Three in particular are 20 feet long by 4 or 5 feet in height and thickness. They form the basement of the wall, and support six other blocks of less dimensions. These are the original walls; but upon them, at a later period, another wall has been raised, composed of *débris* from the ruins. We thoroughly examined these wonderful walls, climbing up to see them nearer, and then wandered on by a little stream bordered by gardens of mulberry-trees till we reached the ruins of the Saracenic fort. Thence we walked to see the south side of the outer wall of the Temple of Jupiter. Four columns remain standing here; the others have fallen, bringing down with them their entablatures, which, with the pillars, all lie in disjointed masses on the ground below. One pillar has fallen against the wall of the temple, and although it has displaced many stones in its fall, yet so strongly have its own pieces been joined together that it has remained in this position for more than a hundred years. Our guide led us up past it by a narrow scrambling path to the four columns which still stand with

their entablatures near the portico. We admired the sculpture on the roof, and there were busts which the guide said represented Solomon and his wives. The six columns still erect, which belong to the Temple of the Sun, are very beautiful.

Our tents are pitched just at the entrance to the great court of the temple, and our favourite walk was to the top of the ruined wall, from whence we had a splendid view over the plain to the Lebanon, besides a commanding sight of the ruins.

After breakfast I walked a little, and sat with Ely. Later in the afternoon Ely joined us, feeling better, and we went down into the subterranean passage under the Temple of Jupiter. Here they showed us some curious chambers, or vaults, opening into this passage; also some broken busts and inscriptions which were found in these vaults. One or two of the entrances into the vaults had been walled up, and then broken open again. These vaults may have been used as cells under the Great Temple of the Sun, or under another temple which is said to have previously existed on this spot. The platform upon which the temple stands is said to be of Phœnician origin. From the vaults we walked to a large fountain with the ruins of a mosque near it. The water from this fountain supplies the modern village, and irrigates the meadows and gardens around it; beautiful ferns grew about it and fine trees, under which some children were playing, overshadowed with their pendent branches. The Little Temple, or mosque, is a complete ruin; you can hardly enter it for

the masses of stones collected in the interior. We passed it and walked on to see the Great Mosque, which is in ruins, but with some beautiful pillars still standing erect of black and red granite and porphyry; in it, also, we found some pretty pieces of sculpture let into the walls. Lizards were darting about in great numbers. Climbing over a low wall we returned by a ruined but pretty temple to the principal ruins again, and then by another path to our tents. Passing by the north and west sides of the temple we went through another long subterranean passage, at the end of which was a window about 8 or 9 feet from the ground. There was no way of getting out except through this window, or by retracing our steps and making a long round. Some part of the wall under the windows was rough and broken, and afforded a means, though a difficult one, of descent. We resolved to try it, and scrambling down, managed to get safely to the platform beneath, where we found ourselves close to the wonderful Cyclopean stones which Ely had not yet seen. The wall at this part rises to the base of the columns of the temple, about 50 feet from the surface of the ground. Here are the three enormous stones I have before mentioned. We walked round part of the wall in order to see them better. This platform is evidently much older than the present ruins, as it is supposed to have been built a long time previously to the Temple of the Sun.

We walked back by the gardens to the ruins, and entered them by the Little Mosque, which is modern, though also in ruins, having been constructed with the

stones taken from the temple. We saw some fine monolithic pillars in it. We then went to the top of the outer wall to see the sunset, and creeping through a small door we were able to ascend by some broken steps to the top of the ramparts. The height on which we stood seemed stupendous on looking down. The sun set gloriously behind the Lebanon mountains; and its declining rays tipped the peaks of the Antilebanon, which remained with an appearance like the Alpine *Gluth* upon them long after the sun had disappeared. Flocks of sheep and black goats were returning from the pastures, and the damp beginning to rise we hurried home to dinner. Later, the night was so calm, and the young moon shone so brightly, we wandered about among the ruins for a long time. One could almost have imagined the Temple of Jupiter to be still in preservation, for the marks of decay on the columns were not visible in the misty light of the moon, and the façade looked very imposing. The moonbeams fell slantingly on the six fine columns which still stand erect at a little distance from it. We went into the Great Temple, which looked grand and glorious in the subdued light of the moon. We lingered here as long as we dared. On our return to the tents we saw many lights glancing about in the village beneath us, and heard music and singing. Our Arabs said it was a fête or a wedding party.

Tuesday, May 26.—We had time, whilst they were taking down the tents and packing, to pay a farewell visit to these glorious ruins, and to look once more over

the plain of Bukâ'a to the beautiful mountains on each side of it. We have been obliged to give up visiting the Cedars, the time at our disposal being too short, and proceed direct to Beyrout. It is a great disappointment, but our steamer sails in a few days, and we are afraid of missing her. We walked down through the subterranean passage under the Great Temple, and mounted our horses close to the fountain. They were rather fresh, and jumped about a good deal. On our way through the little town to the quarry on the hill we passed through beautiful gardens, fragrant with the perfume of roses and jessamine, and with that of some sweet and aromatic shrubs. The quarry is half a mile to the west of the ruins; from it were taken the massive stones used in building the temple, but how transported there, and then raised to the top of the platform and placed in their positions, it is difficult to conjecture. One enormous block still remains lying on the ground in the quarry; its length is 68 feet, its height 14 feet 2 inches, and it is said to weigh 1100 tons. Hassan rode up to it and under it, and he and his horse looked like pigmies beside it. On a hill there is a column which stands over a sepulchral cave, and is curiously fashioned. The walls and many of the houses of the town are constructed with stones taken from the ruins.

We rode on across the plain, but not fast, as we often turned to take a parting look at the beautiful temples. The finest view is from the road to Hums, by which we came.

We passed next the tomb or wely of a sheikh, which has been built with the stones and broken pieces of columns taken from the ruins. It is a curious patchwork, like a child's house made of toy-bricks, no symmetry of form about it. Our path now lay across the wide cultivated plain, having the Lebanon range on the one side and the Antilebanon on the other. The ground was of various hues, and looked like the patterns of a kaleidoscope, or a mass of glowing jewels. Some fields were of a bright purple colour from the flowers, others yellow, white, and blue, from the crops grown upon them, while the soil itself was of a rich bright red. The ground is cultivated to the foot of the mountains, and the plain well watered. We passed on the right Kusurneba, where are the ruins of a temple; later we stopped and lunched in a garden near the little town of Lamin el Saphta, full of fruit-trees and roses. From there we made a *détour*, riding up a narrow glen to the village of Niha, where there was once a temple, of which only a few stones now remain. A little above it are the remains of another temple, called Husn Nika, but we had not time to go to it. Our road wound up and down steep hills; from the top of one of them we had a fine view of the plain of Bukâ'a, which we had just left. Kerak Nûh, which we now reached, is famous as containing the supposed tomb of Noah, which is a wonder in its way, being 70 yards in length. It is hung with pieces of cloth and relics, and several faded banners are placed beside it. Descending we passed through the village of

Mu'allakah, at the head of a beautiful glen, through which the foaming Berdûny runs on its course to the Litâny. We crossed it by a narrow half-ruined stone bridge, rather dangerous considering the rapidity of the stream and its own dilapidated condition, and following the course of the river, we at last reached our encampment, beautifully situated on a little hill close to the town of Zahleh, overlooking the river, and a beautiful grove of poplar-trees through which it runs.

The view over the plain was very fine, and the sunset magnificent. It was a lovely evening, and we sat outside our tents after dinner, although they were surrounded by curious visitors. This is one of the prettiest encampments we have had yet—our last but one.

Zahleh is the principal village in Lebanon, and contains 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Christians. The whole place is full of priests and crowded with churches and convents. The situation of the town is perfectly beautiful. Some of the women are pretty, and the children all speak a little French. The mountains round Zahleh are covered with rich vineyards; it is the principal market for the whole surrounding country. The people are very proud and unquiet; they suffered very much during the massacres of 1860, when the Druzes captured the town.

Wednesday, May 27.—From here we sent on one of the couriers and a part of the luggage direct to Beyrout, and whilst we were waiting for them to start we walked to a hill above our tents, and had a splendid view over the plain of Bukâ'a and the plain in which Zahleh is situ-

ated. After breakfast we started the mules with the luggage, and ourselves took the road which led up through the town. The streets are very steep owing to the place being built on the side of a hill. It was market-day, and a great many people had collected together, some of them peasants bringing in game and fruit from the country. The townspeople were sitting outside their doors working or selling their wares. The streets were so crowded that we had some difficulty in getting along. At last we emerged upon a steep path which wound up higher and higher. Looking back, we had fine views over the plain of Bukâ'a, and we could see the top of Mount Hermon over the mountains of the Antilebanon range. On and on we climbed, the road growing steeper and steeper, till at last in about three-quarters of an hour's ride from Zahleh we reached a fountain, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour to rest the horses. Before us was a ridge or spur from Mount Sunnîn, which projects into the plain of Bukâ'a. We crossed a wady near it, and reached a khan, situated on its western side. The views back were quite beautiful and the scenery grand. We rested here a little, and then began the ascent, which led up by a zigzag path to the summit, which is said to be the watershed between the Bukâ'a and the Mediterranean. From this spot we ought to have seen that sea, but it was rather hazy, and we could only see the dim outline of the coast. The scenery about us was wildly beautiful—on our left rose Jebel Kuneiyseh, and on our right the snowy peak of Sunnîn. The glen that opened

before us was wide and deep, running westward with its huge crags and rugged peaks till it opened up with a view of the sea. The sides of the glen were covered with rhododendrons in full bloom, white heath, a great quantity of bracken, and many varieties of wild flowers peeping up; among them we found our rose-tipped English daisy. Huge masses of dark-red sandstone of the same peculiar colour as that we saw at Petra, and sharp points of white limestone standing up here and there, showed themselves among the shrubs and bracken. It was, indeed, a wild but beautiful scene. In many places pure streams gushed out, and the snow was lying close to the road-side. The head of the glen, called Wady Tarshîsh, was on our right; it extends up towards Sunnîn. We turned northwards and rode round it by a steep and dangerous path. The road at length became so difficult that we had to dismount and lead our horses. We collected some of the purest of the snow, and, mixing it with some of the Zahleh red wine, found it cool and refreshing to drink. Some of our party had gone on in advance, but in about a quarter of an hour we found them seated on the banks of a little stream to rest themselves.

We all started again together, and rode along the brow of a hill overlooking Wady Tarshîsh, till we reached Meruj, so called from its plot of green "meadow," where we stopped under the shade of some trees to lunch. The limestone here gives place to the sandstone. There is a convent here, beside a few houses, and some fine oaks and pines, which afforded us a

welcome shade. The side of the hill slopes down into wild glens—one the Wady Biskiuta, containing a tributary of the Nahr el-Kelb, and the other Wady Tarshish, extending to Beyrout. The scenery here was magnificent.

From this we rode along a charming road for about an hour through a forest of pines, till we reached a place where the road branched off in two directions. We were puzzled at first which to take, as Hassan had gone on with the mules, but a shepherd driving some black goats directed us to take the road to the right, which led down a steep descent to Bukfeiya. We had a beautiful view from here of the Wady Saleina, the continuation of Wady Tarshish, and down the dark but picturesque glen before us we could trace the course of the little river Nahr el-Kelb; far off we could see the Convent of Mount Elias, ⁽²³⁾ perched on its high cliff with the village of Shuweir close to it embedded in trees; still farther off, at the end of the ravine, was the blue Mediterranean. The whole of this valley is thickly wooded with pine, oak, and wild fruit-trees. We continued to the right, descending by a road more like a staircase than a path—the stones rising in steps above each other, and so slippery that we dismounted and walked down, till we arrived near the little town of Bukfeiya, half hidden among mulberry-trees and vines, beautifully picturesque, with gardens in terraces down into the glen beneath. Our tents were pitched close to the Governor's house. From this terrace we had a splendid view over the ravine before us. Its sides are

beautifully wooded, and its peaks and ragged cliffs very picturesque. On the tops of many are castellated buildings—all convents. A great many villages are built on the sides or slopes of the ravine, and at the end was the Mediterranean. The sun set in great splendour, sinking into the sea like a globe of fire.

The Governor was ill and we could not see him, but in the evening some of the ladies of the family, beautifully dressed, came out and sat on the balcony, smoking. After dinner we sat outside our tents by moonlight, enjoying the view; all very tired from our long fatiguing ride over rough and stony paths; and all feeling sad that our pleasant camp life had come to an end, and that this was the last evening we should sleep under the tents which had sheltered us since we left Suez four months before.

Thursday, May 28.—We took only a short walk before breakfast, for the heat of the sun's rays even at that early hour was quite overpowering. We watched our tents packed and folded up for the last time. I never shall forget the pleasant hours passed in them during our wandering Bedouin life. The remembrance of our pleasant little party, the fatigues, the difficulties, the risks, and the pleasures we have shared together will long dwell in my mind.

We rode through the town with its quaint little houses and shops, all built on terraces in gardens shaded by mulberry-trees. After leaving the glen we had the Mediterranean on one side, and beneath us in the far distance we could see the white houses and the gardens

of Beyrout. The road grew very steep and bad, and we were sometimes obliged to walk. This continued till we reached the glen. On our way down we went into one of the peasant's houses to see the silk-worms. We were admitted after a little hesitation, and there on shelves in presses round the room, filled with fresh mulberry-leaves, reposed the worms. Many balls of yellow silk were already spun, in fact, the whole process was going on.

We had a very fatiguing ride, or rather walk, till we reached the foot of the glen, where the Nahr el-Kelb⁽²⁴⁾ pours its waters into the sea. A narrow path along the river side, bordered with oleanders in full bloom, led us to the beach. On the opposite side of the river we saw the remains of an ancient aqueduct, with maiden-hair and other ferns clinging to its sides. Passing close to the lofty bridge which spans the river, we rode on to a ruined khan, now a café, on the shore, where we rested and lunched. The glen of Nahr el-Kelb is full of wild, picturesque beauty, and the river divides itself and again reunites its streams in it. We were not able to ride so far as the cave Jaâta from which its waters take their rise. Among all these mountains are numerous convents; we counted seven from the hill above, before we had come down into the glen.

After luncheon we rode on to Beyrout, passing over some high rocks just beyond the khan, on which are engraved some inscriptions and time-worn bas-reliefs of the Assyrian and Egyptian kings. We then skirted the Bay of St. George, fording the river Antelijas, ⁽²⁵⁾

and then past the quarantine ground into Beyrout to the Hôtel Bellevue, where we found V—— and our letters waiting for us. At the table-d'hôte, where we dined, we met Mr. Rogers, the consul at Damascus, and also made acquaintance with Mr. Eldridge, our Consul-General for Syria, and his wife, who is a Russian. The night was very hot, and the mosquitos in great force and very troublesome; we sat on the balcony outside after dinner looking at the lovely view by moonlight over the sea, the ships in the harbour all carrying lights.

Friday, May 29.—I bathed before breakfast in a natural sea bath, enclosed with stones, and arranged so as to allow the tide to flow through. Later I went shopping with Hassan, and at 12 I took a Turkish bath. In the afternoon Dr. C——, Mr. H—— and I went to the bazaar, and then out in a boat for a row. The day was oppressively hot; we dined at the table-d'hôte. I sat on the balcony with Mr. and Mrs. E—— till 10 o'clock, and then went to bed.

Saturday, May 30.—We went to see Mrs. Thompson's missionary schools. The girls are well educated and nicely brought up. They showed great knowledge of the Scriptures, and answered quickly and well. Mrs. M——, her sister, showed us over the house, which is well situated, with a good view of the bay and the range of Lebanon. A good many of the children are the orphans of Maronites and Christians, whose parents fell victims in the massacre of 1860. Mrs. Thompson has been most active and zealous in her great undertaking. She

has also founded schools at Damascus, Zahleh, and at several other places in Syria. We saw two blind people who belonged to the School for the Blind, and who are taught to read and instructed in the Scriptures. The school at Beyrout seemed admirably managed, and the children all looked very happy. Mrs. M—— told us that in many instances the Moslem ladies had asked to be allowed to learn also. There are so many children who live in the house as boarders, and so many who come for the daily instruction only. I can only refer for a better account of this excellent institution to 'The Report of the British Syrian Schools, Ladies' Association.'⁽²⁶⁾

We arrived at the hotel very late for luncheon, after which we went again to the bazaars, and then drove to the Quarantine Station. After dinner Mrs. M—— and Miss G—— came to see us and sat with us a long time. They gave us a most interesting account of the mission and schools in Syria.

Sunday, May 31.—We did not go out till late, being all busy packing, settling accounts, and writing letters. After luncheon the gentlemen rode to the "Pines," and I went to Mrs. T——'s school-house, where Mr. A—— and Dr. P—— performed the evening service—Mr. A—— preaching. After church I returned to the hotel and finished arranging my boxes. The gentlemen returned from their ride and we dined, and after dinner prepared to go on board the French steamer the 'Nile,' which was to take us to Smyrna. It was sad parting from Hassan, Hamet, Eloise, and Achmet, who had

been with us so long. They accompanied us to the steamer. A hurried good-bye—and the ship steamed out of the harbour. We remained long on deck, the night was so calm and beautiful; but when we lost sight of the lights of Beyrout, I left the gentlemen on deck, and went below to my cabin.

Monday, June 1.—We reached Tripoli (²⁷) at 5 o'clock this morning, and remained here all day. Lady M.F——, Mr. A—— and his party are among the passengers. Mr. D——, who was attacked lately returning from Palmyra, and several others are on board. After breakfast we landed, and mounting donkeys rode to the old town on the river Kadisha, where it flows out from the Lebanon. The population of Tripoli consists of about 13,000, of which one-fourth are Christians. It is surrounded by gardens full of apricot, apple, orange, and lemon-trees. The hedges along the road side are planted with cactus plants which, with their yellow and red flowers, have a pretty effect.

The road was long and dusty; we dismounted at the entrance to the town, and walked up to the castle on the hill, built by Raymond of Toulouse in the 12th century. It is full of soldiers, and we saw several prisoners in chains, who had been taken during the massacres in the Lebanon, and are doomed to perpetual confinement. From the castle we went to a café overlooking the Wady Kadisha. The river is very rapid here. About half a mile off is a deserted building, formerly occupied by Dervishes, now a “café dansante.” The glen looked so pretty and picturesque

that we longed to explore it. Lady M——, Mr. H—— and I, escorted by a converted Mahomedan of the place, went back into the town. We visited the English Consul, and saw his wife, a handsome, dark Syrian woman, with fine features, and kind pleasant manners, and her niece, a tall fair girl, very graceful, but rather cold and proud looking; both were dressed in white. There were present also two very fine looking black women, Nubian slaves; very cheerful and happy looking, and dressed in bright colours.

From here we went to see a Roman Catholic establishment for orphans, an excellent institution apparently; the sisters, in number seven, were all kind, pleasant looking people. This is a branch of a similar institution in Beyrout. The sisters teach the children and visit the sick. Five years ago, soon after they arrived, the cholera broke out, and the sisters attribute their success, and the affection shown them, to their exertions among the poor during the continuance of that disorder. They also receive "les enfants trouvés." We were joined here by the other gentlemen, and returned to Tripoli.

The wind had risen, and it was rough going back. The evening was hot and sultry, but we had rain at intervals. Towards night it cleared and became quite calm, and we were then able to sit on deck. At 10 P.M. we resumed our voyage.

Tuesday, June 2.—We reached Ladikîyeh (²⁸) at 5 o'clock A.M., and went on shore at 7. It is the ancient Laodicea. We walked up to the old Roman Arch of

Triumph, each side of which is about 50 feet wide, and contains another arch with pilasters at the corners. There is a pediment, and an entablature richly sculptured, with representations of ancient armour and warlike weapons. The arches are now built up, and the place is used as a mosque; the whole is surrounded by cottages. Near this structure, in a street, are four Corinthian columns, with their entablatures perfect, and built into a wall, and all through the town are found columns of granite and other sculptured stones. We saw some torsos of female figures that had been dug up in the garden of the Austrian minister. From the mosque there is a good view of the town, which is built on a rocky promontory. The river Nahr el-Kebir runs within a mile of the town. At the entrance of the harbour, on one side, are the ruins of a Saracenic tower full of curious old columns, some of marble, and some of granite; the pier on the other side is founded on granite columns. The entrance is pretty, but very difficult, and it is impossible to enter in stormy weather. The inhabitants number 4000 Moslems, and 1000 Christians, who belong to the Greek church. Excellent tobacco is to be bought here, and in the season sponges are fished up in large quantities along the coast, which, together with the tobacco, form a considerable part of the export trade.

After leaving the mosque we descended to the Consul's house on the shore, but the Consul had gone home to breakfast. Here we waited until a man went to the town and procured some of the famous tobacco, which we divided into little parcels and so carried

on board ship. The duty was 6 piastres a parcel. Lady M—— met us just as we were leaving, and we all went on board together. There are some beautiful gardens full of fig-trees about Ladikiyeh, and we bought in the market mulberries, and the nut of a kind of lupine. There is a soap manufactory also here, and the pieces of soap may be seen piled up to dry in the sunshine. The oil used is good, but the other ingredients make the soap hard and astringent.

We returned to the steamer with a boatful of parcels—tobacco, soap, fruit, and some beautiful flowers. We sailed at 9 o'clock; the sea was calm and the weather quite lovely. I sat on deck with Lady M. F—— all the morning reading and working. We steamed close to the coast and could see the range of the Djebel Okra (²⁹) Mountains and its high peak, Mount Casius, in shape a beautiful cone. We could also see some villages on the plain between the shore and the mountains, but sometimes bold promontories or ridges from Djebel Okra jutted into the sea. One very fine bold headland or promontory is called the Boar's Head—so one of the officers on board told us. We enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the rocky coast, and the fine weather and rest immensely. We dined at half-past 5 o'clock, and after dinner went on deck to take our coffee, when Mr. D—— kindly gave us an account of his visit to Palmyra, which I repeat as nearly as possible in his own words. He told us that he went there under the protection of a Turkish escort, and under the guidance of Sheikh Majorian.

After remaining two days at Palmyra, he set out on his return. On the second day, he related, after leaving Palmyra he was riding quite quietly, when his horse grew restive, and cantered on a little. Suddenly he heard a rushing noise in the air, and felt himself struck with seven lances in the back. He threw away his umbrella, and facing round found himself surrounded by sixty or seventy Arabs. His servant seemed very much alarmed, but Mr. D—— drew his revolver. It was, however, quickly knocked out of his hand by an Arab. They then tried to get away, and had a sharp encounter. At first Mr. D—— got off his horse, and his servant defended him as well as he could; seeing, however, that he was at a disadvantage, he remounted, but was soon overpowered, and obliged to dismount, and give up to the Arabs all they demanded. His escort, he said, deserted him at the beginning; he had no one with him but his servant. Both he and his servant were badly wounded. At last the Arabs left them, and they staggered on along the road, but were soon overtaken by two horsemen, who desired them to follow. The servant made signs to Mr. D—— to escape if he could. This he managed to do by taking shelter under some bushes near the road; the horsemen passed on, and he was left alone in the desert, wounded and bleeding, and without food. He walked on for seven hours, and fortunately knowing what direction to take, turned his footsteps north-west, and met a lad on a dromedary, who remained with him for some time. Mr. D—— said that he avoided single

Arabs, as he distrusted them. At last he met a man with a hatchet, who took him to his tents, where he was kindly received by the women; they bathed his wounds with warm water, and then put on plasters of butter spread on camel skin. They laughed at him for not being able to speak their language, but gave him milk and a little mutton to eat, and were exceedingly kind to him. The name of this good Samaritan was Saleh el-Mellab. The next day his dragoman and muleteer joined him, and two days afterwards he was taken to Majorian's tent, and thence to that of the Pacha, who was encamped about four hours' ride off. He attributes the attack to a pre-meditated plan on the part of the Arabs to prevent travellers going into the Desert with a Turkish escort, independent of them.

I have written Mr. D——'s story as nearly as I could in his own words. He could not travel sooner, his wounds being only just healed. He said that none of his servants were wounded, but the tents and baggage were all taken by the Arabs. He appealed to the Turkish Governor at Damascus, who sent soldiers after these Arabs. Seven of the tribe were killed, and the principal sheikh taken prisoner, with some others, and condemned to death. We spent a pleasant evening, listening to his adventures and comparing our visit to Palmyra with his. The moon rose bright and clear above us, and the little waves danced in the moonbeams which fell in fitful light upon them. We went to bed at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday, June 3.—We anchored this morning early at Alexandretta,⁽³⁰⁾ a small sea-port town, consisting only of a few houses and a very indifferent bazaar, but of great importance in a commercial point of view, as all the caravans come here from Aleppo and Bagdad to embark their goods. It is a very unhealthy place, as the low swamps about it generate fevers. The mountains behind the town are very grand. The day was hot, and we did not go on shore till late, and then only for an hour; but the evening was delightful and cool. The Italian Consul and his wife from Aleppo, and the French Consul at Alexandretta, came on board. The Orontes flows into the sea near Alexandretta, and Tarsus, where St. Paul was born, is not far from the town. The Crusaders first landed here and proceeded up the narrow pass in the mountains, called the gates of Syria. Xenophon mentions this pass in his description of the march of Cyrus. Alexander also marched through it to give battle to Darius. Caravans come twice a day here from Aleppo.

Thursday, June 4.—The night was hot and oppressive. The vessel steamed all night and reached Mersina early this morning. We started, Ely, Dr. C——, Mr. H——, Mr. S——, Mr. A——, and myself, to visit the ruins of Heliopolis. We took a boat and went by sea, arriving in about two hours. The ruins are close to the shore; no history remains of the place, and it is hardly mentioned in the guide books. There is a long colonnade, resembling that at Palmyra; three of the columns face the sea, and as you approach the effect is very fine.

There has evidently been a double row of columns; none of the capitals are quite the same in decoration. On one are four genii, holding palm-leaves and a wreath; on another four figures of men; a third has busts of women: all have brackets, like the columns at Palmyra, evidently intended for statues, as you can see in the stone the mark where the iron stanchion must have been placed that supported or retained them. We could trace the remains of one row, the columns of which have been destroyed, three only remaining: of the other row forty-two pillars are standing, one only broken in two. The Arabs use the stones to build their houses with, and likewise to make lime. The position of the ruins is very fine, with the mountains of the Taurus range in the rear, and the long, cultivated plain between them and the ruins, traversed by numerous streams, their course marked by shrubs of oleander, covered with pink blossoms. Before the ruins is the sea, whose restless waves rise nearly to the foot of the little eminence on which the ruins stand, embedded in groves of dwarf-oak and myrtle-trees. We wandered a long time among these ruins, having some difficulty in forcing our way through the luxuriant vegetation. We found, on exploring farther among the pillars still standing, two Greek inscriptions on brackets, which were close together; also two pillars, beautifully sculptured, which seemed to have belonged to a portico. We occupied ourselves in trying to find out the position of the various buildings, and M. D—— told us he had heard that some of the colonnades had had flowers and

shrubs planted in the middle, leaving the two sides only for the people to walk along; but as we could only trace the indistinct remains of the foundations on one side, where the columns are wanting, we were unable to determine this point. We saw some snakes and lizards among the ruins.

We lunched under a fine wild fig-tree, close to the remains of an amphitheatre, up which I climbed after luncheon to see the view from it. In this I was not disappointed, for it was a lovely one. We observed some beautiful specimens of butterflies about the myrtle-trees, which were just beginning to blossom.

Our return to the boat and to the ship was accomplished in an hour and a half, but the sea was not so calm as before. On our arrival we saw a number of brown camels that had just arrived from Aleppo, feeding in the plains. About 4 o'clock P.M. we sailed from Mersina.

Friday, June 5.—The night was calm. To-day the vessel kept out at sea, at some distance from the land, so we rested and occupied ourselves in writing our journals; we had a fresh breeze and a pleasant sail. We dined at the usual hour and sat on deck afterwards; the deck was crowded with Arabs and pilgrims returning from Mecca, and the ship was not very comfortable in consequence.

Saturday, June 6.—We reached Rhodes this morning, but rather late, having had a head-wind all night; the coal, too, is bad. Mr. H—— and Mr. S——, Lady M. F—— and nearly all the passengers, landed for an

hour. Some Arab ladies came on board at Rhodes, and a Pacha's family, consisting of two very pretty little girls, with their attendants. A pleasant day's sail, towards evening, and at sunset the effect was very beautiful. As we passed among the islands the moon rose bright and clear. My arms were so painful from mosquito bites which had fevered me that I went to bed early. A Roman Catholic bishop came on board at Rhodes—a fine old gentleman; his career seems nearly run. Last evening we saw him standing on the deck, with a young boy beside him, who is going under his guidance to be educated for a priest—his young face so joyous, bright, and thoughtless of the future—a strange contrast to the grey old man on whose face time and care have furrowed many deep lines. One could not help observing it, as they stood side by side looking at the sunset—the old man's life nearly come to a close, leaving its pleasures, its anxieties, its sorrows, behind—the other, with all fresh and new before him, the battle of his life still to be fought.

Sunday, June 7.—I rose early and went on deck; it was a lovely morning. We steamed past some beautiful islands, among them Chio. The capital of this island, Chio, or Kastro, is situated on the side of a hill, like a miniature Genoa. Many of the modern buildings owe their origin to the Genoese and Venetians. On we went past several pretty islands till midday, when Smyrna came in sight. Lady M. F—— and I sat on deck all day reading and writing letters. About 3 o'clock we anchored at Smyrna. Mr. H—— and Dr. C—— went

to the steamer 'Vatican' to arrange our places for to-morrow, and Lady M—— went on shore to church. We bade her good-bye, and presently the gentlemen returned with Count B——, the French Consul General of Syria, who invited us all to dinner. He first took us to the steamer 'Vatican,' where he left us for a little, while we arranged our cabins. We dressed, and then started for the French Consulate. On our way there we took a little walk through the streets, and back by the Armenian quarter. The ladies were all sitting on the steps outside their doors, beautifully dressed; we saw some very pretty girls among them. The women are more numerous in Smyrna than the men. Inside the houses are, first, an entrance-hall, and then a court with a garden, containing always some pretty trees and flowers.

We reached Count B——'s about half-past 7, and sat in his pretty garden waiting for dinner, when Monsieur and Madame J——, the doctor of the embassy and his wife, and another gentleman, joined us. We had a pleasant dinner, and got back to the ship about 11 o'clock. The cafés were all illuminated, and people were singing choruses. Fireworks were let off, and the Italian frigate burnt some blue lights to commemorate the anniversary of the independence of Italy. The night was beautifully calm, and the steamer being large and comfortable, we did not suffer from the heat.

Monday, June 8.—I rose early, dressed, and went on deck about half-past 7 o'clock. Lady M. F—— and Mr. D—— called, and I went in the boat with them to

shore, the gentlemen following. We landed, and at last it was arranged that we should go to the "Bridge of the Caravans" in a carriage. This we did, but no camels were there. We met a few straggling ones on our way, but no regular caravan had come in. From thence we went to Mount Pagus, on whose top is a mosque, supposed to be built on the site of the first Christian church of St. Polycarp, which was built of white marble. Many *débris* of the stones are lying about. There are also some curious caves or vaults to be seen, arched like crypts. We ascended to the tower. This hill is quite volcanic; from it you have a fine view of the plain towards Ephesus. We were prevented visiting Ephesus by the English Consul, on account of the danger from brigands. They had taken prisoner a young Englishman, whose ransom, 1500*l.*, had just been paid by the Consul. We walked down the hill and visited the bazaar. In one of the shops for Persian carpets we met Ely, Mr. H——, and Mr. S——, and we all continued together, stopping to buy different small articles, which made our stay at the bazaar rather long. I had only just time to call on the English Consul, with Dr. C——, and then to go to Countess B——'s, where we found the rest of the party; and after taking leave of our friends, whose kindness had made our two visits at Smyrna so pleasant, we went on board at 12, and soon weighed anchor. The breeze was rather strong and the sea rough till about 6 o'clock, when it became a dead calm. At length we reached Mytilene, and as we passed into the harbour the view of the town was quite beautiful.

It is built on the side of a mountain, the houses rising on terraces nearly to the summit; some of them are painted a bright blue colour. Near Mytilene is the town of Chora, with a fortress, the walls of which are falling down from the effects of the last earthquake. Several boats came off, and some of the people from the town rowed round the ship to look at it. We had a lovely calm night, passing Tenedos and Troas, and reaching the Dardanelles in the early morning.

Tuesday, June 9.—We steamed all day, stopping at different places to take in passengers and merchandize. At some towns they brought ice and fresh fruits on board. We got into the Sea of Marmora about eleven, and anchored off Sestos for a little while. This day, with a fresh wind ahead, the ship went slowly. We rested, read, and wrote letters all day, and did not reach Constantinople till 1 o'clock in the morning. There was no room in the harbour, so the captain anchored outside, and then, just before dawn, steamed in past the Seraglio Point, and anchored a little beyond. The harbour was full of ships.

June 10.—I dressed quickly, and went on deck to see the sun rise, but the weather was so foggy I could not see far, and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. At 7 we disembarked, and walked up through the market-place, where there were some baskets of fine fresh strawberries and cherries, to the hotel. The streets were rather empty. After breakfast we visited the bazaars, remaining some time, and then I returned with Dr. C—— to the hotel, and walked to call upon

Mrs. E——, while Ely, Mr. H——, and the other gentlemen rode round the walls. When Ely and the others returned we dined at the table-d'hôte. I retired to bed early, but the gentlemen went to the Jardin des Plantes, where there is a band of music every evening.

June 11.—After breakfast the gentlemen all went to visit the mosques. Ely and I took a caïque and rowed up the Golden Horn, and visited the tombs of the Sultans. The trees were all in full leaf, and their shade was exceedingly refreshing. They are erecting a fine monument over the tomb of the son of Ibrahim Pasha. We then walked up the hill under the shade of some beautiful cypress trees to see the view over the Bosphorus and the "Sweet Waters of Europe." On one side of the Golden Horn is the Armenian and Greek quarter, with pretty gardens full of roses and other flowers, coming down to the water's edge. Fig and other trees grow about the houses. We could also see part of the old walls of Constantinople.

We rowed back on the Pera side, and passed the Jewish quarter on the hill, where is also the Jewish burial ground, which we were told was very ancient. We enjoyed our row immensely, and returned to the hotel in time for luncheon. Mr. W—— joined us, and said that Admiral H—— advised us to try to get the 'Caradoc' to go to the Crimea. We agreed to go over with him to the Admiral's house at Katignei and see him, to arrange about it. We took a caïque and crossed over towards Scutari. Leaving it on the left, we coasted along the shore past the hospital and

English burying ground, and after about an hour and a half's row, we reached Katignei. The Admiral had not returned, but Mrs. H—— and her cousin received us. We had tea with them, and afterwards went into the garden. Mrs. H—— kindly gave us some roses and cherries. Our row back was rendered delightful by the beauty of the evening. After dining at the table-d'hôte I went to the Embassy, and spent the remainder of the evening with Mrs. E——.

June 12.—Ely, Dr. C——, Mr. L——, and I walked to the bazaars, and afterwards went up again to the tower of the Seraskier, or Seraskierat. The view was very fine. I climbed up to the flag-staff, but it was blowing so hard that I could only just peep out. The view over the Bosphorus is splendid, and we could see Mount Olympus (Keschich Dag) in Asia Minor. We returned home, and about half-past 3 o'clock we started in a caïque for "the Sweet Waters of Europe," a lovely spot, with prettily arranged gardens. The scene was very gay and animated; the ladies in their bright coloured dresses, yashmacks, and burnouses, all sitting on carpets under the trees. Two pieces of muslin are required to form the yashmack. We always thought the more beautiful the face the more delicate was the web of the upper veil across the eyes. We saw some lovely faces among them. Some had the finest of muslin veils on, so crisp and white, and many of their *feredjés* were of beautiful shades of every colour. Men were carrying about sherbet, coffee, ices, and fruit sweet-meats; the water was covered with caïques, and there

were a great many carriages with veiled ladies in them. We stayed some time sitting under the trees, and then walked down to see the ladies nearer. They were all drinking coffee or smoking. The Sultan has a kiosk at this place, and has this year opened the gardens, which are tastefully laid out, to the public. After dinner I went to the Embassy.

June 13.—We started about 10 o'clock in two caïques, one conveying Ely, Dr. C——, and myself, the other Mr. H——, Mr. S——, Mr. A——, and Mr. B——, and rowed up the Bosphorus. It was a fine morning, but the wind was high. After a while, our dragoman, George, persuaded us to leave the caïque, and proceed in the steamer. We did this, but the others remained in their boats, and reached Buyuk-Déré just before us. We had, however, a better view of the other side than in the caïque, and passed close to the "Sweet Waters of Asia." We reached Buyuk-Déré about half-past 12 o'clock. Whilst the carriage was getting ready, we got an excellent luncheon, and then started to see the reservoirs, or "Bends of Belgrade." The road, very rough at first, soon became good, and driving through a forest, from which we had magnificent views of the Bosphorus, we passed close to the aqueduct of Mahmoud I., which conveys water to Constantinople. At last, ascending gently, we came to a plain, in which is situated the reservoir of water. The stone wall which contains it looks old, as if it would some day be carried away by the force of the water. This is a charming spot, and reminded me of some parts of Virginia

Water. The reservoirs were built by Sultan Achmet to supply Constantinople with water.

Belgrade is a small village situated in a valley amongst the woods, from the hills above and around which the water is collected. Here are to be seen the ruins of an aqueduct built by the Emperor Justinian. I wandered along through the woods to a higher and larger aqueduct. The water was extremely clear, and the trees grew down to its edge, and dipped their graceful branches into it. The birds were singing so sweetly, that one longed to stay there and rest under the soft green shade. The village of Belgrade lies higher up the valley, where there is another reservoir. As our carriage could not go, there being no road, the gentlemen rode there, but said there was nothing more to be seen. We returned to Buyuk-Déré, and getting into our caïques, were rowed home.

The wind had quite gone down, and the evening was delightful. We kept in the centre of the stream, where the current is so strong that it carries the caïque down with a quiet gliding movement, but our boatmen would not let us move, and the confined position at length became very fatiguing. Porpoises were playing about, and tumbling over each other close to us. As we neared the shore the wind freshened, and our boatmen predicted bad weather. On our return in the steamer, a white squall coming in from the Sea of Marmora struck the ship; fourteen passengers in the caïques were drowned. We were under great uneasiness about our servants, who were at that time

crossing from Scutari from visiting the Howling Dervishes. They were dashed on shore below the Sultan's palace, and landed with great difficulty. Mr. H—— and I dined at the Embassy, where we met Count P—— and Mrs. H——. We returned early to the hotel.

June 14.—We attended church in the morning. After luncheon we went to see the Howling Dervishes. The attendance was more numerous than usual; several Pachas were present, and were touched by the dervish. Behind a grating a great many ladies were seated, and a number of children were laid on the ground before the dervish, who trod upon them, or passed his foot over them. Several men also lay down, and others he touched on the head or neck with his hands, blessing them. After the ceremony was over we returned to the grand street of Pera, and walked along it till we came to a convent of Armenians near the great promenade, close by which we had an excellent view of the Sultan's palace and garden; from thence we returned by the principal cemetery home. We had a pleasant walk under some fine old cypress trees, but met very few people. We dined at the table-d'hôte, and after sitting a while with the gentlemen on the terrace, I went to my room, and packed for our journey to the Crimea and Russia.

RUSSIA.

R U S S I A.

JUNE 15.—The morning rose calm and fine, but as the day advanced it began to blow very fresh. Just as we had finished breakfast Admiral H—— called and sat a little time with us. Then some tradesmen came with silks and ornaments for sale. Afterwards we went to the bazaar, where we made some purchases, and then back to the hotel. On our way there, the head of the police stopped my chair on account of some informality, and quarrelled violently with my bearers, who left me alone in the crowd during the quarrel. I got out, and, fortunately, at that moment Ely and Mr. S—— came up. I joined them, and we left the chair-bearers and the policeman to settle their difference, while we walked back to the hotel. The men are apt to impose on strangers and overcharge them.

I finished my packing in rather a scrambling manner, and started with Mr. St. J—— to call upon Mrs. E——, having just time to do so before going on board. I sat with her a few minutes, and then went down to the shore. We took a caique, and were soon on board the ‘Sultan,’ an Austrian Lloyd screw steamer, very small. We sailed soon after 4 o’clock. The sea was rather rough, but the sail down was very pleasant, and Seraglio Point, with its fresh gardens, looked fairy like. I have never beheld anything better worth seeing than the

Bosphorus in spring. The town is planted with trees, and the houses rise one above another in terraces with gardens; the beautiful view towards the Sea of Marmora, the islands of the Princes, the distant hills of Asia Minor, the blue waters of the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus, form together a scene of enchantment and beauty, which one leaves with deep regret.

We steamed down the Bosphorus, past the Sultan's palace, with its white marble porticoes and gilded gates. The windows of the Seraglio were all closed and barred, but they are said to be less watchfully closed now than formerly. We passed Scutari, then between the castles of Roumeli-Hissar and Anadouli-Hissar, past the "Sweet Waters of Asia," down through the beautiful scenery, the banks on both sides of the Strait covered with villas and their bright gardens, gliding swiftly on, away from these charming scenes down to Therapia and Buyuk-Déré, opposite to which is the fine old mountain, Ioucha-Dagh, or Giant's Mountain. A little fishing village lies at its foot. Here, a heavy swell coming in from the Black Sea, which made the vessel pitch and roll about, we passed between the ruined fortresses of Anatoli Fanar on the Asiatic, and Roumeli-Kelissi on the European side, through the gates of the Black Sea, and then entered the sea itself. The wind freshened in the night, and we had a great deal of motion. When morning came we were still out of sight of land, and a heavy sea on.

June 16.—We passed some low land hardly to be discerned. In one of the bays is situated Varna, and

further inland Silistria, names well known in the Crimean War, but we could not see them. Sailing along these waters, with Scutari still fresh in our minds, one thought of the many gallant hearts which had passed through the straits full of life and brave aspirations—some never to return, others to come back wounded and disabled. Many now lie in the quiet churchyard at Scutari, where the wild waves of the sea chant their melancholy requiem, while many an old friend and companion sails past their solitary resting-place.

All the morning we steamed, and at last sighted land about 12 o'clock, passing the town of Mangalia, with its small church-spire, and arriving about half-past 4 o'clock at Kustendjé, where we stopped. After dinner we landed and walked to the town, which is a collection of small houses. We passed a row of huts, where the English navvies lived whilst constructing the railway to Tchernovoda on the Danube, which cuts off forty miles of that river, and avoids the mudbanks at the embouchures. It conveys corn from Hungary and Austria. Kustendjé is growing in importance, as ships can take in cargo there all the winter, the water at the mouths of the Danube seldom being frozen. The town is built close to the shore, but behind it stretch long plains of grass-land, like steppes. Leaving the town, we ascended a mound, from which we had a fine view over the plains. People were returning in their wooden carts to a little village we could see in the distance. The dress of the women is half Turkish, half Russian, and they were nearly all of fair complexion. We saw a group of

children, some with bright red hair. After wandering about a little and viewing a glorious sunset, we went to a café, and then on board ship, where the officer second in command informed us that, as we had arrived so late, there was a difficulty about unloading the cargo, and we could not start till the next day. The night was calm and fine; we sat talking with the captain till nearly eleven, and then went to bed.

June 17.—A beautiful morning. We started about 10 o'clock, and soon lost sight of land. The breeze was light and the sea calm. A lady on board, the second officer's wife, was however too ill to remain on deck. She is pretty and interesting, and has a charming little boy. We sat all day on deck reading. B—— not quite well. We did not see land till the evening, when we passed Serpent Island and its lighthouse, and the low shores marking the mouths of the Danube, but the weather was calm and the sail very enjoyable. We dined at 5 and went to bed early.

Thursday, June 18.—I rose early to see the high steep shore, which marks the approach to Odessa, covered with villas whose roofs are painted of a bright green, situated among beautiful foliage and careful cultivation. This part of the sail was very pleasant. We passed the spot where the 'Tiger' frigate was lost. She got aground, but Captain Giffard, who commanded her, fought to the last. He lost a good many men and officers, and himself had both legs shot away. We dropped anchor at Odessa about 7 o'clock. The captain and some of the officers went on shore, but the authori-

ties had not come off, and therefore we could not land till they gave us leave. The town looked clean and pretty from the sea, and reminded me of some of our English seaport towns. In a little time we were summoned to the cabin, where we found a Russian officer examining our passports. After a few formalities he gave us leave to land, which we did with all our luggage at the custom-house, where we left Byrne, and went on to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The first person we saw on going into the dining-room was the Greek gentleman we met at Jerusalem—the friend of the patriarch. He was at breakfast, but kindly offered to help us in our journey onwards, and obtain for us a letter from the agent to the captains of the different steamers. After breakfast Mr. S——, the English Consul, called. He is in deep mourning for his wife. He drove us in a carriage to the agent's and settled our journey by the Crimea, up the Don and Volga to Moscow. He showed us the town, the house where Howard's candlestick is still kept, and the statue of the Duc E. de Richelieu. The streets are clean and large, and the churches have all their domes or spires painted bright green or dark blue, dotted with gold stars, which gives them a peculiar effect.

Odessa at one time belonged to the Turks, but was taken by Catherine II., who named it in memory of the ancient Greek town Odessus, also situated on the left bank of the Dnieper. The Emperor Paul granted many privileges to the town, but its real benefactor was the Duc de Richelieu, who was named governor there in 1814 by the Emperor Alexander, and who spent a large

fortune in improving the town, and in charitable purposes. Prince Woronzoff has a villa here, generally occupied by the Princess D——. From it there is a pretty view over the harbour and sea. Much wine is made from the vineyards cultivated near Odessa. The gipsies here are celebrated for their beauty, and for their singing and dancing. They are of the Tartar race, and have fine figures. Mr. S—— drove us to the place where the Russians had placed in trophy one of the guns taken from the 'Tiger,' near the statue of the Duc de Richelieu, but it was carried off by Mr. S—— and some other Englishmen in the night, and sent to Kherson where it was melted down. There is fixed in the pedestal of the statue above mentioned, the first cannon ball which struck the town during the war.

Our time was now up, as our steamer, the 'Grande Duchesse Olga,' was to start at 3 for the Crimea. We had just time to get a few books and hurry on board. The steamer was a fine large ship with a splendid saloon, and was so full that we could not get cabins in spite of Mr. S——'s kind efforts. He introduced us to a young Russian officer on board. There were a great many ladies and children, and a large number of people at the table-d'hôte at 3 o'clock. The night was lovely, but the quarters very uncomfortable. I slept on a sofa at the end of a saloon with four other ladies, a curtain being drawn across. The waiter informed us we must be up at 7 on account of the other passengers wanting their breakfast. Ely and Dr. C—— had a cabin downstairs. We made acquaintance with Mr.

Paul, the head engineer, an Englishman, and a very intelligent person. He had been in the Crimea during the war, and told us all about it, pointing out the places of interest on the coast as we passed along. The night was calm, but the heat quite intense.

Friday, June 19.—We reached Eupatoria about 6 o'clock. The country is very flat all round the town. About twelve miles below Eupatoria is the low land where the allied French and English Armies first landed, September 14, 1854, from which the battlefield may be seen. Eupatoria is a small town, with an inconsiderable trade. Near it are some celebrated mud baths. The Karaite Jews have a synagogue here. They are different from other Jews, in that they do not recognize the Talmud, but have the Bible as their only authority. We saw, not far from the town, an immense number of windmills all in motion, a pretty little building, like a club house or bazaar, and a good many bathing-machines. Coronites, a Greek colony, is said to have existed in the days of Herodotus. In the first century A.D., a general of Mithridates, named Diophantus, founded a fortress here called Eupatoria. In the fifteenth century, the Turks had also a fortress here, called Gezlévé, which was afterwards changed by the Russians to Kozlof. The latter, under Field-Marshal Minnich, took possession of it in 1736, and again in 1771 by Prince Dolgorukof; and it was finally annexed to the Russian Empire in 1783, when it was made the chief town of a division of the province of Taurida, or the Crimea.

We could not land here, they said, there was not time; but they were a long while unloading the steamer of some iron rails. This detained us very much, and we did not reach Sebastopol till 2 o'clock. The sail is very pretty from Eupatoria. You pass close to the spot where the river Alma flows into the sea. Mr. Paul pointed out to us the heights of Alma, the hills behind them, and the road the Allies took to reach Balaklava.⁽¹⁾ We were very near the shore, and could see every object distinctly through our glasses.

Alma signifies *apple* in the Tartar language; the river, which derives its name from the numerous orchards in its fertile valley, rises in the Sinab-Dagh, south of the Tchatyr-Dagh, and after a course of about fifty miles runs into the Black Sea. Some remarkable ruins are to be found in the valley, particularly at Bazarchik, a village, about seven miles north of Bakhtchisarai. At a place called Hanel, near the latter, is the ruin of a khan's palace, called the Khan-Serai. This palace has an inscription to the effect that it was built by Menghli Ghirey Khan, who conquered the Crimea in 1480. After the battle of the Alma, the French and English troops descended into the valley of the Katcha and encamped there.

Soon we saw Sebastopol, the Tartar Ak-tiar, and the heights above Inkermann, and in half an hour more the steamer glided into the harbour past the two forts of St. George and Constantine. On one side the fortifications are a mass of ruins. We saw the broken walls of the Malakoff Tower, and a few stones marking

the place where stood the Redan. The view looking towards Inkermann, up that dark valley, was very fine, and we could see two white monuments erected by the Russians, and on one side a burial-ground. We had only an hour granted us to go on shore, so we started at once and drove part of the way up to the Malakoff Tower, then leaving our carriage, we walked a quarter of a mile to the top, over broken ground, covered with stones and ruins. The houses are marked all over with holes made by the balls during the siege. A few flowers were growing among the *débris*. We passed a square wall enclosing a piece of rough ground marked by a stone. Here rest 200 Frenchmen who fell before the Malakoff, and were all buried in one common grave. We soon reached the top, and Byrne, Lord Ely's servant, who was present at the siege, pointed out to us the different lines of the French, English, and Russian works. We looked upon those trenches, where so many of our best and bravest had perished, and where many an old friend fell, with deep interest.

Our visit could be but a short one, so we left the ruined tower, but with saddened hearts. The view was splendid, and we formed as good an idea of this interesting spot as was possible in the short time we had to devote to it. We hurried back to the ship, having just time to buy a remembrance of Sebastopol, and to see the Docks, which are still in ruins; we regretted much not being able to drive to Cathcart's Hill.

Sebastopol lies on the southern side of the bay; on

the north side, on entering, you pass the celebrated Fort Constantine, some houses, and other buildings, and farther on the Russian cemetery. A grey pyramid, 105 feet high, surmounted by a cross, stands in it, raised to the memory of the troops who fell during the war. In the interior is a chapel, where prayers are offered up for the repose of the souls of the thousands who died in their brave defence of the town. Some guns taken from the English have been placed on the terrace in front. There is also a monument to Prince Gortchakoff, the Commander of the Russian forces in the Crimea. He died at Warsaw in 1861, and desired "that his body should be buried amidst those defenders of their country who did not permit the enemy to enter their fatherland farther than the place where their graves now stand." The monument is in the form of a chapel, containing holy images, and a bust of the Prince, with the inscription I have copied above. On the south, or Korabelnaya side, are the ruins of the Docks, Barracks, and Hospital. Before the war the population was 80,000 ; it is now barely 8000.

The ship sailed punctually at 3 o'clock, passing along the shore, and rounding the point of Cape Khersonese ; we coasted under high mountain land, passing Cape Violenté or St. George, till we reached the convent of St. George, most picturesquely situated on a high rock overlooking the sea. It is a large building, and had a pretty effect with its gaily-painted dome and gardens among the old rugged grey rocks. The monastery of St. George is said to be built on the spot where stood

the Temple of Diana and the abode of Iphigenia, her High Priestess. Cape St. George derived its ancient name, Partheniké, from the virgin appellation of the divinity of the Tauri, to whom they cruelly sacrificed all strangers who were shipwrecked on their coast. The Greeks introduced the worship of Hercules and Diana, and probably merged the two divinities in one, calling her the Tauric Diana.

Here Mr. Paul showed us where the 'Prince' and so many of our gallant ships were lost in the dreadful storm of 14th November, 1854. The rocks are very high and perpendicular to the water, and it is, indeed, a rugged and iron-bound coast. After passing the monastery, the rocks at the entrance to Balaklava appeared. Here the scenery is lovely. You cannot see the entrance to the harbour until you are passing it, as it is very narrow, and in form like the letter S; but, once in, a great many ships can be sheltered there. The sides of the hills are dotted with houses, and on a rock at the entrance we could see a little fort. There are at Balaklava some of the ruins which the Greeks erected to guard their port of Cymbalon—still to be seen; but all traces of the ancient Greek colony of Klimaton, which is said to have existed here, have disappeared. Some remains, however, of the celebrated city of Khersonesus are still to be seen in the peninsula of Kanari.

We lingered so long looking at the scenery and listening to Mr. Paul's explanations, that we nearly lost our dinner, and got some very black looks from the

Captain for not coming down sooner. We soon returned on deck, and saw, as we passed along the shore, Klaschuk, Cape Aia, with beautiful rocky scenery. When we had rounded Cape Saritche, a heavy fall of rain came on, and the effect of light and shade on this beautiful scenery was very grand. We had to take refuge in the cabin for a while. After passing Cape Kikeucis the weather cleared, and we were able to be on deck while passing by Cape Liméne or Kourtini. The scenery continues wild till you pass Cape Aterdon; from thence to Yalta you have a succession of beautiful villas. The Villa of Prince Woronzoff, near Alupka, with its lovely gardens and graceful kiosks, looked beautiful in the setting sun. There is a road from the Villa which runs through a succession of gardens to Yalta. Not far from Yalta we passed the Emperor's villa, and the Empress's also, which is close by. We were told that they expected the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess there soon. The scenery along this coast is wild and picturesque, with rocks heaped up in the most fantastic manner. The vegetation is very luxuriant.

It was very dark when we reached Yalta, and too late to land, which was very provoking, as its beauty tempted us sorely to inspect it nearer. The scenery of this part of the Crimea is very beautiful, and we longed for time to make an excursion in the neighbourhood of Yalta, and up to Bakhtchisarai and Simpheropol, and to see more of the battle-fields and Balaklava.

The ground about Yalta is very fertile, and the

vineyards very good, producing two excellent kinds of wine, Massandra and Magaratch. There is splendid fruit and flowers in abundance. The climate of Yalta is very mild in winter, at which season the Imperial family of Russia come every year. There is a large botanical garden at a place called Nikita, not far from Magaratch, celebrated for its vines and plants from every country. Simpheropol is the real capital of the Crimea; it is not interesting, but its neighbourhood is pretty. A charming excursion is to be made from Yalta to Tchatyr-Dagh, the king of the Crimean mountains.

We landed some of our passengers here. On board we had a pretty Russian girl, engaged to an officer. They were quite inseparable. Her old mother was the chaperone. It began to blow very hard in the night, and there were a few flashes of lightning before I went to bed; I was awoke when it was still quite dark by the steward coming to fasten the windows, because the wind was rising so high. The ship pitched a good deal, but the storm abated towards morning, and we felt the motion less as we got under shelter of the land. We passed Cape Meganom, Cape and Mount Karadagh (Black Mountain), then Cape Kük-Atlama (Stag-leap), across Tikie Bay, and coasting round Cape Theodosia, we came into smooth water, and anchored opposite the little town of Theodosia, or Kaffa.

Saturday, June 20.—It was a bright morning, and we could see distinctly the town, the chapel of St. Elia,

the quarantine and magazine, and an old ruined tower. Here our Russian lovers and several other persons landed. We waited some time here; it was blowing very fresh, and the time of our stay was uncertain, so we remained on board. We were detained, however, taking in cargo for nearly two hours, and did not get away till ten. We steamed across the Bay of Kaffa; the sea still rather rough and the wind high, but on turning Cape Tchavdar we got more under shelter of the land, and steamed along the coast, till, passing Cape Takli, we came into the straits of Kertch, or the Cimmerian Bosphorus. On one side we had the Crimea, and on the other Taman. The sail was pretty along here. Near Kertch the channel is difficult of navigation, and is marked by buoys. They are building immense fortifications at Kertch, to replace those destroyed in the war. Kertch is quite land-locked: you steam round a headland before you can even see it. Passing the remains of several wrecks, the steamer at last turned inland, and in a quarter of an hour more we were alongside the quay of Kertch. Our other steamer was then getting up her steam, and we had only just time to change boats. Our Consul, Mr. B——, came to see us. He gave a melancholy account of Kertch, saying it was very expensive, the living very bad, dreadfully dull, and servants not to be had; the post also to England is very uncertain and irregular. He pointed out to us, from the water, the different objects of interest at Kertch—the church, the Russian cathedral, Cape Akturan

(White Cape), and the battery of St. Paul. He told us it froze at Kertch so hard last winter, that carts went across the ice to Circassia, which is opposite.

We took leave of the Consul, as the last bell was ringing, and were soon steaming away by Yenikale into the Sea of Azov. The high headlands about Kertch embellish its situation, and the Gulf of Taman before it, and the Caucasus mountains in the distance, add to the beauty of the scene. We reached the Sea of Azov soon after dinner, passing between Cape Julii and Cape Victor. The little ship flew across the waves, but she was very small, and pitched a good deal. We nearly ran into a barque, which caused great excitement on board, and quite a panic among the passengers. The danger was soon past, but the wind rose, and we had a heavy sea and a rough night. Towards morning the wind lulled, and we reached Marionpol at an early hour.

Sunday, June 21.—Several passengers landed, and some smartly-dressed ladies came on board to see their friends off. Among the passengers who came on board here was an old lady, who was very inquisitive and troublesome in her remarks. We crossed from Marionpol to New Gheisk, on the other side of the sea, which is here very muddy, of a brown colour, and very shallow. It was now quite calm.

We reached Taganrog about 3 o'clock, landed, and called upon our Consul, Mr. C——, where rather an amusing scene took place, as he could not make us out, and continued talking French. At last we lapsed into

English, when he gave us some information about the town. We drove round it, and then to the public garden, where a band was playing, and a great many smartly-dressed ladies and several officers walking about. We had coffee in the garden, and then went into the public rooms, which are merely temporary buildings under canvas, open at the sides. One room, laid out with whist-tables, and hung with coloured lamps, was very pretty; another large round room was for concerts and balls; on one side were tables for dinner or supper, and a buffet. It began to rain heavily, and all the people rushed in for shelter. We waited till the shower was over, and then returned to our ship, where we had some supper.

Monday, June 22.—I rose early, packed, and went on deck, and then on the “bridge,” where the waiter brought me some tea. Whilst I was drinking it Mr. C—— called. He had kindly come to help us about the steamer, and our luggage. Ely soon joined us, and we walked to the new steamer, the ‘Princess Marie,’ which was to take us to Rostof. Mr. C—— remained chatting very agreeably with us until we started, which was about half-past 10 o’clock. It blew very fresh as we crossed the harbour, but this was not so unpleasant as the clouds of dust which the wind blew up at Taganrog, covering the town like a mist, and rendering it impossible for us to remain on deck. We had a disagreeable tossing passage, but an hour and a half brought us to the mouth of the Don, leaving Azov on the right. We soon got into calmer water, but it blew fresh all the

way up the river, which winds very much here. The banks are green, and apparently fertile. We passed several villages and two or three large towns, and saw Russians in their quaint dresses and long boots working on the shore. Some of them were in pink or red blouses.

We reached Rostof about 3.20 P.M., and arranged to dine on board our steamer. We then started for a drive, but had soon to return to the vessel to ask the steward to act as interpreter for us. He conducted us up and down curious streets to an hotel, and there we had some soda-water. The master of the hotel directed our coachman to drive us to an Armenian town near Rostof. The dust was flying in clouds, a nasty black dust, which, driven by a high wind, filled our eyes and mouths, and made us miserable and feverish. We passed the market-place, where we saw hundreds of carts drawn by oxen returning from the market empty. The animals are fastened to the carts before them, so one or two drivers suffice to keep them all in order. We reached the little town at last, but found the bazaars half shut, nothing Russian or Circassian to buy, and the wind and dust so unpleasant that we were glad to get into our carriage and return home. Before we reached the ship, the wind had become so high that the captain put out another and a stronger rope to secure her from heeling over. In a few minutes the storm burst over us—a violent thunderstorm with torrents of rain—the lightning continued to flash all the evening, and we had some difficulty in getting to our

steamer to sleep. A drosky was obtained, and we were housed at last. We had, however, no beds—not even a sheet—so we had to lie upon sofas all night wrapped up in our plaids. We to-day passed Nijni-Kargalski, Romanowska, Simla, Werne, Kourman, Cirska, to Kalaty.

Many interesting mills, worked by large wheels, adorn the sides of the river, and curious nets stretched on frames, which scratch the muddy bottoms, and, in revolving, catch many fish. Immense rafts of timber are occasionally seen, but the principal means of transport is by large barges, which are propelled by long oars, six or eight on each side, and steered by an enormous oar for rudder. These barges bring down wheat, butter, and wood for firing, and descend the river for thirty or forty days. On arriving at Rostof these boats are (with the exception of the knees) also converted into firewood, having no means or necessity to remount the stream for the interior.

Tuesday, June 23.—An early start about 7 o'clock; the rain and thunderstorm had cleared and cooled the air. We are now in the country of the Cossacks of the Don, who are a warlike nation, and are formed into irregular troops; but the Emperor is trying now to encourage farming, so as to make them more of a resident peasantry. Tcherkask is the capital of the province, to which a railway is open. A little further on is the town of Froncheuka. Near it are large fields of coal, which have been worked only within the last ten years. It is anthracite coal, and is difficult to ignite,

but when once ignited burns fiercely. It is much used for the railways. The same kind of coal is found at Kilkenny in Ireland, and in America, where it is used for steamers.

All the morning we have been steaming up the Don, passing several large towns, well placed on hill-sides. The painted domes and high crosses of the large churches have a fine effect from the river. The houses are built of wood, on pillars or basements of stone or wood. The whole steamer, fore and aft, is full of passengers, half of them lying upon the deck fast asleep—curious quaint long-bearded figures in blouses, high boots and fur caps. The women also wear a peculiar costume—a handkerchief tied closely round the head, and a wadded dress or cloak of silk or cotton. They all bring large bundles on board, and make themselves a kind of bed, spreading a large wadded counterpane on the deck, and rolling themselves up in it they lie there all the day, only rousing themselves to drink tea, which they do out of glasses, flavoured with sugar and lemon; that, with some bread and caviare, forms their dinner; sometimes they add fish, dried or fried, which they buy at the villages where the steamer stops to take in wood or leave passengers. The night is passed much in the same way, all sleeping on the deck. In the morning a little water poured on their hands, and rubbed over their faces and beards, with a general shake, completes their toilette, and nothing else is required.

The river winds a good deal through cultivated fields. We passed yesterday the towns of Aksay, Starocher-

kasky, Melicowska, and Constantinowsky, where we anchored for the night. We landed and took a long walk to the church. The sunset was quite beautiful—a rich glowing crimson light fading into gold and pale green. The country is flat and marshy; all the houses are built on piles, and between the floor of the house and the ground a wide space is left. The houses are built of wood, and painted different colours. They have balconies round the upper windows, where you can see the people sitting. We passed a small village and some curious water-mills on the river side. A large wheel gives motion to the rest of the machinery. The men fish with large nets like those used in England to catch prawns; they are pointed, so as to dredge the muddy bottom of the river, and make the little fish fly into the net. They never throw their nets in without bringing up two or three small fish. The lower part of the Don is famous for its fisheries. From Aksay downwards the quantity of fish taken, including sturgeon and herrings, is enormous.

The river divides here, and winds round little islands. We saw several gardens planted with vines, but the scenery is flat and uninteresting. Returning to the steamer after our walk, we found several of the passengers rolled up in their counterpanes lying asleep upon the shore. We have made 180 versts to-day. We retired to bed, or rather to our sofas, early.

Wednesday, June 24.—We left Constantinowsky at 3 o'clock A.M. The captain expects we shall make 200 versts to-day. It is a fine morning, but the wind is

fresh and rather high. No increase of passengers. The country is a flat alluvial soil, much mixed with sand. The banks of the river are low and sandy. Alders, white poplars, and willows are the only trees we see, but in the gardens and villages many pear-trees and vines are planted. Stopping at a small village, we all landed and walked up the hill on which the village is built. The houses, prettily coloured, dotted about with their gardens, have a picturesque effect. When we reached the top of the hill we had a good view before us of the flat plain and the winding of the river, while behind us stretched one of the long grassy steppes. The cattle are very fine; immense droves of them come streaming in from the steppes in the evening.

We passed several rafts to-day coming down the stream, and large barges, painted at each end, and propelled by long oars, with six or eight men on each side. They are steered by means of a long rudder, outriggered on an immense pole, one at each end of the barge. We walked about until it grew late and dark, and then returned to the boat. We observed a great many large holes in the bank of the river, in which many of the deck passengers, rolled in their large cloaks, were lying fast asleep. The mosquitoes were in immense numbers, and very troublesome. Their stings are extremely painful—no amount of smoking drives them away. This night on board was very uncomfortable.

Thursday, June 25.—We started at daybreak this morning; the rain coming down heavily, which caused the poor deck passengers to look very wet and miserable.

The banks still continued flat, but there were more houses along the shores, and the country was less dreary and wild-looking, the fields being more under cultivation. We reached Kalatch at 3 o'clock, went on shore, and took a walk to see the peasants constructing the barges and rafts that go down the Don. The wood is brought from a distance and sawn here; it is then thrown down slides on the banks, and the men with long poles, which have hooks attached to them, collect the planks and fit them in layers one above the other to form the raft. We also saw them building the larger barges, which carry wheat, butter, wood for firing, and timber, and occupy thirty or forty days in descending the river. On arriving at Rostof they dispose of their cargoes of butter and timber, and the barges themselves are sold and broken up, except the "knees," for firewood, being quite unable to return up the stream, they are so weakly constructed. One man was descending the river yesterday on a little raft, upon which he carried all the materials to build a small house wherever it suited him to land and settle.

We voyaged seventeen hours yesterday, and passed the night moored alongside the shore at Kowmoarski, where some pretty Russian greyhounds were standing. We walked across a green field, crossed a brook on a single plank, and thence to the village of Kowmoarski. The streets were very wide, and the houses detached, with small gardens round them. They are all built of wood, and painted; some have thatched roofs, ending

in a point, where is the aperture for the escape of the smoke, one chimney sufficing for the whole house. Two flues, one on each side of the house, meet at this chimney or aperture. Some of the houses were of a superior character, built with more taste, having pretty painted wooden balconies. A large church, with a painted dome, stood in the centre of the village green. The cattle were returning from the fields in a large herd, each, however, as it reached the village, diverging and going to its own stable. The evening was delightful, and we enjoyed it immensely, but the twilight was darkening into night, and we had to hurry back to the ship. As we passed along we saw the cottages lighted up, and happy faces gathered round the fires.

Next day we made Kalatch. When the steamer stopped we landed. It was very hot, and soon tiring of walking, we asked for the boat belonging to the steamer, and, crossing the river, climbed a hill on the opposite side, whence we had an extensive view of the windings of the Don, and of the grassy steppe beyond Kalatch.

Later we returned to the steamer. After dinner we left it, and proceeded to the railway which connects the Don with the Volga. A train started at 8 P.M. for Tsaritsin on the Volga. The line traverses a long grassy plain, or steppe, with villages on the edges near the river. We saw thousands of cattle and sheep returning from the pastures, and in one place, where a little river flowed through a kind of meadow, they were making hay. Otherwise there is nothing to break the monotony of these long plains; not a tree or even a shrub is to be

seen for miles. Here we perceived again the scent of the herb of which the camels are so fond in the desert.

Our transit from Kalatch to Tsaritsin occupied four hours, the train stopping at all the stations. We arrived on board the steamer at about 1 o'clock A.M. She is longer than the one we have left, and not so crowded, but we find the same inconvenience in her as in the other boat; there are no beds, only sofas, to lie down upon. We used to wrap ourselves in our plaids and railway rugs. Fortunately the weather was so warm that we did not take cold. I obtained a nice large roomy cabin, the ladies' saloon, all to myself; Ely and Dr. C—— had the gentlemen's saloon, there being no other first-class cabin passengers on board. Our supper consisted of bread and cheese and caviare. The ship, called the '*Impératrice*,' is very clean, and the captain says she is a fast boat, so that we hope to reach Nijni Novgorod on Wednesday next. The moon was in its first quarter, and before we went to bed there was a good deal of summer lightning.

Friday, June 26.—We sailed at 2 A.M. from Tsaritsin; the boat was crowded with deck passengers, who consisted principally, the captain said, of peasants from the interior, far up the Volga. It is these men who build and navigate the large barges we saw on the Don, and also those that go up and down the Volga, and who, having disposed of their freights, are returning home. The company facilitate their object by only charging them from two to three roubles for their passage. They live chiefly on caviare and dried fish,

together with a strong-tasting cheese, and a sort of green cucumber which is kept in a state of fermentation, till it has quite a putrid odour. They buy these provisions at the different villages on the banks of the river. These peasants are a wild-looking set of men, but very civil and quiet. They looked picturesque, with their uncombed elfin locks, and long beards hanging down upon their breasts. They wear leathern coats, made of skins tanned with the fur inside, long boots, and cloth or fur caps. Only a few women were on board, muffled up in large stuff or cloth cloaks, and with variously coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads.

The Volga is a magnificent river, the largest and longest in Europe. It does not wind much, but sweeps majestically down. The banks are high and steep, having a narrow pebbly beach, along which we saw the peasants towing up their boats, carrying produce to the markets held on Thursdays and Sundays at the large towns on the river, such as Kazan and Saratoff. To-day we passed Douboffka at 5 A.M., and stopped for an hour to take in wood at Kamyshin, a town of German colonists who have been settled there on the east bank for many years. The captain says that almost all the towns and villages here are peopled by Germans. They are very industrious and clever. Their houses are built of wood, and painted bright colours, in the Russian fashion. They have the usual lofty church, with its coloured dome. Their religion is Lutheran. The east bank is very flat, in some parts very much

wooded, but in other places you can only see a fringe of willows along the shore. When the river is swollen in the spring from the melting of the snow, it floods the eastern shore far inland; the west bank, on the contrary, is picturesque with undulating hills. The Volga is navigable for steamers only from March to October, because of the ice. At half-past 2 P.M. we passed the German colony of Dobrinka—a small collection of wooden houses prettily situated on a steep hill, close to the river on the west side, and soon after another German village called Kalki, opposite some large low islands covered with trees. The banks on the west, as we proceed, become higher and more precipitous. We have just passed one of the barges conveying timber down the stream. The wood is piled in the form of a bridge, overhanging the sides of the boat, the planks being most artistically piled up, forming an arch in the centre to enable persons to pass from one side of the boat to the other. On the top is a small wooden house. The barge is propelled by four long sweeps, aided by a small sail. The fluttering of this in the breeze, the fine proportions of the barge, and the bright colour of the pine-wood, gave to the whole a picturesque effect, as it glided swiftly and steadily down the stream. These barges carry 1500 tons of timber, and are about 250 feet in length, and from 60 to 70 feet wide. There are also large rafts on this river; we passed one last night, between 250 to 300 yards in length, with several houses on deck for the men, and two masts carrying lights. They are composed of large logs and not of

planks or pieces useful for firewood, as the barges are broken up for that purpose when they have reached their destination, and have unloaded their merchandise.

Wood is used for the furnaces on board our steamer, but she steams well, and the captain expects to reach Nijni Novgorod in five days and a half. We have left far behind an opposition steamer which started with us last night. The living on board is good, and the food well cooked. They gave us for breakfast to-day a small sterlet, an excellent river fish, flavoured like an eel, peculiar to the Volga and its tributaries, the Oka, the Kama, and the White River. The best are said to be found about 200 versts below Nijni. We took in wood at Zolotoi, stopping at Novano at 9 p.m. The logs are cut and piled up on the shore, and when the steamer stops, women come down, and with hand-barrows convey the wood on board, the men being away working in the fields, or even at Moscow and St. Petersburg, trying to earn higher wages. The work, therefore, falls upon the women, who work like slaves, and carry immense weights. Some of the younger ones are pretty, and all are dressed in bright colours, which have a picturesque effect.

We stopped for two hours at Sarnofka, which we reached at 2 A.M., steaming all the night, with short intervals for taking in wood.

June 27.—We reached the city of Saratoff at 6 o'clock A.M.; landed, and drove in a drosky all through the town, past the market-place, where they were selling fresh bread and rolls, fried vegetables and dried fruit,

At a little stall sat a money-changer, and in one quarter of the town we passed the corn-market, one street being entirely given up to magazines of corn, and to shops where it is sold in small quantities. Here also we saw many shops for the sale of leather. The town is very clean, and the views across the river to the plain beyond are very fine. You see the cultivated corn-fields and villages of the German colonists, whose industry makes a strong contrast with the poverty of the Russian villages, and their "incompetent attempts at husbandry." Behind the town the land is broken by a deep ravine, and high mountains stretch away towards the steppes. We then entered a Greek Church, in which the service was most splendidly intoned. The pictures are encrusted with precious stones. The few worshippers were of the lower orders only. Thence we went to the public garden, prettily laid out in beds, with hedges of eglantine and roses of every colour. The midges were very troublesome, and a shower coming on, we were obliged to leave without visiting another church, which is called the Emperor's church, and is said to be splendidly ornamented, but modern.

The whistle of the steamer warned us to return, so we turned back, and soon after 10 o'clock we steamed away from Saratoff. Here a great many passengers came on board, and I had to change my cabin for a smaller one, which, by paying a little more, I was allowed to have to myself. Among the new passengers were a Russian gentleman, his wife, and two little boys. He is on the retired list of the Russian Navy, and is a

director of the Volga Steamboat Company. There was also a charming old Russian officer, Dr. Etienne Samorsky, Director of the Military Hospital at Moscow—full of information—very kind and good-natured. He made a pleasant addition on board. The ship was now crowded, and not so comfortable as before—dinner and eating going on all day.

At 10 o'clock we passed a German colony on the eastern bank, called Katherinenstadt. The Empress Catherine I. gave the land to some German settlers, and it has now become a place of some importance, owing to its great exportation of wheat, oats, and barley. We saw many barges loading, and a large warehouse for corn. This place still continues a German settlement, as the Government encourage German immigrants, who have many privileges allowed them that the Russian peasant does not enjoy.

We passed a town called Voskresenski, from the Russian word for Sunday; but we did not stop. The sail up the river was very pleasant all day, the western banks growing higher as we proceeded. They were very remarkable, being formed of layers of chalk and clay alternately, which gave them a ribbon-like appearance. Several small islands, richly wooded, attracted our attention; and on the eastern side we observed several villages, with pretty churches and coloured houses. About half past 5 o'clock we reached Woltzka, a small town imbedded in hills; a little further on we saw some pretty fruit-gardens, some plantations of pine, a regiment of soldiers camped

out, a large brewery, and some ornamental gardens with kiosks, belonging to an old lady living at Woltzka.

The captain allowed us half an hour while he was taking in firewood, so we went on shore, which we reached by walking across a narrow plank, with a sea of mud on either side. It was very difficult to reach the droskies without sinking in the mud; but at length, by dint of scrambling along, we entered a drosky and drove to the end of the town. The wheels sank deeply into the soft ground, or rather mud, covered with water, in some places up to the axletrees; but our little coachman, a lad of fourteen, drove us with great dexterity, avoiding the deep holes. There was not much to see; but we went into a Russian church, on our way back to the steamer, and heard some fine singing. We reached the shore at last, much splashed, and with our boots covered with black mud. We narrowly escaped being upset on the steep bank which leads to the platform in a succession of curves, intersected by large stones, all slippery with mud. Over this we had to pass to reach the vessel.

We steamed all the evening, stopping between 12 and 1 o'clock at Yarsofska for an hour only, and then continued our voyage up stream.

Sunday, June 28.—We stopped at Zarsarow, a large city, to take in wood. Much corn is exported from this place, and many rich merchants live here. We counted seven large churches, one of which had its dome covered with bright zinc, which glittered and sparkled like the sea in the morning sunshine. The people were all dressed in their Sunday costumes, and their pink and

deep-red blouses had a picturesque effect. The blouse is made like a shirt and compressed at the waist by a black belt. Full trousers, tucked into the boots, and a cap, trimmed with fur, complete the costume. We only remained here an hour—too short a time to go on shore, as the steamer could not approach the banks on account of the shallowness of the water. At 8 A.M. we passed Batrak, a straggling village along a hillside, and Petesky, a dirty little village, from which the mud rolled over the steep banks into the river in large black streams. An hour later we saw a tall wooden building close to the shore, where the Russian Government is conducting boring operations for coal. They have reached the depth of 120 fathoms without finding any. The engineer is a German, resident in Russia. Here we came in sight of the opposition boat, which had got before us while we were taking in wood; but we soon passed her and stopped, at 2.45, at Samara, where we remained till 5 o'clock. Ely, Dr. C——, and I, with Byrne, landed and drove to a public garden, having nice shady walks down to the water's edge. Here we found roses and other sweet flowers in abundance, and trees giving a delightful shade; but it was impossible to remain, on account of the midges. We adjourned to a café, looking on the river, where we rested and had some refreshment. After our return to the steamer it rained heavily.

The scenery became much prettier after leaving Samara. A great many villas are built among the woods near the town, which extend far down the river. We saw a hospital on a hill, with a pretty garden down to

the water-side, containing ornamented kiosks. It is for consumptive patients, who undergo a treatment of mare's milk. Many cures have been effected in this establishment by kumyss, or fermented mare's milk. The mineral waters of Samara are very celebrated. As we proceeded, the scenery became finer. We saw several pelicans fishing on the sand-banks in the river: one large bird flew close past the steamer. From Samara the banks on both sides are high and wooded. The river narrows here, and the hills attain a greater elevation. The captain showed us a rounded hill, covered with wood, which was formerly the stronghold of a famous robber, nicknamed Peter the Third. He and his band infested the woods and hills at this part of the river; in summer they plundered the barges coming down the stream, and in winter the sledges passing to and fro on the frozen river: in fact, he was the terror of the country, and put a stop to all the traffic down to Astrakhan. He lived in the time of Catherine the Great, and was at last taken prisoner, brought in chains to Moscow, and executed under circumstances of great cruelty. Close to the hill on which he lived is now a very large country house, belonging to a Russian gentleman.

The river continues to wind through woods and among hills, which here approach each other, so as in one place to reduce the river to half a mile in width. Some of the reaches near here are shut in by the hills, so as to resemble lakes, and are very pretty. We steamed close to the west bank in the evening, near enough to see the

oak and birch trees, intermingled with pines. After dinner we went on deck. Here we begin to find the nights shorter. The light lasts long after sunset; in fact, it is light till past 10 o'clock, and it is only dark for about four hours, between 10 and 2 o'clock. Having a moon now, it seems perpetual day.

We stopped at 7 P.M. to take in wood at Stavropol, founded in 1737. The Volga here makes a sudden bend to the east, then south, and then west, forming a curve of about 100 miles in length. The country here is in the possession of Count Orloff Davydoff, having been granted to the Orloff family as a freehold in perpetuity.

June 29.—We reached Simbirsk (²) at 8 in the morning, and went on shore in order to take a drive to the town. After struggling through the mud on the shore, crossing planks, and elbowed by Russian peasants and the women who carried the wood on board, we at last succeeded in reaching a little space before some shops. As soon as the steamers arrive, a number of women assemble to sell provisions—eggs, bread, dried and fresh fish, gherkins, and other comestibles, to the deck passengers. Sometimes they bring fresh cream, which is excellent. To-day we found one woman, with a basket of lilies-of-the-valley, so sweet and fresh that we bought all she had for our little deck cabin. Procuring a drosky, we drove to the town of Simbirsk, which is situated on a high hill close to the river. The road up to the town was steep, but good. The houses are well built and quite modern, having been built within the last five or

six years. In 1864 the old town was burnt down by Polish exiles who lived in it, and who set fire to it during an insurrection. Only one street, in which some Polish gentlemen lived, escaped. We drove to a kiosk overlooking the river. Here was a splendid view over a wide plain stretching far away to the horizon. We could see for miles the curves and windings of the Volga, with its banks of golden sand here and there—a characteristic of this river. The ground looked green and swampy, and we did not see any cattle feeding on a meadow-like place beneath the town. In the far distance behind the town we could see the outline of some high hills.

A heavy shower came on and we had to take refuge under the portico of a church, the high domes of which were covered with white shining plates, and not painted, as the churches usually are. It is not unlike the “*Maria della Salute*” at Venice. We could not get in, but peeped through the windows, which were grated: we could see the gilding and pictures.

We were detained some time by the rain under the portico of the church, and we saw a respectable-looking old woman led past to prison between two soldiers; she looked quite bowed down, and was crying bitterly. The weather clearing, we started to return to the ship. On our way we passed a church, the large dome of which was painted a light green, the colour of malachite, and a smaller dome above it, a dark blue, resembling lapis lazuli, the two precious minerals of Russia. We reached the steamer at 11, and it left soon after. All day the

weather was showery and squally, and the river rough. We passed many rafts and barges. Three rafts, half-wrecked, anchored along shore—their timber strewn about, and the men repairing the damages. There are some beautiful islands and reaches, otherwise the scenery is tame and flat—a fringe of tall aspens hiding the view beyond, owing to the flatness of the country. Here we saw what the captain called the Volga post. There was a small tug-steamer towing a boat. The captain hailed her and threw into the river a bottle, corked and labelled on the outside, containing a letter. This one of the little boats soon picked up.

We steamed on, and at 8 in the evening arrived at the junction of the Kama River with the Volga. A little steamer was waiting to take some passengers from our boat on to Perm, which is five days' sail from the junction. It is by this route that the State prisoners and exiles are conveyed to Siberia. From Perm it is 2000 versts into the interior, where the gold and silver mines are, and also where is the colony to which the exiles are taken. The Kama River (^s) is much wooded on both sides; it is very wide and 1100 miles in length, and the current is so strong that ships descend in three days. This river is the high-road to Siberia, the richest part of Russia in mineral substances.

June 30.—We have passed from the limestone and chalk hills into a red clayey soil of great fertility, celebrated for the growth of wheat, the stalks or straws of which are often six feet in length. We reached the

station for Kazan at half past 5 o'clock; but as the steamer could not get up to Kazan, the water being too low, we hired a drosky and drove as near to the town as we could over a bad, rough, and very muddy road, full of holes. Kazan (*) is beautifully situated on a high hill, and its high church domes and beautiful public buildings have an imposing effect from the river, from which it is distant about five miles. It has a large Tartar population, and unites Russia in Europe with Russia in Asia. It is a very gay town, the merchants being very rich, and celebrated for their hospitality. The Tartar women wear quantities of gold coins as ornaments, and are remarkable for their grace and beauty.

We were not able to get as far as the town, but we drove through an arch along the causeway as far as we could, from which we saw the monument erected to commemorate the victory of the Russians over the Tartars, and we had a good view of the town from this point. As our time was now growing short, and the steamer started punctually, we were obliged to return. Our driver shaved all corners most dexterously and drove past all the other droskies, and we reached the steamer five minutes before she sailed. A great many new passengers came on board, and not a cabin or a place was vacant.

In Kazan the largest steam corn-mills are found. They work without ceasing all the year, except on Good Friday and Christmas Day; all other days are alike. The proprietor is a rich man, who pays ready

money for his grain, and so obtains it at a cheaper rate. His flour is the most celebrated on the Volga, and his mills are said to be the largest in Europe.

After leaving Kazan we came in about an hour to a pretty little town, Livezky. Perched halfway up one of the high, wooded hills which surround it, is a convent, most picturesquely placed, called the Convent of St. George. It is very poor, and contains only twenty nuns. The wind blew cold and keen after leaving Livezky, but we went merrily on, steaming through much pretty scenery. During the evening we passed eight or ten large groups of barges: in one instance twelve in number, loaded with merchandise, especially bundles of rushes, or grass, very carefully packed, intended for the manufacture of mats. These barges are bound from the Kama River to Nijni Novgorod, for the fair in July and August. They are worked up by horse-power. On the largest I saw from 300 to 400 horses stabled between the decks. Thirty and forty horses at a time work at an immense capstan, and drag the barge up for more than a mile by a rope of equal length. These ropes are 10 or 12 inches in circumference and cost, it is said, 4000 silver rubles each. Before the introduction of steam, this mode of progress was the only one possessed by the Tartars, who have employed it from the earliest date. The horses are disposed of at the great fair of Nijni, as the barges, returning in the spring loaded with wood, are floated down by the current.

We next passed the small town of Cheboksary,

situated on a hill, near which a cluster of old Tartar churches, and a large convent, alone, with no other buildings near them, have a fine effect. These Tartar churches were long since converted to the use of the Greek service, but are now falling into decay. One of them has a handsome tower, and four domes over the main building, delicately carved; but the tower leans to one side very much.

We made acquaintance with a lady, a Miss B—— who came on board at Kazan in the morning. Her brother is one of the professors at the University there. She gave us some interesting details about Kazan. The climate, she told us, was very sickly in the heat of summer, and all the inhabitants that can leave it. Those who remain suffer from fever. The town is wanting in good drainage, and the method of burying very injurious, several bodies being placed in one grave, which is never closed till it is full. The coffins are therefore exposed to the attacks of dogs and wolves. The country between Kazan, Nijni, and Moscow is very wooded, and infested by brigands. The mail-car had been attacked two days before, Miss B—— said, a large sum of money stolen from it, and both guard and driver murdered. She also told us that a great many noble Tartar families live at Kazan, but they do not associate with the Russians. The Tartar women are always veiled when out of doors; even when you enter their houses, they drop the folds of their veil over their faces. Among the Tartar women we saw some very handsome faces.

July 1.—The mosquitoes were very troublesome all

night. I got dreadfully bitten, and came on deck with one eye nearly closed. At 7 A.M. we passed a rather narrow part of the river, having on the eastern bank a fine church and convent, and a small town, called Makarief. The fair now held at Nijni was formerly held here. On the opposite shore we saw a very handsome city, beautifully placed on a rising ground among green woods, called Essah. The river here is very picturesque. The steamer stopped next for a few minutes at a little village, where a sort of small green cucumber is grown, and exported to all parts of Russia. It is pickled and salted, and used at meals, very much instead of salt. It is very good when fresh, and excellent to eat with cheese, or mixed up as a salad. These cucumbers are served at dinner all over this part of Russia.

As we approached Nijni, the scenery became very picturesque; more villages were to be seen, and many barges and boats showed the approach to a large town. Soon a turn of the winding river brought us in sight of Nijni; its banks covered with fine buildings, villas, churches, and beautiful gardens. The Volga here is two-thirds of a mile wide.

We reached Nijni (°) about 12 o'clock, and landed at once. Leaving Byrne to take the luggage to the station for Moscow, we drove in droskies up the hill to the town, but a religious procession detained us. A picture of the Virgin Mary was being carried through the streets. Behind the priests, who bore the image and holy banners, came some soldiers, and then crowds of people. After some delay we proceeded to the terrace

which overlooks the town and the ground lying between the Volga and the river Oka, which joins it here. We stayed some time, and then visited the old church of St. George, close to the terrace. It contains many treasures, and is very ancient and very curious in architecture. Some of the pictures are richly decorated with diamonds and other precious stones, and we saw some beautiful miniature paintings of groups of figures on wood, representing scenes from the Bible. On leaving the church, we met a resident at Moscow, a Mr. W. Jones, a ship-builder, who has built several steamers that are used for the transport of grain on the river Volga, and also as tugs to take up the large timber-rafts. He took us to see the Cathedral of the Transfiguration, and showed us the Treasury, and the tombs of the old rulers of Nijni Novgorod, in a crypt under the church. Menin was also buried here. From there we went to the clock-tower of Bâshnia Minina. It is very high, and from the top the view is very extensive. Before you spread immense richly cultivated plains, and forests reaching far away to the horizon, through which the Volga winds like a silver thread. We could see the junction of the Oka and the Volga close above Nijni, and a great collection of rafts and barges, and many steamers moored to the banks, or tugging huge timber-rafts up the river. Between the two rivers, on the triangular-shaped piece of ground at their junction, are the buildings for the great fair—wooden houses built in sections, with wide streets separating the low huts of wood and brick; they cover an

immense space of ground, and at the time of the fair are filled with merchandise of every kind, and from every part of Russia, Persia, and Circassia. The house of the Governor is in the centre of the fair, and on the ground floor of the house is a bazaar for articles of European manufacture. The fair begins on the 6th of July. Behind the locality for the fair are the cathedral, a Tartar mosque, and an Armenian church. The city of Nijni is situated on the hills above the river, and its painted houses and gilded domes, embedded in gardens and trees, have a very fine effect; the distant view over the plain was magnificent.

We had to descend from the tower at last: it had been raining hard, and we found the descent of an almost perpendicular bank on the hill-side, which was covered with mud, and so slippery that we could hardly keep our feet, very difficult. After some scrambling we managed to get down, but our feet were very wet, and our clothes covered with red clay. On regaining our drosky, we drove to the wooden bridge which crosses the Oka, when we had to leave the carriages and walk across to the other side; then taking another drosky, we drove to the railway station. Having an hour to spare, I made some reparation to my toilette, which was in a sadly wet draggled state, my boots being covered with red mud; then we had a little dinner at the restaurant attached to the station, and which is very good. We left Nijni by the 5 P.M. train, and soon after encountered a violent storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain, which continued

till about 8 o'clock, when the weather cleared. The air felt freshened and purified by the rain, which was much wanted, as there had not been any in Russia for several months. In our carriage was Dr. Etienne Samorsky, whom we had met before on the Volga. As we stopped at the different stations, the peasant girls brought strawberries and cherries to sell, which looked fresh and tempting, with bowls of cream and black bread. All these refreshments were laid out on little tables. None of these peasant girls were pretty, though all picturesque-looking. We passed several large towns having fortifications, brightly painted and gilded churches, and kremlins. Among them Valdimir, embosomed in gardens and orchards. This town is very ancient, and was once the capital of an important principality, often ravaged by the Tartars. Its beautiful cathedral, where many of the sovereigns of Moscow were crowned, was built in the twelfth century. We passed it in the early morning, and could only see the outline of its graceful domes.

July 2.—The night was rather hot, and we got little sleep till towards morning. I awoke about 5 o'clock; we were then passing through a richly wooded country, but flat. Soon after six Dr. Etienne Samorsky pointed out to us Moscow in the far distance. The sun was shining down upon it, and its spires and gilded cupolas were glittering like burnished gold. We went steadily on, and at 7 o'clock we reached the terminus at Moscow, where we found a carriage waiting, and drove off at once to the

Hôtel Dusaux. The drive is very long, but we were so much occupied in looking at the different objects of interest on our road that it seemed only too short. The Hôtel Dusaux is opposite the Kremlin, of which we had an excellent view from our windows. We breakfasted, and when our luggage, after a very long delay, arrived, we dressed and went out to visit the Kremlin, the Palace of the Emperor, and the Treasury.

The palace which the Empress Catherine built, and which the Emperor Napoleon occupied, perished in the great fire of Moscow. It was replaced by the present one, built by Nicholas I. The Bolshoi Dvorets, or large palace, contains the private apartments of the imperial family. Their rooms are very grand, and contain some good pictures and fine specimens of malachite. There is a handsome granite staircase, which leads to the state apartments. A large picture is to be seen in the gallery at the top of the staircase, by Yvon, a French artist, representing the battle of Kulikova, where Dimitry of the Don gained a victory over the Tartars. There are also some large crystal vases. Passing through the state chamber, the guide showed us into the magnificent hall dedicated to the military order of St. George, and founded by Catherine the Great in 1769. The names of the knights and regiments decorated with the order are engraved on the walls in letters of gold. The regiments thus honoured are 545 in number. The furniture is black and orange, the colours of the order. There is also a gorgeous hall—pink and gold—dedicated to the order

of St. Alexander Nevsky, founded in 1725. In it are several pictures representing the deeds of the saint. Likewise the Hall of St. Andrew, the senior order established by Peter I., 1689. The arms of the Russian provinces appear on the walls, which are hung with blue silk, the colour of the order. Another hall is that of St. Catherine, a female distinction conferred by the empress, who is sovereign of the order. It was founded in 1714 by Catherine I. in commemoration of the deliverance of Peter I. from the Turks on the Pruth. There are some pretty rooms near these halls, a small chapel, and a winter garden, with some ferns and shrubs in it, but no flowers. We saw a dining-room hung with fine tapestry, representing scenes from the life of Don Quixote, and in some of the rooms are fine sepia copies of Raphael, Correggio, and Guido Reni. There are only a few good pictures in the gallery.

The Zolotaya Palata, or Gold Court, is a fine room, and is said to have been the audience chamber of the consorts of the first sovereigns of the reigning house. The hall is dedicated to the order of St. Vladimir, founded in 1782, and is hung with black and red silk. The flight of steps at the end of this court is called the Red, or Beautiful Staircase, and is only used on state occasions. From the top of the stairs the Tsars of old used to present themselves to their people. Here many sad scenes have been enacted. Down this staircase the mangled body of the false Demetrius was thrown by the infuriated people of Moscow in 1606; and from here the rebel Streltsi dragged the Boyar Matveyeff,

and killed him before the mother of Peter the Great. This occurred in 1682. Up these steps also Napoleon, followed by his marshals, passed when he took possession of the Kremlin.

From this we went to the Granovitaya Palata, or Banqueting Room, built by John III., and restored by Nicholas. It is a vaulted room, with a column in the centre, from which the arches spring. Round this the imperial table is placed and the plate displayed upon it. After his coronation the emperor dines here in his state robes with his nobles. Above is the Terem, the apartments formerly set apart for the Tsarevna and her children.

Hence we visited the Treasury, where we saw some beautiful arms—Russian and German—and some coats of mail and old Russian fire-arms; some pictures of the Romanoff family, and the chairs occupied by Elizabeth, Paul I., and the Emperor Alexander at their coronation; also the beautifully embroidered baldachino under which the Emperor and Empress walk at their coronation.

In one of the rooms is shown the ancient throne of Poland, which was brought in 1833 from Warsaw. There is another which came from Persia, richly decorated with precious stones; close to it, is that which was the throne of the Czar Alexander. A beautiful globe or orb of great historical importance faces these thrones. It was sent to Vladimir Monomachus, prince of Kief, by the Greek emperors Basil and Constantine. Besides these relics are a crown, an enamelled collar set with precious stones, a chair, and a piece of the true

Cross. The orb is richly ornamented with diamonds and other gems. I have only mentioned one or two of the thrones and crowns. In one room are many relics—the uniform of Peter II., Peter I.'s boots, a ball dress of Catherine I., her coronation robes, the crown of Kazan, the throne of Boris Godunoff, and the crown of John, brother of Peter I. In another room were the coronation robes of the Empresses Anne and Catherine, and several objects of value, relics of a great past, all skilfully arranged, but faded and shorn of their splendour.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the treasures of gold and silver that we beheld. Our eyes ached with their magnificence. The old Polish-Russian standards in the chamber where the arms were stored were most interesting. Among them is seen the standard of Ivan the Terrible, planted at Kazan in 1552; a standard of the seventeenth century, belonging to a colony of Cossacks who settled at the Fort of Albayin, on the Amur River, and were driven from there by the Chinese; also a standard of Peter's unruly Strelitzes.

In a room downstairs are to be seen a curious model of a palace which Catherine II. proposed to construct, and some small field pieces. In another room are the portraits of all the kings of Poland, and men of eminence, and a good many busts, forming a most interesting collection. The old state carriages fill the last room, and here are two bedsteads belonging to the Emperor Napoleon, taken at the Beresina during the retreat from Moscow. There are saddles and trappings

here dating from the seventeenth century. Some of the carriages are very curious ; one presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Tsar Boris Godunoff ; the panels are beautifully painted. There is also a miniature carriage belonging to Peter I. when a child ; a carriage with painted panels in the style of Watteau, which belonged to the Empress Elizabeth ; and an old carriage, fitted with table and benches, used by the Empress Elizabeth on her journeys between St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In this Nicholas-palace Alexander II., the present emperor, was born. I was very much pleased in this palace with two pictures by Arvazowsky, the celebrated marine painter—one the burning of Moscow, and the other the Temple of the Saviour.

From the palace we hurried to visit the churches of the Kremlin, and went first to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the emperors are crowned. A large platform stands in the nave, on which, from Ivan the Terrible downwards, the Czars have been crowned. It is a small church, full of pictures and tombs, besides a quantity of treasure, gold, silver, and precious stones, and a splendid diadem round a head of the Virgin, (*) enriched with magnificent diamonds. The screen and pillars of the altars are also covered with the most sacred pictures in Russia, adorned with pearls and other precious stones, and plates of gold and silver. St. Peter, the first Metropolitan of Moscow, is buried in a little chapel on the left side of the Ikonostas, where some relics are shown. Here is the tomb of the patriarch Hermogenes, who fell in the Polish invasion of 1612 ;

and the silver shrine of St. Philip, Metropolitan, who died between 1566 and 1569. He lived in the time of John the Terrible, and had the courage to upbraid him with his cruelties, for which he was persecuted and imprisoned in a monastery at Tver, where he was put to death. His hand is exposed, and the emperor and all his subjects never fail on going into the church to kiss it. The church was full of men and women praying. They go from one sacred relic to another, and kneel down and pray before it, then, rising, approach and kiss it with much reverence. As we wandered about looking at the different shrines, near which a priest is always stationed, a poor little crippled girl, with a sweet but sad pale face, was brought in by two women, and led from shrine to shrine. There was no service going on, but a priest was chanting. (7) From here we went to the Cathedral of St. Michael, where, till the accession of Peter the Great, the two dynasties of the Ruricks and the Romanoffs were buried. Peter II., son of the unfortunate Alexis, is the only emperor buried here. The tombs are placed, some in the centre, and some at the sides of the church, which is dark, and has an imposing effect. There are several shrines here. One of them is that of Demetri, son of John IV., supposed to have been murdered at Uglitch by Boris Godunoff. His coffin is exposed, and the forehead uncovered. Many pilgrims come to this shrine to kiss the saint's forehead and pray. His portrait, in a frame of gold, is attached to the pillar above, and the inhabitants of Uglitch presented to the church the tall silver candlestick which

stands near the tomb. Twice a year a funeral service is performed in the church for the souls of those buried in it. This church is very rich, and the altar-screen is very valuable, being adorned with much gold. In the Ikonostas are many emeralds and other stones. The vaults which we visited contain many tombs of the princes of the Rurick and Romanoff families, on which their names are inscribed. The tombs are all covered with palls. John the Terrible, also, is said to have been buried here.

We next visited the Sacristy of the former Patriarchs, but now of the Holy Synod, an institution which replaced the Patriarchate in 1721, in the reign of Peter the Great. The chief curiosities in the sacristy are the vessels in which the sacred oil is placed. The ingredient that hallows this oil is an infinitesimal portion of the sacred oil transmitted from Constantinople when Christianity was introduced into Russia. This chrism is prepared in Lent, and is composed of oil, white wine, and a great variety of gums, balsams, and spices. Two great silver kettles, and a still larger silver caldron, presented by the Empress Catherine II., receive the sacred mixture. A copper vase with a long narrow neck, inlaid with scales of mother of pearl, and called the "alabaster," is said to contain the chrism sent from Constantinople. They showed it to us, and also some pictures enriched with precious stones. Indeed, nothing can exceed the riches of these churches. There are several others in the Kremlin; one of them is the Cathedral of the Annunciation, the cupola of which is

inlaid with solid gold plates, and the floor paved with jasper and agate. It is now under repair, and the service is performed in a little chapel within the church. We were shown the place where the emperor stands and kneels when he attends the service. We also visited the Church of The Redeemer in the Word. In it are the relics of Stephen de Perm, the first missionary and Christian martyr of Russia. Hung close to his effigy is the sword with which he was put to death. His figure, moulded in wax and dressed in canonical robes, is seen under a glass case; it is one of the most sacred relics of the church.

In the Sacristy of the former Patriarchs are some curious old church plate, and dresses of the patriarchs, beautifully embroidered in seed pearls; amongst others, the magnificent panagia of Job, the first patriarch; some fine old crosiers and mitres, richly adorned with precious stones; then beautiful panagias or images worn on a chain round the neck of the bishop; a great many gold goblets, cups, and plates, and onyx, sardonyx, and other gems, with figures engraved upon them. An old priest showed us over the sacristy, and offered us an account of its treasures, written in Russian, which we declined, not being able to read the language.

We then walked to see the great bell, the "Czar of Bells," which fell, in 1706, in consequence of a fire. It weighed 350,000 lbs. In 1733 the Empress Anne had it melted down and refounded, when it weighed 444,000 lbs. This bell also fell in 1737, and was

cracked, and the Emperor Nicholas, in 1836, placed it where it now stands. It is of gigantic proportions, having figures in bas-relief of the Emperor Alexis and the Empress Anne. On the scroll round the base are figures of Our Saviour, the Holy Virgin, and the Evangelists, surrounded by cherubims. The first bell is said to have been erected in 1553.

From here we drove through the Spaski, or Holy Gate, built by Peter Solerius, a Milanese, in 1491. Every one who passes through must take off his hat; and the Russians, from the emperor to the mujik, cross themselves and salute the picture of Our Saviour of Smolensk, which is held in great veneration. Criminals going to execution say their last prayer here. Near this gate the Strelitzes were put to death by order of Peter the Great. Our time was short, but we drove on to see the church of St. Basil, the beatified, a curious, quaint old building, with dark blue domes studded with golden stars, and each different in colour. The roof has a forest of minarets, domes, and spires, all curiously coloured, and glittering with gold. The shrine of St. Basil is in the chapel below, which is open daily, but you go up a staircase and through some narrow passages to visit the eleven chapels which are formed in the domes. They are all painted, and dedicated to different saints. A young picturesque-looking monk, with long flowing hair, showed us over the church.

Before going home, we stopped to look at the Lobnoë Mesto, a circular tribune of stone, close to St. Basil's,

said to be the place from which the Czar addressed the people, and proclaimed his edicts. Here, in 1549, after a dreadful fire and riot, John the Terrible appeared in tears before his subjects, acknowledged his misrule, and promised to be in future the judge and defender of his people. The Metropolitan and Patriarchs of Moscow used to bless the people from this spot. Many public and sacred ceremonies have taken place here. The space in front remained the place of execution till 1727, when Peter II. ordered the gallows and stakes to be removed. We were now so tired with all our sight-seeing that we settled to go home and dine. We drove through the Kremlin, past the arsenal, between the Trinity and Nicholas Gates, and where many powerful Boyars used to live.

The cannon taken in the retreat of the French from Moscow are arranged in long rows along the outside walls. There are 365 pieces—French, Austrian, Prussian, and others—some ornamental Russian ordnance—the great cannon, called Tsar Pushka, or Czar Cannon, and twelve long cannon cast in the reign of Alexis. The building opposite is the Senate-house.

We were all very tired when we reached home, but after resting and dining we drove to see some races. The race-ground is an open plain, with a high stand like the one at Ascot, at one end. One race was just over. All the riders were gentlemen, and one or two English horses were running. Many ladies and gentlemen of Russian society were in the stand. We stationed our carriage, and amused ourselves till the next race

began by watching some trotting matches of the light-racing droskies, made of a thin plank placed on four wheels. The driver sits astride and places his feet on little steps fastened over the inside of the axle of the fore-wheels. They hold the reins one in each hand, with their arms stretched out. The horses are tall, with long well-shaped legs, and beautifully-shaped heads and necks. They go at a tremendous pace round the oval course set apart for them. The driver never touches the horses with the whip, but only shakes the reins and shouts to them to go on. No other pace but trotting is allowed. Two or three started, and went at such a pace that it quite took away one's breath as they passed by. The horse races were not remarkably good, but we were much interested with the costumes and habits of the people of the second class. Men were carrying about tea, lemonade, and curious Russian sweetmeats and cakes. We waited till the races were over, and then went to see the ladies and gentlemen drive away. Some of the equipages were very handsome. We then drove to the Petrofski Park, passing through the Sokolniki, or People's Park. The evening was very beautiful, the air mild and fresh, and though it was past 8 o'clock, it was quite light. There is no darkness at this season; even at midnight there is a bright twilight. The garden was full of people sitting and looking at the carriages. The Petrofski Park is beautifully laid out in drives and walks. The palace was built in 1775.

Here Napoleon retired after the Kremlin became uninhabitable.

During our drive we went to several cafés in hopes of seeing and hearing the celebrated gipsies of Moscow. They did not, however, perform anywhere, so, after extending our drive a little, we returned home very weary and sleepy.

July 3.—We had arranged to make an early start, in order to visit the churches and the rest of the Kremlin before breakfast. When I rose, soon after 6, it was bright day, and the streets were already full of people from the country, bringing in vegetables and fruit, and trudging along in their warm, thick cloaks. I dressed, and was soon joined by the rest of the party. We had appointed our *laquais de place* to come at 7 o'clock, but waited for him in vain, he did not make his appearance. We started at last, and wandered about in the Kremlin, visiting the different churches, waiting for him. They were very full, and as we grew accustomed to the magnificence of the decorations, we were better able to appreciate the beauty of the details. We went into the Cathedral of the Assumption, and during the service that was going on, the doors of the altar-screen were opened. The effect was very fine. From the windows behind, the sun's rays fell upon the golden representation of Mount Sinai, and its dazzling light seemed to illumine the chapel with a glorious radiance. We loitered a long time on the terrace, looking at the fine view over Moscow, and returning by the Market-

place, drove to the new Cathedral which is being erected, and which promises to be a fine building.

When we were sitting at breakfast, the chief of the gipsies called to arrange about singing to us. After a good deal of discussion we agreed that they should come this evening. The chief is a fine-looking man, very gipsy-like. After breakfast we drove to the Sparrow Hills on the Smolensk road, by which the French entered Moscow. The drive was charming, and following the windings of the river Moskva, we arrived at a little public garden and café on its banks, and sat a long time enjoying the fine view. Before us lay the windings of the river, wandering through the green plain, and in the distance facing us was the Kremlin, its gilded cupolas glittering in the sunshine. (8) We could see the spires and cupolas of many churches, besides. The public gardens reached on one side to the Palace and Park Petrofski, and to the Hermitage Gardens. The scene is very extensive and striking, and one can imagine the enthusiasm of the French legions, when, after their long and toilsome march, this glorious view burst upon them, and the cry of delight with which the word "Moscow" issued from the lips of the wearied troops. Napoleon, it is said, remained a long time gazing on the beautiful city, now in his power, but soon to be snatched from his victorious grasp, and offered as a sacrifice by the devoted patriots to their country. Beautiful Moscow! greater in her fall than in her unrivalled magnificence. (9) We spent

a charming hour on the terrace overlooking the view, during which we had some refreshment.

We then retraced our steps, and visited the villa of the late empress, formerly the property of Count Orloff, but presented by him to the empress. We walked through the gardens, which are beautifully laid out, and from the terrace before the house we had a good view of the city. A few ladies, and some nurses and children, were walking about. As we were leaving the gardens, we met two Tartar girls walking alone. They wore pale pink silk dresses, and large blonde lace veils, fastened by a comb to the back of the head, and falling in soft folds round them. Their features were regular, and their faces lovely. They looked shyly at us, and turning down a side walk, disappeared like beautiful visions. On our return to Moscow we went in for a moment to see the Riding-school, or Manège. It is an immense building, 560 feet long, 150 broad, and 42 feet high. It has a flat ceiling. There were some bas-reliefs of men in armour on the walls, and ancient trophies to be seen, but the scaffolding prevented our getting near them. We then visited the Bazaars, which are very curious. The Gostinnoi Dvor is a huge building, three stories high, with endless passages and numerous shops.

We walked down many of these passages, noticing the large warehouses, filled with merchandise from every part of Russia, and the curious costumes. We bought some pretty Circassian buckles and buttons,

and also some Tula boxes, called "niello" work. Some of the Circassian washing silks are pretty, and the costumes and arms quite beautiful, but very expensive. I believe that during the winter the great frozen market for fish and meat is very curious, but we could not judge of that. There is a good description of it in 'Murray.'

We strolled about some little time, and then went to see the Romanoff House, one of the most interesting sights in Moscow. It was the birth-place of Michael Fedorowitz, the first sovereign of the reigning dynasty, and of his father, the Boyar Theodore, known later as Philaret, Patriarch of Moscow. It has been entirely rebuilt since the great fire of Moscow, in the style of Russian houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The rooms are very small, and of quaint shapes. There are two stories towards the court, and one facing the Varvaskaia Street; its frontage being about 57 feet. They showed us the basement, where are the kitchen, cellars, and vaults; above them the Boyar's own rooms, the nursery, in which we saw the cradles, toys, primers, and some of the dresses of his children; his bed-room, in which they show a box containing the slippers of a Tsar, and part of the dress of a Tsarina, his bed, and some pictures on the walls, which are, like the ceiling, richly carved in wood. Near this is the reception-room, from which you have a fine view over the city towards the Moskva and Yaouza rivers. The largest room in the house is the Krestovaia, or Chamber of the Cross. Here the Boyar sat and received the priests, who came to

congratulate him on Christmas and other holidays. Here matins and vespers were performed. The roof of this chamber is arched in a kind of Gothic style, with niches. In some places are devices and arms of the Romanoff family. A great many curiosities are in this room, and much silver plate; many things also which belonged to the Tsars, among others, two curious old inkstands made of brass. In this room is a curious old stove of coloured tiles, with allegorical figures and inscriptions, and on which many birds are represented, with mottoes and allegories. The whole house is diminutive in size, but very curious, quaint, and pretty. The roof is covered with tin plates, and has a vane in the form of a griffin, holding a short sword in one paw, and in the other a shield, these being the weapons borne in the Romanoff arms. We were so tired after our day's ramble that we went to one of the cafés devoted to tea-drinking, the Moskovski Traktir, near the theatre. At one end of the room was a fine large barrel-organ, which continued playing the whole time we were in the room, one of the waiters changing the tunes, and winding it up after each piece. A number of little tables were laid in the room, and were almost all occupied; so we had an opportunity, while eating our ices, of noticing the different dishes served. On almost every table were the little cucumbers from the Volga, a soup we had often tasted, but did not much like, made of fermented rye, with pieces of cucumber and meat floating in it, a kind of green pea-soup with lumps of ice in it, *stchi*, made of cabbage,

and eaten with sour cream ; also the celebrated *ukha*, or fish-soup, besides a good many other dishes, and the caviar and Syr cheese from the *Zakuska*.

After we had rested, we returned to the hotel, stopping first at an excellent modern library to buy some books. The proprietor was most civil, and I never saw a finer or better collection of books. After dinner the Russian gipsies came and sang some of their wild melodies to us. Two or three of the women danced very well. ⁽¹⁰⁾ They wore modern dresses ; they seldom appear in their own costumes. On inquiry we found they were nearly all from St. Petersburg. They frequent the fairs of Nijni Novgorod and Smolensk, and are always present at the horse-races at Moscow. They are a curious race, and sing in a peculiar dialect. They are usually to be seen performing at the public gardens and guingettes near Moscow. One of the women was very handsome, but she could not sing. They seemed pleased with our admiration of their songs, but they could only speak a few words of French. Just as they left us, we heard a noise in the street, and, looking out, we saw a long procession of poor prisoners going under a strong escort to Siberia. The men were walking in twos, chained together. Two or three carts accompanied them. In these were women and children, old men, and some sick persons. A quantity of luggage was being conveyed also. It was a sad sight. They passed the brilliantly lighted shops and hotels, and went out into the darkness of night and of despair. I shall never forget the face of one of the men. The

light of the lamp fell full upon it. He looked so sad, so stern and resolute, as though set and nerved to bear his sufferings. How the contrast of their sad future with the gay life in the streets must have struck a chill upon them, as the procession moved slowly on to the railroad.

We walked out to look at the Kremlin by moonlight. The effect was very fine. The soft light poured its splendour down upon the fine old buildings, and the river glistened in the silvery moonbeams. We were late in going to bed, for in Russia, at this season, the night is the coolest and pleasantest time.

July 4.—We rose early and walked to the Ritai Gorod, or Chinese Town, built by Helena, the mother of John the Terrible, when she was regent in 1535. It is in a large space just outside the Kremlin, and is enclosed. We found it quite full of people selling their wares in the narrow streets. We soon retraced our steps to the entrance, and walked to the Kremlin. After visiting some of the churches, we went at 9 o'clock to the Vosnesenski Devichi, or Ascension Convent. It was founded in 1393 by Eudoxia, wife of Dimitry of the Don, who retired there after his death, and was very rigid in fasts and penances. In the church are tombs of the princesses of the reigning house; the most ancient is that of Eudoxia. Here are the tombs of four of the wives of John the Terrible (he had six), and that of Eudoxia, wife of Michael Fedorowitz, the first of the Romanoff dynasty. While we were looking at the shrines and ornaments, the service commenced. Several nuns lighted the lamps, while others distributed charity to some poor

old women: this consisted in bread, with a small piece of money for each. Then a young nun appeared, and, approaching a desk, began to read out of a large book. After she had finished, from behind the choir we could hear some beautiful singing—a chorus of lovely voices. One rose above the rest, so clear, so soft, that we lingered till the last note had died away, and then, leaving a small donation, we returned to the hotel, taking a farewell drive under the Redeemer Gate, past St. Basil, and round by the Market-place.

After breakfast we drove to see the Foundling Hospital, one of the most interesting sights in Moscow. It was opened by the Empress Catherine II. in 1763, and admits yearly 12,000 children. There is a portion set apart, called the Lying-in Hospital, than which nothing can be more admirably arranged—the rooms large, fresh, and airy. We passed through all the wards and saw the children lying, some asleep in their little cots and some in the arms of the nurses—fine healthy-looking country women, who are well paid and fed. We saw six little babies that had been brought in the same morning. A German gentleman, the doctor of the establishment, took us all over it, and was most polite and civil. He showed us the kitchen, and we tasted the soup and black bread for the nurses' dinners. We then went to see the matron who receives the children. She sits in a room set apart for the purpose; some woman or nurse brings a child in—she receives it: the only question asked is, "Has this child been baptised?" and if so, "By what name?" The child is then registered in the

books of the institution, and is afterwards designated, not by a name, but by a number. Its cot is marked, and it wears the same number fastened round its neck. The person who brings the child has a receipt, containing the number, given to her, in order to enable her to visit the child or to claim it, provided the child shall not have attained the age of ten years. The clothes the children have on when brought in are returned. A child was brought in whilst we were there—a fine little boy. Poor little deserted one! it made my heart ache to think of its sad condition and of its future fate. Left alone among strangers to battle through life—never to know father or mother—no love and tender care. Poor little outcast from home! They showed us the book containing the entries since the hospital was founded—among them the names of two boys who were put in by the Emperor Napoleon, when he was at Moscow; both died young. The girls are educated for servants, but the daughters of officers are brought up as governesses. The boys are mostly brought up for agricultural labourers, but some are trained for the army. We saw the little houses in the garden, where some of the children live during the summer. There is another establishment in the country belonging to this one, where the greater part of the children go during the summer months. We could not see the rooms set apart for education; as the young people were all in the country, they were closed for the time. We were told that some of the children sing beautifully in the school, called the Nicholas Institute, where only fifty girls are

brought up at their own expense. After the children have been in the hospital four weeks, they are sent with their nurses to the villages to which the nurses belong: these nurses are paid about 4s. 6d. a month for taking care of them.

We were much interested. It was a curious sight; Ely remarked it was like a huge manufactory of dolls. We drove afterwards to the booksellers, that Ely might get some books, and then to the Bazaars, where we spent half an hour. Returning to the hotel, we took a hurried lunch, and started for St. Petersburg at 1 o'clock.

We travelled all day, dining at a station on the road. The train consisted of several cars, of great length. Entering, you find a small saloon, with a table in the centre, and sofas and divans all round. A passage runs along the side of the train and leads to the farther end of the carriage, opening by a door to the iron platform outside. From this passage, by pushing aside heavy velvet curtains, you can enter any of the little rooms or saloons: they are all most comfortable. On the roof is a sleeping saloon, to which you ascend by a spiral staircase. Over the passage there is a place where you can stow away luggage. Small rooms are set apart for washing and dressing rooms, and two men and a woman are attached to every two or three carriages to attend upon the passengers, and when you stop towards evening, you have only to give the order, and on your return to your carriage you find it comfortably arranged for sleeping. They pull out boards and arrange beds upon them. All the large stations have refreshment-rooms,

where you can get glasses of hot tea, caviar, &c.; there are little round tables covered with bon-bon boxes and cakes, and at stated hours you can get dinner and supper. There is a picture of our Saviour in each of these rooms. A great many peasant women bring work of all kinds in beads and leather for sale, and a priest walks about holding a plate to collect alms. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could; but the heat was very great, and we suffered much from the dust which penetrated through the windows and crevices in the carriages.

Sunday, July 5.—We passed the Krukova station, near which is the monastery of New Jerusalem, or Vosresenski, founded by the Patriarch Nikon in 1657. It is, so we were told, wonderfully interesting, and built in imitation of Jerusalem. Many relics of the saint are kept in the convent and shown to visitors. You cross the Volga at a station farther on, called Tver. The river here becomes navigable, after flowing through several small lakes. We passed Valdai, celebrated for its silvery-toned bells. The Dwina, Volskhof, and Volga, rise in the Valdai hills. We travelled all day, and did not reach St. Petersburg till 1 o'clock on Sunday morning. The line, about 403 miles in length, was made by Government. We found to our horror, when we reached St. Petersburg, that the luggage had been left behind and could only arrive in the evening. They had sent it too late from Dusaux's, at Moscow. There was nothing for it but patiently to wait its arrival in the Hôtel de Russie, where our rooms were engaged. The shops were all shut and we could not get anything, so we made the

best arrangements we could, had breakfast, and then started to see some of the sights of St. Petersburg. First we went to the Winter Palace, built originally upon the site of the house of the High Admiral Apraxin, in the reign of Peter the Great. It looks upon the bright blue waters of the Neva and on the quays. There are some magnificent rooms and some fine pictures in this palace; but it was under repair, and we could not get in, consequently we missed seeing the room where the Emperor Nicholas died, and the private apartments in which the imperial family at present reside. We then went to the Hermitage Palace, which was originally a small gallery, or museum, built by Catherine the Great, and attached to the Winter Palace. Here we were more successful, as the Hermitage was open. It was built in 1765 by Vallin de la Motte. Here the Empress Catherine spent her evenings and leisure hours. Ten years later she added a gallery for pictures to the Hermitage, which was then attached to the Winter Palace by an arch, in shape like the bridges you see in Venice, connecting one house with another. A theatre was added later, but the present building was built by Leo von Klenze, of Munich, between 1840 and 1850. It contains beautiful specimens of granite, from Finland, violet-coloured jasper, from Siberia, and other marbles and precious minerals of Russia.

We entered the Great Hall, and one of the imperial servants showed us upstairs, where we found a few people wandering about. We first visited the Throne-room of Peter I., the White Hall, and the Hall of St.

George. All the rooms have different names; the present public apartments are very splendid, and one of the most beautiful is the Empress's Drawing-room, bright with gilding. A small winter garden is attached to it, and a fountain stands in the room playing into a basin, in which were gold and silver fish. A parrot and several other foreign birds were in another part of the room. After passing through these apartments, we were taken to see the Romanoff picture gallery, containing likenesses of all the sovereigns of the reigning house since Michael Fedorowitch, and those of their consorts. At the door is a tablet of Rules which Catherine enforced at her conversazione in the Hermitage—very quaint and clever. In another gallery are paintings of St. Petersburg at different periods of its construction. We then viewed the Crown Jewels, some of which are most remarkable. The plume of Suwaroff, an aigrette composed of fine diamonds, is very magnificent, as is also the coronet of the Empress. It would be impossible to enumerate all the jewels; but I must mention the Orloff diamond, surmounting the Imperial Sceptre of all the Russias, said to have been stolen by a Russian soldier from the eye of an idol at Seringham, near Trichinopoly, in India. After changing hands several times, the diamond was purchased by Count Orloff, who presented it to Catherine II. The Imperial Crown also is adorned with splendid jewels. It is dome-shaped, and ends in a cross of five fine diamonds, supported by a large uncut ruby. There are a great many beautiful pearls in the crown. The orb is surmounted by a large

sapphire. The "Shah" is a long crystal of diamond, weighing 36 carats: it has Persian characters engraved upon it. There are several strings of fine pearls, a beautiful Spinel ruby, and an order of St. Andrew, having five pink diamonds and two large Siberian aquamarines, or beryls.

We next visited the Gallery of Pictures attached to the Hermitage. It is divided into a great many rooms, and was brought to its present state of perfect order in 1861-2 by the celebrated and learned critic, Dr. Waagen, of Berlin. There is the Gallery of Historical Painting, the Gallery of the Italian School, containing some beautiful pictures of celebrated masters; that of the Flemish School follows, and then some glorious specimens of the Spanish School. There are besides pictures of the English and German Schools. In all the rooms are beautiful malachite tables and vases, and stands for candelabra formed of large masses of rose-coloured porphyry, or rhodomite, and vases, tazzas, and tables of lapis lazuli. There are a great many rooms containing pictures, which are better described in 'Murray' than they would be by me.

After spending two delightful hours at the Hermitage, we went to see Peter the Great's first house, which he built, in 1703, on the banks of the Neva. Here he and the Empress Catherine often came, and spent some days with one attendant. It is a curious, quaint, building. Peter's boat, which he built himself, is shown here under a kind of shed. The space in front of the house was crowded with people, as there was

service being performed in the little chapel which has been formed out of Peter's bed-room and dining-room. Some pretty peasant girls in picturesque costumes were standing near the altar, over which is an image of our Saviour, which Peter carried about with him in all his campaigns. We walked round the house, peeped into the interior to see the rooms, which are very small and plainly furnished, but full of relics of the Czar. The house is about 55 feet long, and 20 feet broad. We sat down and rested on one of the benches near the house, and then drove to see the fortress and the church attached to it. Peter the Great laid the foundation in 1703, but the present building was begun in 1706 by Tressini, an Italian architect, on the site of the other. The new building is of stone.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul is a fine building 210 feet in length and 98 feet wide. The walls are 58½ feet high. It has the tallest spire in Russia except that at Revel. All the sovereigns of Russia since the foundation of the Cathedral are buried here, except Peter II., who died at Moscow, and was buried there.

When we reached the Cathedral, several soldiers who were loitering about civilly offered to show us the church. The bodies lie in vaults, and marble tombs above mark the different sites. One of the best is that of Peter the Great, whose Empress, Catherine, lies close beside him. The tomb is at the south door, opposite the image of St. Peter, which gives Peter's stature at his birth, being modelled the same

number of inches; as does also the image of St. Paul that of the Emperor Paul. There are a great many relics attached to the different tombs. The diamond wedding-ring of the Emperor Alexander is attached to an image near his tomb. Little gardens, one might almost call them, are railed in round each tomb, on which flowers are scattered, some still fresh, showing how often they are replenished. We saw the tomb of the eldest son of the present Emperor, who died at Nice—so young, so gifted, so full of promise. A wreath of immortelles and white flowers lies on the marble which covers his grave. The tomb of the Grand Duke Constantine has the keys of the fortresses of Modlin and Zamoscz, in Poland, lying upon it. The Emperor Nicholas lies in the aisle opposite his great ancestor. Many palm leaves were mingled with the wreaths of roses and immortelles on the tombs, and among them we observed some garlands of artificial flowers.

The walls of the cathedral are covered with military trophies, flags, standards, keys of fortresses, battle-axes, and shields taken from the Swedes, Turks, Persians, French, and Poles. Our visit to this church interested us very much. It was empty with the exception of ourselves and a few soldiers who passed in and out. We walked to look at the fortress, which is a State prison, but could not gain admittance. The view from it over the Neva to the other side is very fine. The quays and buildings have a most imposing appearance. Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, was

confined in this fortress, as were the conspirators of 1825, some of whom were put to death here.

We returned to our carriage, and crossing the bridge over the Neva, we drove to St. Isaac's Cathedral, dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia. It is in the shape of a Greek cross. The first was built of wood by Peter the Great in 1710, but was destroyed. Catherine II. began another, which was finished in 1801. This one was also destroyed. The present church was begun in 1819 and consecrated in 1858. The construction of the cathedral continued during three reigns. The piles alone, which were sunk to secure a foundation, cost 200,000*l.*, and even lately more money has been laid out to prevent the part that faces the river from sinking. There are four grand entrances, and each is approached by three broad flights of steps, composed of entire pieces of fine granite brought from Finland. The pillars of the peristyles are quite beautiful. They are 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, round a highly polished monolith of granite, also from Finland. Bronze Corinthian capitals support an enormous frieze of polished granite. Above them towers the central cupola, covered with copper overlaid with gold. In the centre is a small rotunda looking like a chapel. The whole is surmounted by a golden cross, which is seen far and wide, like that of St. Peter's at Rome. There are four smaller cupolas, like the greater one, placed round and beneath it. There are some fine figures, 8 feet in height, in a group, and some single ones. In the

interior are magnificent columns of malachite forming decorations to the screen, or "Ikonostas," 30 feet in height. On each side of the door, leading into the chapel behind, stand two splendid pillars of lapis lazuli, valued at 12,000*l*. These pillars are not solid, but formed by layers of the valuable minerals on a foundation of iron. The door of the Ikonostas is of bronze. The inmost shrine is in a circular chapel, the dome of which is supported by 8 Corinthian pillars of malachite 8 feet high. It is much decorated with lapis lazuli and malachite, at a cost of 25,000*l*. I was not allowed to enter this place. The floor of the cathedral is made of different coloured marbles—polished—all from the Russian dominions. Prince Demidoff presented the malachite used in the adornment of the Cathedral to the Emperor. It came from his mines in Siberia, and was worked in Italy, where the Prince has a beautiful villa, called San Donata, near Florence. His gift is estimated to be worth 1,000,000 roubles. All the pictures in the church are by Russian artists; many are in mosaic work. We remained for some time in the church, and admired the beauty of its doors, which reminded me of the famous doors at Florence.

On entering our carriage, we found that our 'Guide to St. Petersburg' had been stolen. Our *laquais de place* appealed in vain to the coachman; he, having most likely been indulging in a siesta, had seen no one approach the carriage. Kobold, as we had christened our *laquais de place*, a hump-backed quaint

looking little man, old and original, like his namesake of German story, but good, true, kind, and serviceable, rushed madly about everywhere, but in vain; the book could not be found.

The Kazan Cathedral, dedicated to "Our Lady of Kazan," and built on piles, stands in the Nevski Perspective. It cost 600,000*ℓ*. The cupola is very fine, and inside the church is a colonnade which extends in four parts from the pillars supporting the cupola towards the altar and the three doors. The silver of which the Ikonostas is made was an offering of the Cossacks after the campaign of 1812. The name of God is formed in precious stones on the centre of the principal screen; and in the Ikonostas is the image of the Virgin which was brought from Kazan in 1579 and placed here in 1821. Some very fine precious stones are here. Among them is a large sapphire presented by the Grand Duchess Catherine Paulovna. We observed an artist copying one of the pictures near the shrine, before which a pretty girl was kneeling in silent prayer. We passed on to look at the tomb of General Kutosoff Smolenskoi, above which hang trophies from France, Turkey, and Persia. He lies buried on the spot where he prayed before setting out to meet the enemy in 1812. The bâton of Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl, and the keys of several fortresses, are suspended against the pillars of this military-looking cathedral. Among the keys are those of Hamburg, Leipsic, Dresden, Rheims, Breda, and Utrecht. Outside, in front of the Cathedral, are

two statues, one of Kutusoff of Smolensk, and the other of General Barclay de Tolly.

We returned to the hotel after this. Prince R—— called and sat some time with me. We dined in our own room, and after dinner drove in the cool of the evening to the islands of the Neva—the fashionable drive. We first crossed the Trinity Bridge, and then drove past some pretty villas along the Kammeno-Petrofski Perspective to the island. On one side the Neva flows in silvery splendour to the sea. A great many carriages passed us, as did several of the cabrioles of the country with their fast trotting horses. We reached the end of the drive just as the sun was setting; but there was a mist hanging over the distant prospect, which rendered the view not so fine as usual. We saw some beautifully dressed ladies, and some pretty equipages. Many people were walking up and down near the sea, which flows up as far as this, mingling its blue waves with the waters of the Neva. The names of the islands are the Kammenoi, or Stone Island, Krestofski, or Cross Island, on which stands the Beloselski-Belozeiski Château, and beyond this is Yelazin Island, where is an imperial residence, situated in beautifully laid-out gardens. We drove up and down till the damp began to rise, and sleepy and tired we were glad to get home to bed. It was still bright day when we reached the hotel, and the moon was beginning to rise. We found the nights still shorter at St. Petersburg. It never seemed to be dark, and one could read with ease without a candle at midnight.

Monday, July 6.—We were out early, and went to see the Winter Palace, but it was closed, and no persuasion would induce them to let us in; the Palace, they said, being under repair. We then drove to the Academy of Sciences, where is a splendid collection of medals and coins of all gradations, from the earliest leathern tokens of antiquity to the platinum coins of the reign of Catherine, and the gold half-imperials of the present reign. We saw an immense collection of books and ancient manuscripts in every language of the East, and curious specimens of Mongolian idols. In the Ethnographic Museum are dresses and implements of the various races that inhabit the Russian empire, also some belonging to the Chinese, Persians, Aleutans, and Carelians, besides other people little known. There is a splendid collection of the minerals of Russia and Siberia, beautiful specimens of ores and of native silver from Siberia, large lumps of malachite and lapis lazuli, and curious *aërolites*, especially a large one, found at Krasnojarsk, in Siberia. This stone contains the mineral olivine, which in a crystallised state fills some of the sponge-like cavities of the iron mass. One's eyes ached with the splendour of the specimens, and we longed to linger among these wonderful productions of nature. But time pressed, and Kobold said we must not delay if we wished to see the mammoth. We then hurried to the Zoological Collection, and passed through several rooms containing specimens of stuffed birds and animals from every country. I think it one of the finest collections I ever

saw. Specimens of stuffed fish, as the sturgeon and other denizens of the Russian rivers, sea otters, and rare ducks are to be found here.

We next proceeded to the room where are placed the remains of the mammoth and rhinoceros, preserved through countless ages in the ice of one of the great Siberian rivers. Flesh still adhered to the bones of the mammoth when it was discovered in 1799 by a Tungusian fisherman on the banks of the river Lena, lat. 70° N. The breaking down of a cliff discovered these remains, and it is said that bears and wolves devoured some of the flesh before attention was called to the exposition of these relics of a primæval period, so interesting in a geological point of view. It was impossible to help gazing with awe upon these remains of that giant æra of the old world. The huge skulls and bones show the gigantic stature of the animals of that period. They take one back to the distant ages of the world, otherwise unchronicled. In a glass case near the skeleton of the mammoth is some of the skin of the animal, having even hair upon it. Enormous tusks were lying by—some of them 8½ feet long. The tusks of the mammoth differ from those of the elephant in being shaped like scythes. There are some curious remains of a species of elephant, now extinct, called *Elephas primigenius*, also of an extinct species of rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros teichorinus*). The length of its upper jaw gives the head the appearance of that of a bird, which may have given rise to the reports among the inhabitants of the shores of the Arctic Ocean that a

bird of colossal size was found there. This animal is supposed to have fed on the branches of the fir-tree.

We could not stay longer in the museum, though it would have taken hours to study properly the treasures of each room, for Kobold warned us that we should miss the steamer if we did not hurry away. With great regret we followed him, and driving to the quay of Vassili Island, we arrived just as the little steamer was starting for Cronstadt. The wind was fresh, and the sail past the quays and through the heart of St. Petersburg, with the blue waters of the Neva sparkling in the sunshine, was very pleasant. We found a stiff breeze blowing outside, but soon came in sight of Cronstadt, which we reached in an hour and a half. The Emperor was there, and a naval review was going on. Our steamer passed close to some fine gun-boats and monitors, which were manœuvring before the imperial ship. We landed at a wooden pier, which runs some distance into the sea, and, taking a drosky, drove quietly along it to the town of Cronstadt. The fortifications are very strong, and were begun by Peter the Great in 1703, when he dispossessed the Swedes. The first fort he erected was Kronschlott, opposite the harbour. Another fort is named after Prince Menschikoff, who conducted the construction of the fortifications. Several forts are built out at sea at a little distance from Cronstadt, and are said to be immensely strong. These were erected since the Baltic squadron was there in 1854. Some large ships have been sunk to render the approach to the harbour still more difficult. We

quickenèd our pace to the town, passing through it, and by the statue of Peter I., by Baron Klodt, to see the Emperor, but the steamer in which he was had just left for St. Petersburg, and we saw the vessel gracefully gliding out of the harbour, saluted by the gunboats, and the cannon from the fortifications; the yards of the ships were all manned, and with the flags flying. The effect was very fine, and crowds of well-dressed people were walking and listening to the music of the bands.

We then visited the town and walked round the fortifications, the soldiers about paying no attention to our movements. They even allowed us to climb up one of the bastions in order to have a better view of the Baltic, which lay before us, blue and bright, with white-crested waves. The large ships discharge and take in their freights at Cronstadt, and the little harbour was full of vessels from every country. Trade is very active between May and November, while the sea is still open. The quay along the canal and harbour is constructed of granite.

We walked to the end—to the molehead—and enjoyed the view seawards, and also of the opposite shore, where are the imperial villas of Oranienbaum and Peterhof. Kobold now urged us to go. We obeyed his summons and returned in two droskies, but, alas! too late—we had mistaken the hour at which the steamer sailed for Oranienbaum, and she was just steaming out of the harbour when we reached the pier. We had to wait nearly an hour and a half for the next

steamer, which was lying alongside. After a violent dispute between Kobold and the two drosky drivers, we took refuge in her, and with some difficulty obtained a meagre luncheon. The sea was very rough; a heavy swell was coming in from the Baltic, and the little steamer was crowded with people returning from the review. We passed close to the gunboats, and in about an hour reached Oranienbaum. We then drove to the palace where the Grand Duchess Helen resides.

This is a very fine building situated on a terrace, from which there is a charming view towards the sea and Cronstadt. It was built by Menschikoff in 1724, and confiscated on his attainder. Later Peter III. made it his principal residence, and lived in it surrounded by his Holstein guard. I sent in a note to the Baroness R——, the Grand Duchess' lady-in-waiting, who sent for me to come in. I walked through a pretty garden to a pavilion attached to the house, where her rooms were, and found the Baroness looking very well, and kind as ever. She sent for Ely and Dr. C——, and kept us till her own carriage, which she had ordered, came round to take us to Peterhof. While we were talking with the Baroness, the Grand Duchess Helen came in. She received us very graciously and kindly, and settled that we should dine with her on Wednesday. We then took leave, and sending Kobold on in our hired carriage to order dinner for us at Peterhof, we drove in Baroness R——'s carriage to the palace.

The imperial carriage took us by a pretty road, with villas and gardens on either side. We passed the little

town of a German colony, the Grand Duchess Marie's house, Sergiefka, Sobstvennaya, or "Mine Own," a lovely miniature palace of the Emperor Alexander, and the summer residence of Prince Peter of Oldenburg.

We soon reached the palace of Peterhof, and readily obtained permission to see the rooms. The imperial carriage then returned home. This palace is beautifully situated, looking towards the sea-shore; the road divides it from the gardens on the other side, which stretch down to the water's edge. We first visited the rooms, in which were some fine tapestry, and objects of vertu, such as splendid tazzas of porcelain, vases of malachite, and marble. The works of art included pictures of naval engagements under Orloff and other officers of Catherine II., in which the Russians were victorious. The prevailing colour is, as usual, yellow.

One room contains 368 female portraits, executed by Count Rotari for Catherine II. They all represent beautiful young girls in every variety of attitude and dress. One sleeps, another is covered with furs, only her soft blue eyes being visible, peeping out from the cloak in which she has wrapped herself; a third knits; a fourth seems lost in a sweet reverie, and so on. One wanders from one picture to another, attracted by the wild grace and picturesque attitude of these unknown beauties. A gentleman was sitting in the room in an Eastern dress, and when he turned round at our approach, we found that he was as dark as an Indian. All the other apartments were beautifully furnished; in

one we saw some carving and turning work of Peter the Great, and some little tables and benches which belonged to the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas when children. The view from the windows seawards was very beautiful. Going to see the chapel, we passed along a charming verandah filled with flowers and shrubs, overlooking the gardens at the back of the palace. Here the imperial family sometimes sit in the evening. This palace was built by Leblond from the plans of Peter I.

Kobold was waiting for us outside; he had ordered dinner at the restaurant's, and stationed the carriage in the public garden. Before leaving, we walked down to look at the waterworks, which were in full play. They are really magnificent. The garden is laid out in terraces, and the water flows down in admirable confusion till it runs into the sea. These waterworks are unsurpassed even by those at Versailles. The large fountain, called Samson, in front of the palace, is unique. The supply of water is so great that, wherever you turn, a *jet d'eau* or a cascade appears, half hidden in the midst of shrubs and flowers, which its spray moistens. The rays of the setting sun falling obliquely on the cascades filled them with prismatic colours, which added to the beauty of the scene. During the fêtes at Peterhof the great cascade is illuminated by lamps placed on the steps. We did not escape getting very wet from the showers of spray as we walked to our carriage. We then drove through the public gardens, which are much to be admired, to the place where the

band was playing. Here we got out and walked to see Marly, a pretty little villa on the sea-shore, built by Peter the Great. There is still the terrace where that indefatigable emperor used to walk up and down, enjoying the sea breeze and looking at his little fleet moored off Cronstadt. Not far off is Montplaisir, where Peter died, and where the Empress Elizabeth used to amuse herself by cooking her own dinner. There are some fine Flemish and Dutch pictures in the house. Fantastic little waterworks play in every direction. Some are shaped like storks and swans, others as nymphs and Tritons, mingled with dolphins and painted rocks.

The band was playing some delightful airs, and a great many people walking and in carriages were loitering about, but the setting sun warned us not to linger, and we drove back to Peterhof, stopping for a moment to visit the Straw Palace, which is situated near a lake in which are some carp, which, on the ringing of a bell, come to be fed. The palace itself is very small, and contains only a few rooms. Near it we saw a beautifully sculptured figure of a boy, one of the many fountains, but half concealed among some flowering shrubs.

Having arrived at the restaurant's, close to the steam-boat pier, we had an excellent dinner ; but, alas ! when the bill came, we had not enough money left to pay it, and the carriage, and our returning fares to St. Petersburg. Kobold, however, arranged the matter with the landlord of the hotel. We walked about until it was

time to go on board. A long wooden pier led to the boat, down which poured passengers on foot and in carriages. The bell kept ringing, and there was great confusion to get tickets, all pushing and struggling to reach the office. We secured our seats, and then watched the scene. At length, when the steamer was crowded to excess, and no standing room even left, we slowly left the pier. At that moment a drosky dashed up, but it was too late; the captain would not put back for the three gentlemen that were in it.

The wind had gone down, and we steamed slowly along in the clear twilight across the bay, and past the public drive to the islands, then by the quays on both sides of the river brilliant with lights. The cathedrals and churches stood out clear and well defined against the golden sky, for though the sun had long set, there was still a rosy light in the west, and the moon was slowly rising. Gliding quietly through the shipping along the quays, we reached the pier at last, and drove home through the now silent and deserted streets of the city, which were brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the moon. The effects of its light on the statues and gilded domes of the churches were strikingly beautiful. We reached the hotel about 12 o'clock, very weary, but charmed with our pleasant day and all the interesting objects we had seen.

July 7.—I rose at 7 o'clock, but there was no means of getting breakfast till late. I received a note from Prince N——, who was obliged to put us off for the evening, being invited to dine with the Grand Duchess

Catherine. We started by rail at 10 o'clock to visit the Imperial Palace of Tsarskoé Sélo and Pavlofsk. It is distant about fifteen miles from St. Petersburg, near the railway station of Tsarskoé. We took a drosky and drove through a little town to the house of a gentleman, who kindly gave us an order to see the palace. At the entrance to the grounds are two small towers, having hieroglyphics and Egyptian figures carved upon them, said to be copied from Denon's work on that country. The façade of the palace, which has an imposing appearance, was built in 1744, but was embellished by Catherine II. Its length is 780 feet, and is ornamented with statues and vases. The whole of the front was covered with gold-leaf. When Catherine desired to repair this, the contractors offered her half a million of silver roubles for the *débris* of the old gilding, but the Empress refused to accept the offer, saying, "Je ne suis pas dans l'usage de vendre mes vieilles hardes."

We were first shown through several fine rooms, all hung with bright-coloured silks, and richly decorated, till we came to the beautiful lapis lazuli saloon, which is richly adorned with slabs of that stone. The cabinets, tables, ornaments, pillars, are all of lapis lazuli. The floor is of ebony, inlaid with flowers of mother-of-pearl. The silk hangings of this room correspond in colour, and the effect of the whole is very fine. There are a few good pictures without frames fitted into the walls.

The next saloon is gorgeous in appearance; it is

called the "Amber Room." The walls are covered with amber, arranged in various devices. Some of the pieces are very large. The amber was presented to Catherine by Frederick the Great. Her imperial cipher E. (Ekaterina) is formed in several places. Some of the amber is pale yellow, others of a deeper and richer hue, but rough and grotesque in form. They are made to represent figures. Words cannot give an idea of the singularity and gorgeous appearance of this room. It made my eyes ache to look at it. Catherine's bed-room is a small pretty room—the walls covered with porcelain plates and slabs, fastened into the wall, which was hung with a dark coloured stuff; it had a very fine effect. There were pillars of blue glass before the recess in which the bed stands. Another room is painted blue, of an ultramarine colour. After we had admired the room, the guide opened a door, and we looked down from a kind of balcony upon the chapel, which was a perfect blaze of gold and splendid ornaments. The royal family use this balcony when they attend chapel, as it communicates with their private apartments.

The chapel is a large room fitted up with dark-coloured wood, most extravagantly gilded, the ceiling looking like a sheet of gold. On the walls are some curious old paintings, and a key of Adrianople hangs beside the altar. We next visited the apartments of Alexander I., which are just as he left them when he set out for Taganrog, on a tour of inspection through the southern provinces of the empire. He never

returned, but died at Taganrog in 1825. His study is a small, light, cheerful room, with scagliola walls. On the table his inkstand is still standing. From this room we passed into his bed-room, simply furnished with a small camp bedstead in an alcove. A small looking-glass in green morocco, the shaving apparatus, and brushes and combs, used by the Emperor, lay on a table. These things showed by their appearance the lapse of time. There was also a pocket-handkerchief, marked Z. 23.

We now passed on to the Chinese room, where the imperial family dine when they inhabit this palace. The furniture is of fantastic Chinese shapes, and there are curious specimens of Chinese and Japanese monsters in china and oddly shaped toys. This room looks upon a pretty garden. The banqueting-room is very splendid, the walls being covered with gold. The ceiling also is much gilded. Here we saw some toys, a rocking-horse, arms, and a helmet belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine's children. Two fine ball-rooms were shown to us, the upper part of each being ornamented with handsome Japan and China vases, and other specimens of porcelain of the oldest and rarest kind, piled up to the top of the room. Dr. C—— admired the china immensely, and said some pieces of it were invaluable, and would enchant a connoisseur.

We returned by the lower part of the palace, containing the kitchen and other offices, to our carriage, and went to see the arsenal, which is situated in the

fine gardens of the palace. It contains collections of weapons and armour which have been gathered together by different Russian sovereigns. The Emperor Nicholas erected this building, and added much to the collection. Figures in armour stand as guards at the entrance; knights appear as if engaged in single combat. Ancient armour and weapons, bearing the names of their owners—names distinguished in history—are seen in every corner. A long circular staircase leads you to a lofty circular hall, the walls of which are covered with lances, swords, and fire-arms, arranged in curious devices. In this hall are eight equestrian figures in armour, and the recesses or alcoves are filled with weapons and horse-trappings of different countries; one of China and Japan, another of Turkey and Circassia. There are a good many relics of the Popes—shields, dresses, carved ivory figures, all marked with the names of the owners, or the place whence they came; some jousting weapons, and other things used by the Amazons of the time of Catherine II.; her own sword, saddle, and horse-trappings. In a glass case are the silver drum and trumpet she gave to her son Paul, and also the letter which Bessières sent to Davoust, ordering him to evacuate Moscow.

In one of the recesses are two saddles and horse furniture presented to the Emperor by the Sultan of Turkey; one on concluding the peace of Adrianople, the other after the battle of Konieh, when the Sultan's army was overthrown, and the Porte received aid from Russia against a rebellious vassal. The first-named

saddle is covered with purple velvet, studded with diamonds; the other has the pistol-holsters covered with fine diamonds. Many swords set with diamonds are exhibited, given as presents to various emperors. In a room at the top of the building are the Polish standards, weapons, and arms taken in 1863. This collection is a very fine one, and full of interest. There is a good catalogue to be had at the entrance-door. On the ground floor, in some of the rooms, are figures of men and women in Tartar and Russian costumes, as also a Circassian chief in full dress.

After leaving the arsenal, we drove to see the gardens; and first to a kind of artificial ruin of a castle. Climbing up a narrow staircase, the guide showed us into a room, where there was a life-size figure of our Saviour, by Danneker; a crimson curtain throws a warm light upon it. The statue is beautifully chiseled, but we all thought it not refined enough in character, and rather heavy-looking. Hence we went to a little pavilion at the end of a small lake. We alighted at a little cottage orné, and walked through a pretty garden full of sweet roses and other flowers to the pavilion, where the Grand Duchess Alexandrina, the lovely daughter of Nicholas, used to feed her swans. A narrow balcony runs round the house, to which the waters of the lake reach. Since the death of the princess, at a very early age, the white swans have been replaced by black ones. In the room of the pavilion there is her picture, and one of her sayings written under it. It is—"Je sais, Papa, que vous n'avez pas de plus grand plaisir que d'en faire

à Maman." A full-length marble statue of her, with a child in her arms, stands in an alcove of the pavilion.

From here we drove back to the palace, and walked in the gardens, which are tastefully laid out. Behind the palace are shady avenues of fine trees, and just in front of the windows is an open space, bright with flowers. We wandered on till we came to the lake, round which we walked on the soft turf, covered with wild flowers, to the marble bridge with Corinthian columns, also of polished marble, and to the Chinese tower at the end, whence there is a fine view of the lake and palace. We tried to see the Emperor's bath, but the door was locked. It was very hot, and we were rather tired, but Kobold had sent the carriage round, and we had to persevere. We saw the little fleet of diminutive vessels belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine, and intended to amuse him when learning navigation. Besides these there were some curiously shaped canoes, gondolas, and light boats, that are used on the rivers in Russia. One boat was merely the trunk of a tree hollowed out. We visited the house where Alexander II. lived with his tutor when pursuing his studies; the pavilion where the grand duchesses amused themselves with mimic ménages. All these are situated on or near the lake, and give it a gay appearance. A theatre, a Dutch and Swiss cow-house, a Chinese village, a Turkish kiosk, and a summer-house, form additional objects of interest. Pillars and statues of bronze abound everywhere, erected by Catherine II. to her favourites, besides monuments raised to his companions in arms by Alexander

I., amidst beds of flowers, artificial ruins, waterfalls, and grottoes.

We enjoyed our walk exceedingly, but were sadly fagged before we found the carriage. Kobold had given a wrong order. He rushed frantically up and down, dragging us after him. At last we found it where we left it, and the coachman sound asleep on the box. We drove to the railway station, where we got an excellent luncheon, and then took the train to St. Petersburg. On our arrival at the hotel I found Prince R—— sitting there, dressed for his dinner at Peterhof. He left in a few moments, but promised to return in the evening. We rested a little, and then drove to see the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski.

On our arrival we knocked at the gate, and were shown into the courtyard and garden.⁽¹¹⁾ Opposite the altar are pictures of Peter the Great and Catherine II., larger than life. The shrine of Alexander Nevski is very magnificent. It is of solid silver, very much ornamented, and shaped like a pyramid, surmounted by a catafalque, with angels as large as life, having trumpets, and silver flowers, and a bas-relief representing the deeds of the saint. The keys of the city of Adrianople are hung near the tomb.

Kobold, who is very intelligent, showed us over the place. The cloisters' treasury is very rich, possessing the presents sent from Persia as propitiatory when the Russian ambassador Griboyedoff was murdered in Teheran. These consist of pearls, fine shawls, gold and silver dishes, rare animals, Persian mats and

gold stuffs. The Persian prince Khosra Mirza accompanied them.⁽¹²⁾

The cemetery is gay with flowers, planted on the graves of many of the Russian nobility who are buried here. Monuments, which are shaped like crosses, with an anchor at the foot, are placed on many of them. There are about fifty or sixty monks here who superintend an ecclesiastical academy. Service was going on in a small chapel, into which Kobold conducted us. Some of the monks had very fine voices, and the chanting was well performed. They did not seem to mind our being there, and allowed us to remain until the service was over. The garden looked so cool and tranquil, with its fine trees and sweet flowers, here and there a monk strolling among them, that we could not help contrasting the peace within this cloistered retreat, where not a sound is heard, with the busy hum of active life outside.

Returning to the city, we did a little shopping, and after dinner drove to the gardens. On our way we passed the summer garden, and got out to look at the chapel, dedicated to Alexander Nevsky. It stands on the spot where the present Emperor, Alexander II., was standing when Kerakozoff attempted his life in 1866. There is written in letters of gold, over the principal portico, the text, "Touch not mine anointed." This chapel, raised by public subscription, is full of votive offerings; among them many wreaths of white flowers. Kobold told us that the imperial family often visit it. The summer garden is pretty and shady, and

the trees are fine. Under their shade were sitting many persons, children and nurses, in their Russian costume. We persuaded Kobold to take us to look at the bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great. He thought it quite unnecessary, as we passed it nearly every day. The whole has a very imposing effect. It stands opposite the Isaac Cathedral, in the Admiralty Square. A Frenchman named Falconet cast the statue, but the Emperor's head was modelled by Marie Callot. The block of granite upon which it stands was brought from Lakhta, a village in Finland, about four miles from St. Petersburg. When being cut, this mass broke in two. It is now 43 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 14 feet high. The statue is $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. There are two inscriptions on the long sides of the pedestal, one in Russian and the other in Latin.

There are several other monuments in the streets of St. Petersburg; one a single shaft of red granite, 84 feet in height, called the Alexander Column. The architect of the Isaac Cathedral, Montferrand, executed this beautiful work. The base and pedestal are also made of red granite. The capital and ornaments of the pedestal are of bronze, made from Turkish cannon. On the pedestal is written, "To Alexander the First, Grateful Russia." No fewer than six rows of piles were driven down in order to assure the support of so enormous a weight. This splendid monolith has suffered from the weather, and several fissures, since carefully filled up, have been caused by the frost.



The Rumiantsoff Obelisk, on the Vassili Ostroff, was erected in honour of Field-Marshal Rumiantsoff Zadunaïski in 1799, and removed to its present site in 1821.* It is an obelisk of black marble, standing on a pedestal of red granite. The height is 70 feet. The ornaments are festoons and bas-reliefs. The whole is surmounted by a globe, on which is an eagle with extended wings, both gilt. On the pedestal is inscribed, "To the victories of Rumiantsoff."

Another equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in a Roman costume, with a wreath of laurel round his head, and a bâton in his right hand, is placed opposite the School of Engineers. It was erected by the Emperor Paul, while he was yet heir-apparent, and is the work of Martelli, an Italian artist. The bas-reliefs represent the battle of Poltava and the capture of Schlüsselburg.

An equestrian statue of the Emperor Nicholas, called the Nicholas Monument, stands south of the Isaac Cathedral. The heads of the emblematical figures at the four corners are likenesses of his empress and four daughters—each more beautiful than the other. The Emperor is represented in the uniform of the Horse Guards.

A bronze statue, erected in 1801 in front of the Trinity Bridge, is to the memory of Prince Suwaroff, who is represented as a Roman soldier with a sword in

* On the Champ de Mars.

one hand, and a shield on the left arm, standing in an attitude of defence over the crowns of the Pope, of Naples, and of Sardinia.

The last monument that I shall mention is that to Sir James Wylie, in the courtyard of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, of which he was president in the reigns of Alexander I. and Nicholas. He is represented in full uniform, seated. These monuments that I mentioned we visited at different times during our drives through the city.

We went to the fashionable drive to the islands where there were more people than usual. We got out and walked up and down, but it was rather *triste*, not knowing a single person by name. The only person we recognised was one of our fellow-travellers on the Volga. We were, however, repaid by the beauty of the evening, and the splendour of the sunset over the sea. It was still light when we returned home about 11 o'clock. Prince R—— came to tea with us soon afterwards. I received a telegram saying that the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Russia, Princess Dagmar, wished to see me next day at Peterhof. After Prince R—— left us, we tried to read and write, the light was so great. Ely, being in immense spirits, and not in the least inclined to go to bed, kept us up till dawn was beginning to break. The effect was wonderful. The moon shone clear and high in the heavens, a soft pale glow was in the west where the sun had gone down, and a golden light proclaimed the coming dawn. These extraordinary nights make

me feel restless and sleepless. The Russians in summer do not go to bed till nearly morning, and rise very late.

Wednesday, July 8.—I started at 10 o'clock with Kobold, leaving Dr. C—— and Ely to follow me to Peterhof, to see La Grande-duchesse héréditaire. I had settled to pay my visit and return to dress for the dinner in the evening with the Grand Duchess Helen. I found an imperial carriage waiting for me at the station, and drove to the Grand Duchess's residence, which is one of the villas in the park, called Alexandria. The Grand Duke and Duchess have the villa where the Emperor Nicholas lived. The house and grounds are very pretty. I was shown into a cool little sitting-room, opening upon a verandah, that had seats and tables arranged in the corners, and was full of beautiful flowers, orange-trees, and shrubs—the balcony being formed of trellis-work, covered with creepers. I waited a little till the Grand Duchess returned from her drive. She received me most graciously and kindly, showed me her pretty house, and then took me out in her pony carriage.

We drove all over the grounds and to the park at Peterhof. The fountains were all playing. One, with a Venus in the centre, was extremely pretty; it sent its waters in showers of spray far and near. The Grand Duchess drove by quickly, but we got a little wet nevertheless. The carriage, ponies, and groom were all English. I remained to luncheon with her Imperial Highness, who showed me her beautiful boy. He was

with his nurse in a large room, opening upon a balcony filled with flowers, overlooking the garden. She then showed me the Emperor Nicholas' rooms, and the late Empress' also. The Emperor's room is just as he left it. From the windows is a splendid view over the bay, and towards Cronstadt. The Grand Duchess showed me many things belonging to the Emperor, souvenirs of birthdays, and pictures and photographs of friends, several watch-chains, made by the Empress for the Emperor. He had preserved those that he had worn, as well as those in use. The Grand Duchess seemed to respect and touch each as a relic.

After going through all the apartments, we returned home; the Grand Duchess dismissed me, and I then drove to some villas near to pay a visit to her Grande Maîtresse—a charming person—and then to the railway. I tried in vain to find Kobold; no one had seen him. At last he was discovered asleep upon a bench. Soon the train from St. Petersburg came in, and with it Ely and Dr. C——, who had several times been to the station to meet me; I joined them, and we went together to Oranienbaum, where we found rooms prepared for us to dress in. The Grand Duchess dined at half past 6. It was a small but pleasant dinner. The Grand Duchess was looking very well, and was very kind and gracious in her manner to every one. I met my old friend General R——, who was very kind to Ely. When her Imperial Highness dismissed us after dinner, we drove with Baroness N—— to see Sobstvennaya, or “Mine Own,” a lovely little palace that was built for the

Emperor Alexander II., when heir-apparent. Passing another small villa, in which Peter III. lived, we drove to a beautiful villa belonging to the Grand Duchess Maria Nicholaevna, the daughter of the Grand Duchess Helen, who had preceded us there. We walked about the grounds till the Grand Duchess joined us, accompanied by her lovely children. She was very kind and showed us all over the house, which is beautifully furnished. We took leave of her and returned to Oranienbaum, where we had tea. I was dreadfully tired on arriving at St. Petersburg. The night was darker than usual.

Thursday, July 9.—We rose early to take the first train for Krasnoé Sélo, where the camp is, being anxious to witness a grand review, to be held by the Emperor, who was residing at the camp with the Empress and all the imperial family. Kobold went to get a carriage. After a long interval the carriage came, but no Kobold. There was no time to be lost, so we drove to the station, which we reached just as the train was about to start. The guard put us into a carriage with Count A—— and some other general officers, all in uniform, and covered with stars and ribbons. Presently a servant from the hotel brought us our luncheon-basket. In about three quarters of an hour we reached the station for Krasnoé Sélo, where a scene of great confusion presented itself, everyone trying to secure a drosky. We succeeded in securing a kind of open carriage, very uncomfortable, and dirty-looking. The driver wanted to make a bargain. In vain we attempted to get him to move on;

he would not stir unless we offered him a larger sum. A gentleman standing by, who spoke German, kindly came to our assistance and made an agreement for us, upon which our driver set off.

Passing through the camp, we observed some pretty wooden houses, surrounded by little gardens. These houses were for the suite of the Emperor and Empress, the ambassadors, and other distinguished persons. The Emperor and Empress's pavilion is built of coloured wood, and very pretty.

The camp was very animated. On our way to the plain we noticed several regiments of cavalry, in very handsome uniforms. The gilt cuirasses and helmets, with double eagles on them, of some, produced a brilliant and dazzling effect. Others wore blue uniforms, with silver lace. We soon reached the ground, and after being sent from one place to another, we resolved to station the carriage at a distance and walk. We followed some other people, similarly situated, and obtained very good places. In a few minutes the Emperor came on the ground and rode through the ranks. Then came the imperial carriages. The crowd rushed to the steps leading up to the pavilion. Ely, Dr. C——, and I remained quietly standing, and had a good view of the imperial party. After a while, the Grand Duchess, seeing me, told the Empress, who kindly sent for me up into the pavilion, where I remained during the review. An aide-de-camp placed Ely and Dr. C—— close to the Emperor's horse, where they could see very well. The dust was flying in clouds, which prevented the

cavalry from cantering or galloping past. The regiments defiled one after another in beautiful order. The rich and varied uniforms—among the handsomest was that of the riflemen, formed by the Emperor Paul—and the graceful dress of the Circassians, who were splendidly mounted, formed a gay and striking spectacle. Two Circassians of the body guard attended upon the Emperor, who goes nowhere without them.

I watched anxiously to see the Cossacks of the Don, of whom we had heard so much in the south of Russia. They are a fine set of men, and their horses are small and active. The various bands played all the time. As each regiment passed, the Emperor said, "My children, I am pleased with you;" and they answered him with loud cheers. One of the Emperor's sons rode past at the head of his own regiment: he is quite young, but handsome and very graceful.

I enjoyed myself immensely, for I found some old friends among the ladies of the Court, who were all most kind and good-natured to me. The Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenburg and her daughter were there. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg was also present. After the review the general officers surrounded the Emperor, who complimented them on the behaviour of the troops. He then, followed by his Staff, came up into the pavilion. The Empress presented me to the Emperor, who was very gracious, and asked much about the Queen of England. We all then sat down to luncheon.

After luncheon the imperial family took leave of

their guests and left; the Emperor driving back. I joined Sir A—— and Lady B—— and their daughters, and with them I found an old acquaintance, Col. B——. Lady B—— proposed to me to drive back with her and her daughters to their villa. Ely sat on the box-seat with Sir A——, who drove four-in-hand. Colonel B—— took charge of Dr. C——, and drove him in a pretty Russian carriage with four horses abreast. We soon reached the ambassador's villa, a pretty house with balconies, and a verandah filled with flowers, and furnished with seats, one of which was a kind of sofa, fancifully covered with a mosquito net, very pretty and very comfortable, as you can read in peace without being stung by the mosquitoes. After tea Ely went to play croquet with the young ladies, and I took a walk through the pretty grounds with Sir A—— and Lady B——. Opposite the house lies a small lake, which you cross to reach a pretty summer house on the other side. We walked about for some time, and then returned to wait for dinner, when Dr. C—— and Colonel B—— joined us, having visited the military hospital, with which Dr. C—— was much pleased. After a very pleasant dinner, Sir A—— kindly drove us to see Strelna, a pretty villa belonging to the Grand Duke Constantine. It is about twelve miles from St. Petersburg, and was built in 1711 by Peter the Great, who gave it to his daughter Elizabeth. The palace was destroyed by fire in 1803, and rebuilt by Alexander I. It belonged after that to General Alexandroff, from whose family it has been repurchased. The architecture is

Gothic. With the exception of a fine ball-room, there is nothing of note in it. The gardens are formal, but very pretty, and have a great number of rare shrubs. There are some pretty walks, shaded by trellis-work, covered with roses, along which we walked to see the large marble bath belonging to the Grand Duchess Constantine, but the water was full of fallen leaves and looked muddy. There are a number of statues in quaint positions placed round the bath, some standing in the midst of shrubs, almost hidden by the foliage, the head of another peeping out of the water ; again, a nymph half hidden in rushes. The effect must be good when the fountains play. The bath is surrounded by wooden trellis-work, covered with roses and creepers. Returning to the carriage, we drove to see the monastery of Sergi or Sergius. Sir A—— knew the superior very well. He kindly came to meet us, and directed a brother to show us over the convent. It was built in 1734 on the site of a farm which belonged to the daughter of Peter the Great's brother John. The place was given by her sister, the Empress Anne, to Warlaam, the superior of the Troitsa Monastery, near Moscow, to which it continued to belong till 1764. The convent church is very pretty, and is placed on an elevation overlooking the Neva. The roof is open and the stalls of oak. The granite monoliths were quarried on the spot. We visited several mortuary chapels situated below. These are rich in gifts. One has a good picture of a mother and two boys, whom she is taking to our Saviour ; and on many of the tombs a lamp is kept

burning. The organ in the church is very fine, and the chanting excellent. We arrived too late to hear the evening service, but Sir A—— was loud in his praises of it. The grounds are very well kept, particularly the cemetery, where the graves are planted with the finest flowers. Several Russian families have handsome mausoleums here; one formed like a conservatory, full of graves, but plentifully ornamented with tropical plants, more like a beautiful garden. It reminded one of the tomb in Arcadia buried among roses and myrtles, “And I too in Arcadia.” The old monk was very kind, and showed us everything with as much pleasure as pride.

The sun was beginning to set, and the evening was very calm. We enjoyed our visit immensely, and bid the old padre good-bye with great regret. We drove quietly back to the villa, and after tea took leave of our kind friends and drove to the station. The train was so full that we were just able to obtain seats, but several officers who came up a few minutes later were left behind. The night had become very dark. We reached St. Petersburg in half an hour, and found poor old Kobold in a state of great distress. He declared he had been at the station all day. We soon arrived at our hotel, all very weary, and there was no temptation to sit up, as the night was dark, and it was raining a little.

Friday, July 10.—I got up early, and after packing up everything, we all set out to ascend to the top of the Isaac Cathedral, that we might see the view over St.

Petersburg from that elevation. After a time we found the sacristan, who sent for a guide and put us into his charge. We climbed up a long steep flight of steps, reminding me of those in St. Paul's, till we reached a little door which opened upon a balcony looking down into the church. The height seemed immense, and looking down made one quite giddy. We then continued up a few more steps to another little door, which opened upon a kind of platform, under which the angels stand. They looked gigantic when we got on a level with them. Some workmen were repairing the roof. One of them, a German, seemed much pleased with our admiration and delight, and, speaking to me in German, described all they were doing. We then ascended to the very top of the cupola; it was very difficult and exceedingly hot, and going up and down the narrow spiral staircases made me quite giddy.

The view was very fine, but there was a good deal of mist, and we could not see Cronstadt so distinctly as we ought to have done. The city, however, lay beneath us, with its numerous islands, and the Neva winding among them like a silver thread. The churches produced a wonderful effect with their dark blue domes, studded with golden stars glancing in the sunshine, rising out of the islands like gems of price, while the Neva's bright waters sparkled around them.

Our guide pointed out to us the different objects of interest. The town looked of gigantic proportions, stretching out far into the distance, where the villas of Peterhof could be seen. We descended from the cupola,

and lingered a little while on the platform, to which we had first ascended, and from which, being lower, we could enjoy the view better, and more easily make out the different churches and monuments. To our great regret we had to descend at length and return to the hotel. Kobold met us, and after breakfast we drove to see some shops, and among others to the English magazine, where we saw some pretty specimens of silver and crystal work; one, designed by Mr. L——, formerly Secretary of the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, of a Cossack sleeping on the snow. I went later to the Gostinnoi Dvor, a kind of bazaar, and bought some of the red cloth which the Russian peasants wear; but our time was soon exhausted, and we had to return to the hotel.

After a slight luncheon, we started by the 2 o'clock train for Berlin. Poor Kobold looked very disconsolate as we bade him good-bye. The day was intensely hot, and the carriages, though large, with little dressing-rooms, were very stifling. We travelled on—only stopping for a late dinner—all night and all next day, and reached Berlin at 5 A.M. on the morning of the 12th. The line between St. Petersburg and Berlin is not remarkably pretty. You pass Königsberg and the line which runs from Cracow and joins the direct line from St. Petersburg to Berlin.

Sunday, July 12.—We found a great many letters waiting for us. Mine contained very sad news; they had been lying at Berlin for some time. I remained at home all the morning, and went to the palace to see

the Queen by appointment at 1 o'clock. Previously, Dr. M——, my old Heidelberg friend, and the Ambassador, my brother-in-law, Lord A——, called. After my audience I drove to the English embassy, and spent the rest of the day with my brother and sister-in-law. Ely and Dr. C——, who had gone to Potsdam, joined us at an early dinner there at 6. After dinner they went to the public gardens, and about 10 o'clock we all returned to the hotel, very tired.

Monday, July 13.—I rose early, and after breakfast went to the photographer's with my sister-in-law and her daughter; after that we drove about a little, and then returned to dress, as we were all to dine with the Queen at Potsdam. We went down by the 3 o'clock to Babelsburg, in evening dress. At the station we found carriages waiting to take us to the palace. There was a large dinner, and among the guests Baron M——, whom I had not seen since he had been in Mexico, where he was accredited to the Emperor of Mexico. He was with him till his death, and gave us a most interesting account of the Emperor, to whom he was much attached. The Queen was looking wonderfully well, and was most gracious and kind. Ely sat next her Majesty at dinner, and the Queen took great notice of him, and talked to him about our journey. After coffee, and when the Queen had spoken to every one in the circle, her Majesty went out driving. We all accompanied her in a char-à-banc, and the Queen drove us round the grounds, which are very pretty indeed. Her Majesty dismissed us after the drive,

and we returned to Berlin. We took tea at the embassy.

Tuesday, July 14.—After breakfast we went to the photographer's, and then I called to see Baron M——'s little girl, a pretty blooming child. We made some purchases at a porcelain-shop, returning to the hotel to pack and arrange everything. At 1 o'clock I went to the embassy to luncheon, and then drove with my sister to call upon Countess G——, who showed us her pretty children. We then took a drive in the Thiergarten, and I returned to the hotel. Count G——, who had just returned from Paris, called to see me.

The time now approaching for our departure, we put on our travelling-dresses, paid our bill, and set off for the embassy, where we dined. A—— took us to the train, which started at 8.30. Here we found all in confusion, and the train was so full that there seemed no possibility of getting a carriage for ourselves alone; but the English ambassador's presence and courteous manner eased all difficulties, and we were settled at last. We travelled all night; the air was heavy and oppressive, and we could not sleep much.

Wednesday, July 15.—I awoke early; the line grew prettier every moment as we neared the valley of the Lahn, on our way to Ems, passing through cultivated lands with fine fields of corn. The sides of the valley are hilly and wooded, and picturesque castles are perched on the high banks overlooking the little river which runs calmly beneath. We shot through galleries in the rocks, turned curious corners which looked very

dangerous, and then the valley contracted more and more, the river increasing in speed, till a turn of the line brought us to Ems. The station was crowded with people. We went to a small hotel opposite, and when I had changed my dress, I sent to announce myself to the King of Prussia. We then found rooms had been taken for us in another hotel, to which we adjourned. Ely went out for a stroll, waiting first to receive the King of Prussia, who graciously paid me a visit. After the King left me we dined, and then went for a walk, visiting the Kursaal and the public gardens. We sat in the latter for a little time, listening to the band, till we were obliged to go to the train.

We arrived at Cologne about 9 o'clock, and supped in the refreshment-room. There we found Baron J. de R—— and Baron and Baroness S——. We took the train to Brussels, which we reached early in the morning of

Thursday, July 16.—We had an hour for breakfast and to change our dress, and then started for Ostend. It was a lovely day, and the sea was perfectly calm. Landing at Dover, after a short delay at the Lord Warden, we took the express train to London, which we reached in the evening. Only eight months before, and almost on the same day of the month, I had travelled by the same line to join Ely. Since then how far we have wandered, and how many interesting places we have visited, and throughout all dangers and difficulties have been mercifully protected by the blessing of God!

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

Page 4. (1) CORFU, or Korfou, the Ancient Corcyra, is the most important of all the Ionian Islands, and the most renowned in its history. It is famous as the scene of the shipwreck of Ulysses, 'Odyssey,' Bk. V. 313, the defeat of the Athenians, Thucydides, vi. 42, and the dispute which led to the Peloponnesian War, the discomfiture of Antony at Actium, and, centuries later, the victory of Lepanto over the Turkish fleet.

Corcyra has been successively called Drepane, Scheria, and Phæacia. Virgil, 'Æneid,' III. 291, alluding to the two lofty peaks on which the citadel is built, makes Æneas to say :—

"Protenus aërias Phæacum abscondimus arces,
Litoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Chaonio, et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem."

Corfu bears indications in its fortifications of the different nations which have ruled it. The Winged Lion of St. Mark is seen carved on the stone. French cannon are found inscribed with the motto "Liberté et Egalité." Some coins have the Venetian lion on one side, and Britannia with her ægis on the other.

Æneas was the son of Anchises and Aphrodite, and was born on Mount Ida. On his father's side he was a great-grandson of Tros, and thus related to Priam, who was himself a great-grandson of Tros. After the fall of Troy, Æneas, according to later writers, arrived, after some years' wanderings, at the mouth of the Tiber. The Romans declared Romulus to be the sixteenth in descent from him.

In the course of his voyages Æneas landed at Buthrotum in Epirus, opposite Corfu, where he found his brother Helenus, and his sister-in-law Andromache.

The Islands of Paxo and Antipaxo. Here the legend runs that, "about the time our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, certayne persons sailing from Italie to Cyprus at night heard a voice calling aloud, 'Thamus, Thamus,' who, giving care to the cry (he being pilot of the ship), when he came near to Palodes to tell that the great god Pan was dead, which he, doubting to do, yet for that when he came to Palodes there was such a calme of wind, that the ship stood still in the sea unmoored, he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead; where withal there was such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By which Pan of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time conquered by Christ, and from that time all oracles ceased, and enchanted spirits no longer deluded people."—(Taken from an old annotator on Spenser's 'Pastoral' in May.) Milton refers to it also in his 'Ode on the Nativity':—

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament."

(*) Santa Maura, the Ancient Leucas. On the southern extremity of the island, on which stood a Temple of Leucadian Apollo, is the promontory then called *Leucates*, corrupted later into Ducato, and now known as the "Lady's Cape," said to be the point from which Sappho threw herself. She was a celebrated poetess of Lesbos, and flourished, according to Eusebius, B.C. 604, and Suidas, B.C. 611. She appears also to have been cotemporary with Anacreon. Alcæus addresses her, "Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho, I wish to tell thee something, but shame prevents me." She had three brothers—Charaxus, Larichus, and Eurigius. Charaxus is mentioned in his sister's

poetry. He married Rhodopis, an Egyptian slave, and for which Sappho upbraids him in one of her poems. Sappho's favourite instrument was the harp; her poems were all in her native dialect, impassioned in spirit, and most beautiful in composition. It is said one of her poems so affected Solon, that he expressed his desire to learn it before he died. She was also much praised by Horace and Catullus. Only a few fragments of her poems remain, of which the finest is an 'Ode to Aphrodite.' Sappho composed many hymns and poems to female friends which are very beautiful. She is said to have thrown herself from the Leucadian rock, for love of Phaon; but although she mentions in some of her poems her love for a beautiful youth, there is no proof that it was for his sake she took the leap. This is probably a fable, as the leap was considered in those days an expiatory rite. Slaves and criminals were thrown from its summit, and it was also considered an ordeal by which the guilt or innocence of an accused party might be proved. Priests of Apollo used to offer themselves up as voluntary victims, but care was taken to buoy them up by live birds and artificial pinions in their descent, which was thus broken. The priests assured the votaries that the leap and dive into this vision-clearing sea would find their parents for them, whom they were fruitlessly seeking, and would also cure ill-requited love. Ovid says a plunge into the waters beneath this rock was known in the age of Deucalion. Sappho is said not to have died young; some suppose she lived till 572 B.C., the year of the accession of Amasis, King of Egypt. (Extracts from Dr. W. Smith's '*Greek Biography*.')

(*) Ithaca, the modern Thiaki, the island of Ulysses. Its name is supposed to be derived from Ithacus, a hero, a son of Iterelaus. Odysseus, or Ulysses, was one of the principal Greek heroes in the Trojan War. According to Homer he was the grandson of Arceus, and son of Laërtes and Anticleia, daughter of Autolycus, and brother of

Ctimene. He married Penelope, daughter of Icarius, by whom he became father of Telemachus. He had many adventures, but none are so celebrated as his wanderings after the siege of Troy, and his return to Ithaca after twenty years' absence, the subject of Homer's 'Odyssey.' He found his father Laërtes, bowed down by grief and old age, retired into the country, his mother Anticleia dead, his son Telemachus grown up, and his wife Penelope still faithful to his memory, having refused more than a hundred offers of marriage. His faithful dog Argos recognised him on his return in spite of his disguise, as did his old nurse Eurycleia, from the scar of the wound on his knee. Penelope received him kindly, and Ulysses destroyed all the suitors, as well as his unfaithful servants. The goddess Athena, disguised as Mentor, is supposed to have protected him during his wanderings, and subsequent dangers at home. Cyclopean ruins are found in Ithaca.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(4) Cephalonia, anciently Cephallenia, is the largest of the Ionian Islands. Santa Euphemia is one of its principal ports; near it are some vestiges of Hellenic ruins. There are also Roman ruins on the margin of the Bay of Samos. Argostoli on the bay of the same name, on the western coast, is the principal town and harbour of Cephalonia. There are remains of four ancient cities in this island: Samos, Krani, Pronos, and Pali: hence Thucydides called it *Tetrapolis*. The Romans regarded the command of the channel of Cephalonia, between it and Ithaca, as essential to the conquest of Greece.

(5) Zante, anciently called Zacynthus, is a beautiful little island, and deserves its Italian name, "Flower of the Levant"—

"Zante, Zante,
Fior di Levante."

There are some celebrated pitch wells on the island,

about 12 miles from the town of Zante, on the shores of the Bay of Chiesi. Zante is celebrated for its orange-groves, vineyards, and gardens. Its currants are much valued, and form the great trade of the island.

(6) Navarino, a sea-port town in the south-west of the Morea, called by the Greeks Neokastron (Newcastle), is situated on a cape, where are the ruins of a fortress, built by the Venetians in the fifteenth century. Between the rock and the fortress is the Bay of Navarino, where in May, 1825, Ibrahim Pasha landed a disciplined Egyptian army, and, occupying the fortresses of Navarino, Moron, and Coron, secured the military command of the Morea. The Turkish and Egyptian fleets were defeated and destroyed by the united fleets of England, France, and Russia, in a battle fought on the 20th of October, 1827; and thus ended the war between Greece and Turkey.

The harbour, protected by the island of Sphagia (anc. Sphacteria), was the scene of a victory over the Spartan fleet by the Athenians under Demosthenes and Cleon, B.C. 425. Near Navarino are the ruins of the ancient Pylos, celebrated by Homer and Pindar as the city of Nestor, by whose eloquence, wisdom, knowledge of war, and bravery, the Greeks were so much benefited in the Trojan war.

“To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill’d,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.”

POPE’S ‘*Homer’s Iliad*,’ Bk. I.

(7) Cythera, or Cerigo, the most southern of the Ionian Islands. The name of Cythera is as old as the days of Homer: it is said to be the island on which Venus descended when she rose from the sea, and from which she was called Cytheræa. It was her favourite residence. Pausanias records the magnificence of her shrine, built by the Phœnicians. Some slight remains of antiquity are still pointed

out on the island, which was a naval station of the Lacedæmonians. Cerigo produces cattle, wine, grain, flax, olive-oil, and honey. The chief town is Kapsali.

It is a place of great importance now. The ancient Greek town stood on the site of the present one. Pherecydes, the instructor of Pythagoras, was a native of Tyros. The island is ten miles in length, by five in breadth. There is a large lazaretto on the west side of the harbour, and some fine warehouses and docks for building and repairing ships. The islands of the Ægean Sea are divided into two principal groups: the Cyclades, so named from *encircling* the holy sanctuary of Delos, and the Sporades, which derive their name from being *sown* or *scattered* in a wavy line off the coasts of Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor. The Cyclades belong to Greece, the Sporades, with the exception of the group lying off the northern extremity of Eubœa, are still under the dominion of Turkey. Lord Byron has celebrated these islands by his beautiful lines beginning—

“ The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

(*) The Cyclades Islands, about fifty in number, are situated in the Grecian Archipelago; the chief are Syra, Kythnos, Thera, Tenos, Andros, Naxos, and Melos. They are mountainous but fertile. The name was given chiefly to those islands which surrounded Delos as with a *circle*.

(*) Syra is the central point of the steam navigation of the Levant. Here you change steamers for Constantinople, Athens, or Alexandria.

(10) Sunium, the southernmost point of Attica. This promontory was called Cape Colonna by the Italians, from the columns of a ruined temple to Minerva, the tutelary goddess of Athens. This temple was built of white marble, having columns at each front; nine are still standing on the south, three on the north, and two and one of the *antæ* at the east: the columns are of the Doric order. Lord Byron

has celebrated these ruins in his lines, imitated from the chorus of Sophocles' 'Ajax':—

“Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swan-like, let me sing and die!”

On a hill to the north-east of the point on which stands the temple, are the ruins of another, supposed to be dedicated to Neptune. See 'Childe Harold':—

“Save where some solitary column mourns,
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave.”

MURRAY'S '*Handbook*.'

(11) The peninsula of the Piræus consists of two rocky heights, divided from each other by a narrow isthmus, and contains three natural basins or harbours. The large one on the western side is called Dráko, or Porto Leone, the two smaller ones Stratiotiki and Phanári. Down to the time of the Persian wars Athens had only one harbour, called Phalerum; but Themistocles, observing the natural beauty and excellence of the harbour of the Piræus, and that it was more convenient for shipping, substituted it instead of the harbour of Phalerum. It is said that the Piræus was originally an island, but the sand filled up the space between it and the main land. The space thus filled up was called Halipedum, and continued for some time a marshy swamp, almost impassable in winter, until a carriage-road was constructed across it. Phalerum was little used after Themistocles founded the Piræus, which he surrounded with fortifications and strengthened considerably. He could not carry all his plans into execution, for he was banished in 472 B.C., six years after he had rebuilt the walls which he was now forbidden to enter. Cimon and Pericles carried out the design which Themistocles had begun. About B.C. 465 Cimon began building the two walls, which run down, one from the south-west side of the city, to the northern horn of the harbour, and

the other to the southern side of the port of Phalerum, so that Athens was secured by two broad, long, lofty bulwarks from external assault, and possessed two outlets at its base to the sea. Pericles, about the year B.C. 444, proposed to the Athenians in assembly to build a third wall, which should connect the city with the southern horn of the harbour. Socrates was present in the Pnyx when Pericles made his speech, and was much struck by it. The proposed plan was carried out.

(12) This temple is an octagonal tower, built by Andronicus Cyrrhestes to the north of the cave of Aglaurus. The water-clock which was placed in the interior was supplied from the fountain of Clepsydra close by. When the sun did not shine on the dial placed outside, they had recourse to the water-clock within the tower, which thus served as a chronometer.

(13) The Agora is a circular or elliptical area, whose length from south-east to north-west is about a third of a mile. It is approached from the city on the north-west by an avenue leading between two parallel colonnades, or *stœæ*, the one dedicated to Jupiter Eleutherius, or the liberator, the other containing the tribunal in which the second Archon, or Basileus, who takes cognizance of religious sects, presides; from him it is called *Stoa Basileios*: in it was contained the *Bouleuterion*, or council-chamber, in which the Senate of Five Hundred met to discuss measures before they were submitted to the assembly of the people in the Pnyx. Here were the statues of ten heroes of Athens—Cecrops, Erechtheus, Pandion, Ægeus, Hippothoon, Acamas, Leon, Ceneus, Ajax, Antiochus—the *Eponymi*, as they are called, because they give their names to the ten tribes of Athens. To these statues the first draughts of laws are affixed before they are discussed in the Assembly. Here is also the refectory of the Prytanæ, or Presidents of the Assembly, in which the most distinguished Athenians were entertained at the

public charge. In the centre of this area stood the Altar of the Twelve Gods, being the point to which all the roads of Attica converge, and from which all distances upon them are measured. On the south-east verge of the Agora, and at the commencement of the acclivity by which we reached the Acropolis, stand the two figures of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the liberators of Athens from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'* Harmodius and Aristogiton, Athenians of the blood of the Gephyræi, were the murderers of Hipparchus, brother of the tyrant Hippias, in B.C. 514; the cause was jealousy on account of a beautiful youth named Harmodius, whose friendship Hipparchus is said to have won from Aristogiton, and whose sister Hipparchus had caused to be insulted. The day selected for the murder was the occasion of the festival of the great Panathenæa, and the day of the solemn procession of the armed citizens from the outer Ceramicus to the temple of Athena Polias. They carried their daggers concealed in the myrtle boughs they bore; but observing one of their accomplices speaking to Hippias, they thought they were betrayed, and rushed back to the city and slew Hipparchus near the Leocorium. Harmodius was cut down by the guards. Aristogiton escaped, but was afterwards taken and tortured to death. Four years after this, Hippias, the tyrant, was expelled; and the Athenians, recognising the service Harmodius and Aristogiton had done for their country, raised two bronze statues, executed by Antenor, to their memory in the Agora, or the inner Ceramicus, B.C. 509; and this was, according to Aristotle and Pliny, the first honour of the kind publicly conferred at Athens. Xerxes removed the statues when he took the city, but they were restored later, as is stated by Arrian and Pliny, by Alexander the Great.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

Pisistratidæ, the legitimate sons of Pisistratus. The name is used sometimes to denote only Hippias and Hipparchus, but sometimes as embracing the descendants of

Pisistratus. Pisistratus was the son of Hippocrates, and his mother is said to have been a cousin-german to the mother of Solon; he fought under Solon, who recognised his many good qualities, but blamed his ambition. Three times he usurped the government of Athens; in the first he deposed Solon, but was driven out of Athens by Lycurgus and Megacles: the second time, by a stratagem, he obtained the power, but was forced again to fly, and he retired to Eretria, in Eubœa. He returned from his exile, and advancing with an army upon Athens, he encountered his adversaries near the temple of Athena at Pallene, and routed their army. A third time he reigned supreme, and is said to have done much for Athens, which, under his rule, enjoyed a long season of repose, to which is to be attributed the strength she unfolded later. He encouraged the fine arts; and, under his auspices, it is said that Thespis first introduced at Athens his rude form of tragedy. It is also to Pisistratus we owe the first written text of the whole of Homer's poems, and he was the first who founded a library in Greece. He was thrice married, and his first wife was the mother of Hippias and Hipparchus. He died at an advanced age in B.C. 527, and was succeeded by his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, who continued the government on the same principle as their father ruled. Hipparchus inherited the literary tastes of his father. It was during their reign that Miltiades was sent to take possession of the Chersonesus. After the death of Hipparchus, Hippias became cruel and revengeful, and the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ was finally brought about by the Alcmeonidæ and Lacedæmonians, who forced Hippias to retire to Sigeum: B.C. 510. He afterwards, aided by the Spartans, made another attempt to return, but failed; the time of his death, and the place where he was buried, are unknown. The Alcmeonidæ were, like the Pisistratidæ, descended from Neleus of Pylos.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(14) The temple of Theseus is constructed of white

Pentelic marble, and stands on a little isolated hill in the district of Melite. The sculptures that adorn it represent the labours of Hercules, and the exploits of Theseus, his war with the Pallantidæ, and the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. The building of this temple was commenced by Cimon, son of Miltiades, in the year B.C. 476, four years after the battle of Salamis. The Athenians built this temple in honour of their national hero, Theseus. Cimon brought his bones from Scyros, the scene of his banishment and death, to this place.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

Theseus is said to be a purely legendary person, like his contemporary Hercules, but his adventures are curious and romantic. One of his exploits was killing the Minotaur of Crete. The Athenians were obliged to send a yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to Minos, king of Crete. Theseus killed the Minotaur, and carried off Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos: but he is said to have left her in the island of Naxos, after having had two sons by her. On his return from his expedition to Crete, Theseus neglected to hoist a white sail, which was to be the signal of his safety; and his father, Ægeus, who sat watching his son's return from the Temple of Victory, which commanded a view of the sea, perceiving the black sail, threw himself down and was killed. A ship was in existence up to the time of Demetrius Phalereus, which was said to be the very ship which sailed every year to Delos, and in which Theseus returned. One of his most renowned adventures was his attack on the Amazons, whose Queen, Antiope, he carried off. The Amazons in return penetrated as far as Athens, and the final battle in which Theseus overcame them took place in the city. A festival in honour of Theseus was held on the eighth day of each month at Athens. Part of the beautiful cornice of the temple of Theseus was broken by the last Turkish Government, in order to obtain some honey which the wild bees had deposited there.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(15) The Dionysiac Theatre was partly excavated from the side of the hill on which was the Acropolis. It is supposed to have accommodated 30,000 spectators, before whom the stirring tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were acted. An Athenian coin, preserved in the British Museum, represents the plan of the theatre, and the arrangement of the seats, which rise in gradations, radiating from the stage outwards. Near the Theatre of Dionysus is the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, in the Corinthian style, erected to him for dramatic triumphs achieved under his superintendence.

(16) 'Antigone,' a tragedy, was written by Sophocles, a native of the Attic village of Colonos, little more than a mile to the north-west of Athens. He is believed to have been born in B.C. 495 or 496. Sophocles was one of the most celebrated tragic poets of Athens. His first dramatic work appeared in 468 B.C., when he came forward as a rival to the veteran Æschylus, at the celebration of the Great Dionysia, on the occasion of the return of Cimon from his expedition to Scyros, bringing back with him the bones of Theseus. Cimon, with his nine colleagues, were appointed judges by Apsephion, the Aretean Eponymus, when, after making the customary libations to Dionysus, they heard the rival poets, and decided in favour of Sophocles, the second place being awarded to Æschylus, who, mortified and disquieted, left Athens and retired to Sicily. The drama is said to have been 'The Triptolemus,' the subject of which was, as is supposed by Welcker, the institution of the Eleusinian mysteries and the establishment of the worship of Demeter at Athens by Triptolemus, son of King Eleusis. In the year B.C. 440, Sophocles wrote his celebrated 'Antigone,' the best of his dramas. Antigone was the daughter of Œdipus, King of Thebes, by Jocasta. She had two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, and a sister, Ismene. After Œdipus, in despair at having murdered his father, had put out his eyes and left Athens,

Antigone followed him in his wanderings and guided him to Attica. She remained with him till he died at Colonos, and then returned to Thebes. When her brother Polynices marched against Eteocles, in the first war of the seven against Thebes, and the two had fallen in single combat with each other, Creon, who had then succeeded to the throne, issued an edict, forbidding, under pain of death, the burial of their bodies. Antigone alone defied the tyrant, and buried the body of Polynices. According to Sophocles, she was shut up in a subterranean cave, where she killed herself. This so affected Hæmon, the son of Creon, her lover, that he killed himself by her side. Antigone acts a part in other dramas: in the 'Seven against Thebes,' of Æschylus; in the 'Œdipus at Colonos,' of Sophocles; and in the 'Phœnissæ,' of Euripides.

Sophocles was much esteemed by the Athenians and rose to great honours. He is said to have lived to the age of 95, and to have written 130 plays, of which seven are extant: 'Antigone,' 'Electra,' 'Trachinia,' 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' 'Ajax,' 'Philoctetes,' and 'Œdipus at Colonos.' —*Dr. W. Smith.*

(17) 'The Clouds,' a play, was written by Aristophanes, the only Greek writer of old comedy of whom any entire works are extant. He was the son of Philippus, an Athenian of the tribe Pandionis, and the Cydathenæan Demus, and is said to have been the pupil of Prodicus. His first comedy appeared in B.C. 427; he is supposed, therefore, to have been born in 444, and to have died in B.C. 380. He had three sons, all poets of the middle comedy: Philippus, Araros, and Nicostratus. The comedies of Aristophanes are of high historical interest, as they are admirable caricatures of the leading men of the day. He was a bold and often a wise patriot, and, disapproving of many errors in the system of education at Athens, the theory of the Sophists, and the great love of litigation, he made these the objects of continual attack. In 'The Clouds,' Aristo-

phanes attacks the Sophistical principles at their source, and selects as their representative Socrates, whom he depicts in the most odious light. He is depicted as corrupting a young man, named Pheidippides, who is wasting his father's money by an insane passion for horses, and is sent to the subtlety-shop of Socrates and Chærephon to be still further set free from moral restraint, and particularly to acquire the needful accomplishment of cheating his creditors. In this spendthrift youth it is easy to recognise Alcibiades, from several traits of character—his defect of articulation, and his love for horses. The instructions of Socrates teach him not only to defraud his creditors, but also to beat his father and disown the authority of the gods; and the play ends by the father's preparations to burn the philosopher and his whole establishment. 'The Clouds,' though the masterpiece of Aristophanes, met with a failure in the contest for prizes, probably through the intrigues of Alcibiades. He also wrote 'The Birds' and 'The Frogs;' in the latter, Bacchus descends to Hades in search of a tragic poet, those then alive being worthless, and Æschylus and Euripides contend for the prize of resuscitation; but Æschylus prevails, and accompanies Bacchus to earth—the tragic throne in Hades being given to Sophocles during his absence. "Aristophanes," says Suidas, "was, in all, the author of fifty-four plays; some of his choruses are very fine. He was a complete master of the Attic dialect, and in his hands the perfection of that glorious instrument of thought is wonderfully shown."—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(18) Pan is the god of flocks and shepherds among the Greeks. He is said to be the son of Hermes by the daughter of Dryops, and was, so says the legend, from his birth perfectly developed; he had his horns, beard, puck-nose, tail, and goat's feet, and was covered with hair. His mother ran away when she saw him; but Hermes carried him into Olympus, where all the gods were de-

lighted with him, and especially Dionysus. The principal seat of his worship was Arcadia; at Athens his worship was not introduced till the time of the battle of Marathon. Pan was the patron of hunters, and was fond of music; he invented the syrinx, or shepherd's flute. Fir-trees were sacred to him, as the nymph Pitys, whom he loved, was metamorphosed into one. The sacrifices offered to him were cows, rams, lambs, milk, and honey.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(10) The Via Sacra issued from the western gate of Athens into some beautiful suburbs, passing through the Ceramicus, where were the monuments of the great men of Athens: monuments decorated with ornaments of poetry and sculpture. It then pursued its course through the olive-groves of Plato and the Academy, crossed the stream of the Cephissus, mounted the hill of Ægaleos, passed the temples of Apollo and Venus, and descended into the sacred plain; it ran through a long avenue of tombs of priests, poets, and philosophers; it coasted the Bay of Eleusis; and at length it arrived at the foot of the ample hill of Eleusis, crowned with marble porticos and spacious courts, and with the beautiful temple of Ceres, celebrated as the work of the most skilful architects, and venerable for its sanctity and its mysteries, which claimed for Eleusis the title of the religious capital of Greece. Along this Via Sacra moved the processions of priestesses between Eleusis and Athens on the great festivals; up the steps of the Via Sacra, leading to the entrance of the Acropolis, moved the quinquennial solemnity of the great Panathenæa. Aloft, above the head of the train, the sacred "Peplos" was raised, and, stretched like a sail upon a mast, waved in the air. It was enriched with an embroidered tissue of battles, of giants, and of gods, and was carried to the temple of Minerva Polias, in the citadel, whose statue it was to adorn. This procession took place on the 22nd day of the Athenian month Hecatombæon, answering to the 7th of July.

(²⁰) Minerva, of the Romans, was Athena, one of the great Greek divinities; Homer calls her a daughter of Zeus, from whose head she is said to have sprung fully armed. Her father, Zeus, was the most powerful of the gods, and, as some say, her mother, Metis, the wisest; hence she derived her power and wisdom. Athena was worshipped all over Greece; everything which gave strength and power to the State, such as agriculture, inventions, and industry, were under her immediate care; she created the olive-tree, and taught the people to yoke oxen to the plough and to take care of horses; she maintained law and order, and she was called the Goddess of War and the protectress of all heroes. Among the things sacred to her were the owl, serpent, cock and olive-tree; the sacrifices offered to her consisted of bulls, rams, and cows. Phidias made three statues of her: the first was the celebrated colossal statue in gold and ivory, which was erected on the Acropolis of Athens; the second was a still greater statue in bronze, made out of the spoils taken by the Athenians in the battle of Marathon; the third was a small bronze statue, called the Beautiful or Lemnian Athena, because it had been dedicated at Athens by the Lemnians. She wears a helmet, and carries in her hand a round Argolic shield, in the centre of which is the head of Medusa. She is said to be identical with the Minerva worshipped by the Romans.— *Dr. W. Smith.*

(²¹) The island of Salamis is said to be named after a daughter of Asopus and Methone. By Poseidon she became mother of Cenchreus: hence the island was called Cenchria. At Salamis, on the 20th October, B.C. 480, the great King of Persia, Xerxes I., sat on the northern slope of Mount Ægaleos, in his royal robes, on a throne of gold supported by silver feet. Around him were his princes and courtiers from Susa, and Babylon, and Ecbatana, and at his side stood his secretaries. He was overlooking his immense armada of vessels, which he had brought together

from every quarter of his vast dominions: from the Persian Gulf, from Ionia, Cyprus, and Caria, from Phœnicia and from Egypt. Opposed to them, on the western side of the strait, and lining the eastern coast of the island of Salamis, lay the combined navy of Athens, Ægina, and Sparta, consisting of 310 ships, while those of the Persians were 1000. Themistocles commanded the Athenians. The first ship attacked was a trireme galley returning from Ægina; the onset was vigorous at first, but the Athenians and Æginians, after a sharp conflict, broke the Persian lines, and soon both wings of the Persian fleet were broken and routed. Xerxes stood on the heights, surrounded by his immense army, and saw the discomfiture of his fleet without being able to render them assistance. His brother, Ariabignes, admiral of the fleet, was killed. Among the events of the day, is the exploit of the Queen of Halicarnassus. Artemisia, daughter of Lygdamus, a Halicarnassian, by a Cretan lady, had married the tyrant of Halicarnassus, in Caria, the native city of Herodotus, and had extended his reign over the islands of Cos, Nisyros, and Caldyna. On his death Artemisia succeeded to his authority. When the Persian court commanded the Asian Greeks to prepare for the European expedition, she fitted out a fleet of five galleys, and determined to command her little squadron in person. Xerxes had a great respect for her, and she attended at all the councils of war. She was one of the last who fled after the defeat of the Persians; but, being hotly pursued, she turned her galley against that of the nearest of the Persian fleet, commanded by Damasithymus, Prince of Calynda, in Lycia, with whom she is said to have been at enmity, and striking his galley on the side the vessel sunk, and the Prince and his attendants were at the mercy of the enemy and waves. Aminias, who was in pursuit of the Queen, mistaking the Queen's galley for one of the confederate fleet, turned to

pursue the other vessels, and the Queen escaped. Her exploit was much admired and applauded by Xerxes, who witnessed it from the shore. Lord Byron describes the scene beautifully in 'Childe Harold.'

A legend, preserved by Photius, says she was in love with Dardanus, a youth of Abydos; as he did not return her passion, she put his eyes out when he was asleep, and by an oracle was commanded to go to the rock of Leucas, whence she threw herself into the sea, like Sappho. Another account says that she grieved so much for the loss of her husband that she mingled his ashes with her daily drink, and died.

Xerxes groaned deeply when he saw the defeat of his armada; he rushed from his throne of gold, which afterwards became the spoil of the conquerors, and rent his clothes. Æschylus, in his drama of the 'Persians' has immortalised Salamis.

(22) Cyllene is a peak of the range which separates the inland valleys of Arcadia from the narrow strip of coast-land which forms Achaia. It is thus described—towering above the shore of the Corinthian Gulf, the lofty range of the Arcadian hills, commencing with the wooded heights of Erymanthus, runs in an easterly direction to the central peak of Cyllene, which was sacred to Hermes, who was said to have been born there, and was hence called Cyllenius. From the rocky pile of Cyllene a wavy line of hills stretches away towards Corinth, and is connected by the isthmus with Mount Geranea, an offshoot of Cithæron. Again, to the south-east of Cyllene, the huge barrier of Mount Mænalus separates Arcadia on the west from the Argolic peninsula on the east. Southward from Mænalus extends the ridge of Parnon, the eastern boundary of the valley of Sparta, which is bounded on the west by the magnificent range of Taygetus, ending in the Tænarian promontory. On the west of Taygetus, the hills

which form the southern and western limits of the upland plain of Arcadia are continued in the rugged surface of Messenia, in Mounts Ithome and Evas, in the peak of Lycæus, and in the low hills which encircle the luxuriant valley of Olympia, refreshed and beautified by the waters of the Alpheus winding through it to the sea.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece,' and Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(23) Mount Kerata is not far distant from Eleusis; the road from Megara to Athens crosses one of its lower ridges.

(24) Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia, south of the river Asopus, a continuation of the range of Parnes, nearly as celebrated as Mount Parnassus.

(25) Hydra, an island about one hour's sail from Kastri, is situated to the south of Argolis; it is a small rock, and quite barren, but it is covered with houses of dazzling whiteness. Hydra was not inhabited by the ancients; the Hydriate women are pretty and picturesque-looking. The patriots Condurietti, Tombazi, and Bondouri, were all natives of Hydra, as was also Miaulis, whose names will be remembered till the latest posterity. At one time the commercial navy of Hydra amounted to 150 vessels. The island is 12 miles from Spetzia, 11 miles long and 3 broad.

Trœzen, anciently Trœzene, a town of Argolis, so named from Trœzen, the son of Pelops. Theseus was born there.

Ægina is an island distant about 11 miles from the Piræus, and nearly the same from Epidaurus. It was for a time (1828-9) the seat of the Greek Government. Its climate is pure and healthy. The interior of the island is destitute of wood, but rocky precipices and pretty valleys make many pleasing prospects. On a pointed hill may be seen the ruins of a Venetian town of the middle ages. The ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, now said by some to be the ruins of a temple of Minerva, stand on a rocky promontory overlooking the sea, about 6 miles from

the port. It is supposed to be one of the oldest temples in Greece; from it you command a fine view. The temple is built of a soft porous stone, coated with thin stucco; the pavement was also covered with a fine stucco, painted a vermilion colour; twenty-two of the columns are still entire. In the rock beneath there is a cave, apparently leading under the temple, which was doubtless once employed in the mysteries of the old idolatry. Ægina was fabled to have derived its name from a daughter of the river god, Asopus. The Æginians fought on the side of the Athenians at Salamis, and distinguished themselves very much, but subsequently entered into a war with them, in which they were totally defeated.—*Extracts from Murray's 'Handbook.'*

Epidaurus, formerly an important place, and noted for its sacred groves, but now a miserable village, is situated in a recess of the Saronic Gulf, open to the north-east, and backed by high mountains. It is said to have been founded by Epidaurus, a son of Argos and Evadne; but according to Argive legends, a son of Pelops, or of Apollo. The place at which the first Greek Congress, or Constituent Assembly, met is half-an-hour's ride to the north-east of Epidaurus.

(26) The Temple of Nike Apteros, or Victory without Wings, is dedicated to a goddess sometimes identified with Pallas Athene, and called Athena Nike; she is thus represented in the earliest times, although in the time of Pericles she was figured as a young female with golden wings. This temple is supposed to have been built by Cimon; the sculptures represent the victories gained by the Athenians over the Persians, in which Cimon and his father Miltiades took part.

(27) The Propylæa vestibule of the Athenian Citadel, was built by the architect Mnesicles of Pentelic marble. It was commenced in B.C. 437, in the archonship of Euthymenes, and completed in five years. Much use was made

of the black marble of Eleusis in its construction. Through two great bronze doors which stood at the end of the gallery to the left of the Propylæa, adorned with the paintings of Polygnotus, passed the magnificent Panathenaic processions into the interior of the Athenian Acropolis, as represented in the long frieze of Phidias, on the marble walls of the Parthenon. Aristophanes, 'Clouds' 69, speaks of the ambitious desire of the Athenian youth to drive a car to the citadel; and the eloquent Epaminondas is reported by C. Nepos to have said, 'O men of Thebes, you must *uproot the Propylæa* of the Athenian Acropolis, and plant them in front of the Cadmean citadel.' The Propylæa was also called 'Pulai,' or *the Gates*.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

(28) There are three different Minervas of the Acropolis—Athena Parthenos, Athena Promachos, and Athena Polias. The Parthenon, or Temple of the Virgin, dedicated to the first of these, was built under the administration of Pericles by the architect Ictinus, assisted by Callistratus, entirely of Pentelic marble, except the roof, the tiles of which were of Parian marble. Its statues were executed by Phidias, Polycleetus, Alcamenes, Praxiteles, and Myron.

Pheidias, or Phidias, an Athenian, the son of Charmides, was the greatest sculptor and statuary of Greece. He executed most of his great works at Athens, and died B.C. 432; he made for the Eleans the ivory and gold statues of Zeus, and he worked for other Greek states. He is said to have made his famous colossal bronze statue of Athena Promachos in the Acropolis out of the spoils taken from the Persians at Marathon; he sometimes substituted ivory for marble in his statues, and gave them draperies of gold, as in his great work the ivory and gold statues of Athena in the Parthenon. All the statues in the Parthenon were executed under his direction, and from his designs, if not by his hand. There are some beautiful specimens of his art at Rome. The ivory and gold work was called *chryselephantine*.

(*) Poseidon, called Neptune by the Romans, son of Chronos and Rhea, and the brother of Zeus or Jupiter, was the god of the Mediterranean. His palace was in the depth of the sea, near *Ægæ* in Eubœa, where he kept his horses with brazen hoofs and golden manes. With these horses, he rides over the waves of the sea, which become calm as he approaches, and the monsters of the deep recognize him and pay him homage. He married Amphitrite, by whom he had three children, Triton, Rhodos, and Bentheseicyme. Poseidon is said to have taken an active part in the siege of Troy against the Trojans, whom he hated because of the fraud practised on him by Laomedon, father of Priam. He disputed with Minerva, which should give its name to the capital of Attica. The gods decided that it should receive its name from him who should present the most useful gift. Poseidon then created the horse, and Athena called forth the olive-tree, for which as the emblem of peace the honour was conferred on her.

(*) The Erechtheum was named from Erechtheus, a King of Athens, who is said to have introduced the worship of Athena, to have instituted the festival of the Panathenæa, and to have built the temple to Athena on the Acropolis. When Athena and Poseidon disputed about the possession of Attica, he decided in favour of Athena. Erechtheus was buried in the temple of Athena, and was worshipped by the Athenians, as well as Athena and Poseidon. His famous temple, the Erechtheum, stood on the Acropolis, and in it there were three altars, one of Poseidon, on which sacrifices were offered to Erechtheus also, the second of Butes, and the third of Hephæstus. He was the son of Ge or Atthis, the daughter of Cranaus, and Hephæstus; Athena reared him without the knowledge of the other gods, and entrusted him to Agraulos, Pandrosos, and Herse. When Erechtheus grew up he usurped the government of Athens, and expelled Amphitryon; his wife's name was Pasithea, and she bore him a son called Pandion.

(31) Orestes was the only son of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra, brother of Chrysothemis, Electra, and Iphigenia. According to Homer, Agamemnon on his return from Troy did not see his son, but was murdered by Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra. It was intended to destroy Orestes also, but Electra is said to have protected and saved him. In the 8th year after his father's murder, Orestes came to Mycene, and slew the murderer of his father, and celebrated the burial both of him and his mother Clytæmnestra. Soon after the death of his mother he was seized with madness, fancying he was pursued by the Erinnyes or Furies. On the advice of Apollo he took refuge at Athens with Athena; the goddess afforded him protection, and appointed the court of the Areopagus to decide his fate; he pleaded the command of the oracle at Delphi, which he had consulted before killing Ægisthus and his mother. Orestes was acquitted by command of Athena; whereupon he dedicated an altar to that goddess. Pylades, the son of Strophius, his great friend, accompanied him during his mad wanderings; they went to Tauris, where Thoas was king, and on their arrival were seized by the natives in order to be sacrificed on the altar of the goddess Artemis; but in the priestess of Artemis, Orestes recognized his sister Iphigenia, and all three escaped, carrying with them the image of the goddess. After his return Orestes took possession of his father's kingdom, Mycene, and when Cylarates of Argos died without leaving any heir, Orestes succeeded him. Orestes died of the bite of a serpent, in Arcadia, and was buried at Sparta, in accordance with an oracle. He married Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus, and became by her the father of Tisamenus.

(32) Delphus the son of Poseidon and Melantho, a daughter of Deucalion, is said to have given his name to the town of Delphi. Delphi was situated on the southern side of Mount Parnassus, within the western border of

Phocis, against Locris, and at no great distance from the seaport towns of Crissa and Cirrha. The mountains formed a kind of amphitheatre, difficult of access, in the midst of which a deep cavern discharged from a narrow orifice a vapour powerfully affecting the brain of those who came within its influence. It was first discovered by a goatherd, whose goats browsing on the brink were affected by it, and also himself, when he approached it, was thrown into convulsions. The superstitious ignorance of the age immediately ascribed it to the presence of a deity on the spot; it was said to be the oracle of the goddess Earth. The inhabitants from the country round about flocked to it to obtain information concerning futurity, to accomplish which one of them inhaled the vapour, and whatever he uttered in the ensuing intoxication passed for prophecy. Then it was determined that one person alone should be appointed to receive the inspiration, and render the responses of the Divinity; for this purpose, and to guard against the noxious effects of the vapour, a frame was placed over the opening, through which the maddening vapour might be inhaled safely. A virgin was preferred for the sacred office, and a frame was prepared resting on three feet, whence it had the name of tripod. The place bore the name of Pytho, derived from the exploit of Apollo performed there, which gave it a mystical dignity, and thence the title Pythia, or Pythoness, became attached to the prophetess. Earth was the first deity worshipped at Delphi, then the goddess Themis, and lastly Apollo. The spot where Delphi stood was said to be the centre of the earth; the Pythian games took place here, and some ages later athletic exercises were introduced in imitation of the Olympian. Nothing of any moment was undertaken in Greece without consulting the oracle at Delphi, particularly in circumstances of doubt or distress. Delphi was the refuge, and immense and valuable presents were made to the shrine. During the troublous times

in Greece, many brought their treasures to be deposited in safety at Delphi, which became in this way a kind of bank. The Priestess, or Pythoness, was never allowed, once there, to leave the temple, and was always selected from among mountain cottagers, the most unacquainted with mankind that could be found. The emanations from the cavern used to throw them into convulsions; and some are even said to have expired on leaving the tripod. The first notion of oracles or divination came from Egypt, where it had long existed, and vast temples had been built. The priesthood directed the belief and consciences of the people, and prophecy was not only among their pretensions, but the most indispensable part of their office. It happened that a master of a Phœnician vessel carried off a woman attendant of the temple of Jupiter at Thebes, on the Nile, and sold her in Thesprotia, a mountainous tract in the south-west of Epirus, bordering on the Adriatic Sea. Reduced thus to slavery, in order to improve her condition she gave out that she possessed the power of prophecy; she chose her station under an oak-tree, and, in the name of the god called Zeus by the Greeks, and Jupiter by the Romans, she delivered answers to those who came to consult her. A temple was built on the spot, and thus, according to Herodotus, arose the oracle of Jupiter at Dodona, the very place where tradition, still remaining to the days of that writer, testified that sacrifices had been performed only to the nameless god. Dodona is said to have been a country; and some authors place Dodona in Molossia, and others in Thesprotia, but it was most likely upon the borders of both. Wordsworth supposes the ruins of an ancient city eleven miles to the south-west of Janina, and known by the name of the Kastro, or ancient citadel of Dramisus, to be the ancient Dodona. Attached to its Acropolis are the remains of one of the largest theatres in Greece; there are also some remains of temples. The city was named Dodona from Dodon, a son of Zeus and

Europa. To return to Delphi, I must mention that to the west of the temple was the stadium, and to the east the glen through which fell a cascade, fed by the snows of Parnassus, and which descended into a basin hewn in the rock. This was the poetic fountain of Castalia, which still flows on amidst the ruined temples and statues of Delphi. Castalia, the nymph from whom the spring derives its name, was the daughter of Achelous, and is said to have thrown herself into the well when pursued by Apollo. This spring is now dedicated to St. John, and a small chapel has been built over the source. The celebrated line of the poet is well known :—

“Drink deep, or touch not the Castalian spring.”

The waters from this source run on in a westerly course, passing Crissa, till they join another stream from the north, and finally flow into the Gulf of Corinth.

(*) Cecrops, according to Apollodorus, was the first king of Attica, which derived from him its name, *Cecropia*, having previously been called Acte. He is described as an *Autochthon*, or indigenous. Thirlwall and Müller reject the commonly received opinion of the modern Greek writers, that Cecrops came to Greece with a band of colonists from Sais, in Egypt. It would therefore appear from traditions that he was a hero of the Pelasgian race. He married Agraulos, the daughter of Actæus, a chief of Attica, by whom he had a son, Erysichthon, and three daughters, Agraulos, Herse, and Pandrosos. Cecrops decided in favour of Athena in her contest with Poseidon, having seen the former plant the olive tree, whereas no one had seen Poseidon create the well of salt water. He is represented as introducing marriage, abolishing the sacrifice of life to Zeus, and as the author of the division of Attica into twelve communities.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(*) Eumenides, “well-meaning goddesses,” a euphonious term first applied by the court of Areopagus after the

acquittal of Orestes, to the Erinnyes, "the furies, curses, avenging deities" who pursued the criminal. *Æschylus* calls them the daughters of night, and *Sophocles* of darkness.

(*) Socrates, the celebrated Athenian philosopher and moralist, son of *Sophoniscus*, a statuery, was born in B.C. 468. It is doubtful of whom he was a disciple, but he appears to have neglected no means of self-cultivation. Socrates was attended by numerous and illustrious pupils, whom he instructed both by his exemplary conduct and admirable wisdom as he wandered in the groves of *Academos*, or on the banks of the *Ilyssus*. *Aristophanes*, in the 'Clouds,' makes him the object of ridicule for his opinions.

Socrates, accused of corrupting the youth and of despising the tutelary deities, was tried and condemned to death by a majority of eighty-one votes; and thirty days after the judgment he calmly drank the poison in his prison: but before doing so spoke long and ably to his friends and disciples, and developed to them the grounds of his immovable conviction of the immortality of the soul. We learn the opinions of Socrates from others than himself; among his biographers are *Plato* and *Xenophon*, his disciples.

(*) Mars, an ancient Roman god, who was identified with the Greek *Ares*, or the god of War. Next to *Jupiter* he held the first place among the gods, numerous temples were dedicated to him at Rome; he was also looked upon as a god with prophetic powers; the wolf and the horse were dedicated to him.

Ares (*Mars*) was the god of War, and one of the great Olympian gods of the Greeks. He is represented as the son of *Zeus* (*Jupiter*) and *Hera* (*Juno*). Unlike *Athena*, who represents wisdom in the affairs of war, and who protects men and their habitations from its ravages, *Ares* is nothing but the personification of bold force and strength,

loving war for its own sake, and delighting in the din and roar of battles, in the slaughter of men, and the destruction of towns. He is said to have been tried for murder by a court of the Olympian divinities on a hill of Athens, whence the place received the name of Areopagus. St. Paul preached to the Athenians from the hill of Mars (Acts xvii. 16).—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(w) Demosthenes, the greatest of the Greek orators, was the son of one Demosthenes, and born in the Attic Demos of Pacania; he is said to have been instructed in philosophy by Plato, and he studied the "Art of Rhetoric" by Isocrates in order to become an orator. He had a natural defect in his speech, which he succeeded in overcoming. His political career began B.C. 356, when he took an active part against King Philip of Macedonia, who subsequently became master of Greece. Demosthenes, by his orations against Philip, which incited his fellow-citizens to resistance, drew down upon him the wrath of the king. At the death of Philip, Demosthenes again called upon the Greeks to rise against Alexander, which they did; but the sudden appearance of Alexander struck terror into the Athenians, and they sent an embassy to him to sue for peace. Later, accused of taking bribes from Harpalus, he was declared guilty, and imprisoned. Escaping, he retired into exile, and resided partly at Troezen, and partly in Ægina, looking daily across the sea to his beloved Athens. When Alexander died, in B.C. 323, the Greeks recalled Demosthenes. A trireme was sent to Ægina to fetch him, and his progress from the Piræus to the city was a glorious triumph. When Antipater and Craterus marched upon Athens, Demosthenes and his friends took flight; but being captured by Archias, he took poison, and died in the temple of Poseidon, at Calauria, on the 10th of Pyanepsion, the latter part of October and 1st of November, B.C. 322.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(38) The gigantic temple of the Olympian Jupiter is the largest in the world ever erected to that deity. From the east end of the Acropolis we see its western front, consisting of ten Corinthian columns of Pentelic marble, surmounted by a high pediment adorned with sculpture. This temple was commenced by Pisistratus, and remained unfinished for more than six hundred years. It thus became an emblem of great intellectual works, commenced with huge effort, but not brought to a conclusion by their projector.

The Roman Emperor Hadrian finished the work about seven centuries after its commencement, and this gigantic fabric stood on its vast site,—a striking proof of the power of Rome exerted at a distance from Rome on the Athenian soil. It is hardly possible to conceive where and how the enormous masses of which this temple was built have disappeared.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

Olympius, the Olympian, occurs in Homer as a surname of Zeus, the Muses (Olympiades), and in general of all the gods that were believed to live on Mount Olympus, in contradistinction from the gods of the lower world. Olympus, the abode of the gods, is situated in the north-east of Thessaly, and is about 6000 feet high; on its summit, which rises above the clouds, and is itself cloudless, Hephæstus had built a town with gates, which was inhabited by Zeus, and the other divinities ('Od.' vi. 42, 'Il.' xi. 76). The palace of Zeus contained an assembly-hall, in which met not only the gods of Olympus, but also those who dwelt on the earth or in the sea.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(39) The Plain of Marathon in Attica, 22 miles from Athens, is about 6 miles in extent, and extends from north-east to south-west, to the south-west of Mount Parnes. Here, in September, 490 B.C., was fought the famous battle of Marathon, where the Greeks under Miltiades totally routed, with great slaughter, a vastly superior force of Persians, commanded by Datis and Artaphernes, generals

of Darius I. The ground was chosen as suitable for cavalry movements by Hippias, the exiled son of Pisistratus, who now served against his country. Themistocles and Aristides held commands in the Greek force. The battle was commenced by the Athenians, who were the first among the Greeks who dared to attack the Persians, the latter having been regarded with great fear. The battle lasted many hours. Six thousand four hundred Persians, and only one hundred and ninety-two Greeks, fell in this struggle, so decisive of the fate of Athens.

The Athenians enjoyed many physical advantages on the field of Marathon: they had also on their side certain religious ones, which are not to be forgotten. The place in which they fought was consecrated ground: it was dedicated to Hercules. As the Greeks at Thermopylæ fought beneath the mountain, so at Marathon they contended on the plain of that hero. Mount Ceta was, as it were, a natural altar, and Marathon a temple of Hercules. It was here, too, that his daughter Macaria offered herself up to death, as a victim for the liberty of her people. The fountain which supplied the marsh that was so destructive to the Persians bore her name. Her example could not have been absent from the minds of the Greeks, who were about to engage near it in a similar cause. It was near this stream that the sons of Hercules, by the assistance of the Athenian king of that time, routed the army of their enemy Eurystheus. Again, it was at Marathon that Theseus, the prince and guardian hero of Athens, destroyed the monster which ravaged the country, and had been brought by Hercules from Crete. It is evident that these local recollections were not lost upon those who welcomed with great gladness the promise of the pastoral deity Pan, to whom a grotto on the rocks above the plain of Marathon was subsequently dedicated—that he would come from Arcadia to assist them in the battle in which they were now about to engage. In fact, these very traditions were

blended in after-times with the historical features, and became a part of the real scenery of the battle of Marathon. The fresco in which it was represented by Panæus, the cousin of Phidias, on the walls of the *Pœcile*, or Painted Porch, at Athens; while in the back-ground were the Phœnician ships riding in the bay; and, nearer to the spectator, the Athenians were driving the Persians into the marshes and the sea—exhibited in the front of the picture, near Miltiades, Callimachus, and Cynægeirus, the forms of Minerva and of Hercules, and that of Theseus like one rising from the earth.

To the traveller who visits the plain of Marathon at this day, the two most attractive and interesting objects are the Tumulus or Mound, which has been described as standing between the two marshes where the greatest slaughter of the Persians took place, and about half a mile from the sea; and at a distance of a thousand yards to the north of this, the substructions of a square building, formed of large blocks of white marble, which now bears the name of *Pyrgos*, or the Tower.

Beneath the former lie the remains of the hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the battle: the latter is the trophy of Miltiades.—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

Aristeides (Aristides), son of Lysimachus, the Athenian statesman and general, makes his first certain appearance in history as archon eponymus of the year 489 B.C. Herodotus describes him as the best and most just of his countrymen; as ostracised and at enmity with Themistocles. Aristides bravely served his country at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea. Thucydides, Plato, Demosthenes, and Plutarch, bear testimony to the character which procured him the title of the "Just." He died about 470 B.C., and a tomb was erected to him at Phalerum at the public expense.

Themistocles, the victor at Salamis, was the son of Neocles, and was born about 514 B.C. As his mother was

not an Athenian, he belonged to the class called *nothi*, spurious, foreign. He was impetuous in character, and combined great intellectual power with ambition. When Xerxes invaded Greece Themistocles was at the head of the Athenian republic, and commanded the fleet. After the defeat of the Persian armament at Salamis in 480 B.C., and his subsequent successes, Themistocles received the highest honours, and by his prudent administration Athens was soon fortified with strong walls, the Piræus was rebuilt, and a powerful navy established. Notwithstanding these services Themistocles was banished, and ended his days in exile. His bones, however, were conveyed to Athens, and honoured with a magnificent tomb. He died about 449 B.C.

(40) Hydra has an area of 56 square miles, and contains 20,000 inhabitants. The island is rocky, but the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade, though not so much as formerly. The town of Hydra is remarkable for its neat white houses.

(41) Spetzia, or Petzæ, is smaller than Hydra; the town is built on the eastern shore of the island, and contains 4000 inhabitants. This island is the ancient Tiparenos, and is separated by a narrow strait from the Morea.

(42) Kastri is an hour and a half to the eastward of Kranidi, opposite the island of Hydra. It is the representative of the ancient Hermione: Neptune, Apollo, Isis and Serapis, Venus, Ceres, Bacchus, Diana, Vesta, and Minerva, had all temples here; but only their ruins and those of the city remain now. There was also a grove consecrated to the Graces, and behind the temple of Ceres was one of those unfathomable caverns which were believed to be mouths of the infernal regions. Kastri has two excellent ports. The inhabitants are of Albanian race.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(43) Nauplia, or Napoli di Romania, is a fortified sea-port

town of Greece, capital of the Government of Argolis in the Morea, five miles s.s.e. of Argos. Its population is 5000. It is enclosed by Venetian fortifications, with several batteries, and has two fortresses. One of these, called the "Palamede," is 720 feet above the level of the sea, and is only accessible on the eastern side. The other fortress, called "Acro-Nauplia," or "Itch Kali," by the Turks, is built on a peninsula at the foot of the Palamede, and is defended by numerous batteries. Here we found remains of antiquity; in the modern town are vestiges of Cyclopean walls. The church of St. Spiridion marks the place where Capo d'Istria was assassinated by George Mavromikhali, and in one of the squares is a monument to Prince Demetrius Hyspilanti. The roadstead of Nauplia is one of the best in Greece. Nauplius, a son of Poseidon and Amynone, of Argos, is the reputed founder of Nauplia, which received its name from him. A third of the name, King of Eubœa, was the father of Palamedes, who, having been the means of compelling Odysseus to go to the siege of Troy, was falsely accused by the latter and put to death. Nauplius is said to have avenged the death of his son, by decoying the Greek vessels, on their return to the coast of Eubœa, to dangerous positions by lighted torches. Many of the warriors and sailors thus perished by shipwreck, or by assassination when they reached the shore. To Palamedes is attributed the invention of lighthouses, measures, scales, dice, backgammon, the art of arranging an army in line of battle, and of regulating sentinels, besides the letters θ , ξ , χ , and ϕ , of the Greek alphabet. One of the fortresses of Nauplia derived its name from him.

(*) Tiryns derives its name, according to Pausanias, from Tiryns or Tiryntus, a son of Argus, the third King of Argos, himself the son of Zeus and Niobe. Proetus, son of Abas, twelfth King of Argos, having been expelled, returned with an armed force, took Tiryns, and fortified it by the assistance of the Cyclopes. The enormous blocks of

stone to be seen in the ruins of the ancient walls must excite the admiration of all. Perseus, Amphitryon, and Hercules, resided here.

(*) Argos is a large town, about seven miles from Nauplia, and is one of the most flourishing places in Greece. There are numerous gardens, and some well-built houses. The population is about 6000. The town is situated at the base of a conical hill, called *Larissa*, on which was situated the Acropolis of Argos. This hill is connected with a lower one, on which was another fortress, called *Aspis*, or "shield." *Larissa* in the Pelasgic dialect signifies "fortress." A modern castle has been built on the site of the ancient one. The chief ruins are the Cyclopean walls of the citadel, the amphitheatre, the subterranean passage, and the temples. Argos, one of the most ancient cities of Greece, was founded by Inachus, an Egyptian or Phœnician, who brought a band of shepherds from his native country to settle in that part of the Peloponnesus called afterwards Argolis, 1856 B.C. He was succeeded by his son Phoroneus. The River Inachus, which traverses Argolis and falls into the Argolic Gulf, took its name from him, or he from it. The dynasty of the Inachides was displaced by Danäus, son of Belus, an Egyptian, and that of the Belides substituted. Acrisius, son of Abas, was succeeded by Perseus, Sthenelus, and Eurystheus, uncle of Hercules. The Pelopidæ reigned there afterwards, to the injury of the Heracleidæ. Agamemnon, grandson of Pelops and son of Atreus, leader of the Greek forces against Troy, raised Mycenæ to greater importance than Argos; but Orestes, his son, restored to Argos its ancient power, and added to its territory. The Heracleidæ returned to Peloponnesus in 1190 B.C., and in 820 B.C. Argolis became an oligarchic republic. In 233 B.C. Argolis joined the Achaean league, and was taken possession of by the Romans in 146. Since then it has submitted to the Greek Emperors, the Crusaders, the Venetians, and the Turks. Argolis now

forms a province of the new kingdom of Greece. Its chief towns are Nauplia, Argos, Corinth, Kastri, and Paros. The Argolic Plain lies between the river Inachus on the north, and the mountains to the south of Argos and Mantinea.

(*) *Mycenæ*, Μυκῆναι, an ancient Pelasgic city founded by Perseus, son of Zeus, and Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, about 1300 years B.C. It was afterwards the capital of Agamemnon, whose descendants were dispossessed, B.C. 1104, on the return of the Heraclidæ. The city was destroyed by the Argives, B.C. 468; but there are numerous remains of the ancient buildings which are very interesting from their antiquity and grandeur, and from their connection with the Heroic Age of Greece. Mycenæ, or Mycene, is said to have derived its name either from Mycene, a daughter of Inachus, King of Argos, or from *myces*, μύκης, the pommel of Perseus' sword, which had fallen there. The ruins are situated near the village of Krabata.

(*) *The Treasury of Atreus*, the depository of the wealth of the Pelopidæ, sometimes called the tomb of Agamemnon, gave to the city the name of the *Golden Mycenæ*. Pausanias assigns it to the age of Atreus. It has two chambers—the outer one is 50 feet high, and the diameter of the dome is 47 feet 6 inches—the inner chamber is a square apartment of 23 feet. Dr. Wordsworth observes, "We imagine cars of excellent workmanship, whose sides are embossed with figures in curious relief, hanging on the walls which were then sheathed with metallic plates: we behold vases and tripods of bronze and gold, the gifts of Greek or Asiatic sovereigns, piled upon the floor: helmets and bucklers, swords and lances, the insignia and weapons of ancient heroes—some of them, it may be, believed to be the work of Vulcan, or the gifts of Minerva—suspended upon nails or ranged along the walls: there are bits and bridles, trappings of horses, and ivory frontlets dyed by

women of Mæonia; and in the chests placed beneath them lie embroidered tunics and cloaks, bright with purple and with gold; webs woven by honourable women, and noble princesses of the house of *Pelops*, of *Perseus*, and of *Atreus*."

(48) *Nemæa*, a daughter of *Asopus*, from whom the district of *Nemæa* between *Cleone* and *Phlius* in *Argolis* was said to have received its name.—*Dr. W. Smith*.

At *Nemæa* a cave is shown where was the abode of the lion killed by *Heracles*, who clothed himself in the skin. The *Nemæan* games, one of the four great games celebrated in Greece, were instituted by the *Argives* in honour of *Archemorus*, and were renewed by *Heracles*. They took place in the second and fourth years of each Olympiad. The contests were the usual "Pentathlon"—foot and chariot races, leaping, boxing, and wrestling.

Heracles, or *Hercules*, was the most celebrated hero of antiquity. He was son of *Zeus* by *Alcmene*, of *Thebes* in *Boeotia*. *Heracles* from his cradle manifested gigantic strength, and his exploits exceed those of any other celebrity of the Heroic Age. The account of the "twelve labours" to which he was condemned by *Eurystheus*, whom he was bound to serve, are only found in the later writers; *Homer* only mentions the carrying off of *Cerberus* from *Hades*. *Heracles* was protected by *Zeus* and *Athena*, but hated by *Hera*. The Greek myth was accepted by the Romans, who connected their earliest legends with *Hercules*. *Evander*, a Greek colonist, honoured *Hercules*, who is said to have visited Italy, with divine worship.

(49) *Cleone*. The only remains here are ruins of Cyclopean walls rising one above the other on a height, supposed to have been built by the Hellenes.

(50) The *Acro-Corinthus*, the citadel of *Corinth* for three thousand years, which has caused the place to be named the "Gibraltar of Greece," exceeds all other mountain

fortresses in the grandeur of its gigantic proportions. It is nearly 1900 feet in height, and the ascent is steep and difficult. Lord Byron speaks of it as,—

“ A fortress formed to Freedom’s hands.

* * * * *

The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side.”

The position of Corinth, on the isthmus between the two seas, the Sinus Saronicus, and the Sinus Corinthiacus, was favourable to commercial prosperity. The inhabitants became rich and luxurious ; but they founded many colonies. Triremes were first built here, and the first naval fight on record was between the Corinthians and their colonists the Coreyræans. Aphrodite (Venus) was worshipped here. In 146 B.C. Corinth was barbarously destroyed by Mummius, the Roman consul, when Greece became a Roman province ; but it was rebuilt and re-peopled in 46 B.C. by Julius Cæsar. In former times two long walls stretched from those of the city to the sea-shore, and connected it with *Lechæum*, its harbour in the Corinthian Gulf. A road to the south-east communicated with another port called Cenchræa, on the Saronic Gulf.

The first gate is flanked by an impregnable wall of rock ; it leads to a fortress called Pente Skouphia. Proceeding upwards you enter through a gate defended by artillery into a rocky fastness, within which are the remains of a temple of Venus, now the site of a mosque. This large enclosure contains the ruins of many houses, churches, and mosques. Here is the fountain still flowing with undiminished freshness and volume, so celebrated under the name *Pirene*. Here Bellerophon caught the winged steed Pegasus, when about to drink, on the eve of his expedition against the Chimæra. Pirene was sacred to the Muses. A spring in so elevated and isolated a position is remarkable. It flows into subterranean channels, and supplies the town of Corinth with water.

Pegasus, the winged horse, sprang from the blood which fell from the Gorgon Medusa, when her head was struck off by Perseus. The name Pegasus was given because he was believed to have made his appearance near the sources (πηγαι) of Oceanus. On his return from killing the Gorgon Pegasus carried Perseus against the sea-monster from which the hero delivered Andromeda. With a kick Pegasus raised the inspiring fountain of Hippocrene (the horse's fountain) on Mount Helicon in Bœotia, which was sacred to the Muses.

(¹¹) Mount Parnassus is the highest part of a range of mountains which extend through Doris and Phocis, and terminate at the Corinthian Gulf. The two highest peaks, Tithorea and Lycorea, are near Delphi. It is celebrated as one of the chief seats of Apollo and the Muses, and presents many interesting natural features. On Mount Lycorea is the famous Corycian cave, dedicated to Pan and the Nymphs. It consists of two caverns covered with stalactites, an outer and an inner one, connected together by a narrow passage. The floor is covered with stalagmites, and the whole has a striking appearance when viewed by torchlight. This mountain was also sacred to Dionysus (Bacchus), and Bacchanalian revels were held here. Parnassus may take its name from a son of Cleopompus and the nymph Cleodora. He is said to be the founder of Delphi, and the inventor of the art of foretelling the future by the flight of birds.

Helicon is a range of mountains in Bœotia, between Lake Copais and the Corinthian Gulf. It rises 4963 feet above the level of the sea. Here were the fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene, sacred to the Muses. Cithæron is a mountainous range, 4620 feet in elevation, separating Attica from Bœotia. It was sacred to Dionysus and the Muses, and was the scene of the death of Actæon, who was torn to pieces by his hounds.

(¹²) Patras, the ancient Patræ (Πάτραι), stands at the

north-west extremity of Achaia, at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth. On the opposite coast are the mountains of Acrocerania and Ætolia with the lagoons and town of Missolonghi at their feet. To the right are the plains of Elis and Achaia skirting the sea. The ancient Patræ stood on the slope of Mount Voidhia, 6322 feet high. It was founded by the Ionians, and is mentioned by Herodotus as one of the twelve cities of Achaia. Strabo describes it as a considerable town. In its acropolis was a temple to Diana, containing a statue of the goddess brought by Augustus from Calydon in Ætolia. There was also a temple to Ceres and a celebrated spring, over which is a modern Greek cathedral, dedicated to St. Andrew, and said to contain that apostle's bones.

(⁵³) Isthmius is a surname of Poseidon (Neptune), who was worshipped under this name on the Isthmus of Corinth. The Isthmian games were, when reinstituted by Theseus, celebrated in his honour. About a mile from the ancient port of Lechæum is the site of the grove of pines where the games were held. The only vestiges left are the ruins of the ancient Stadium, the shell of a theatre, and the foundations of the sacred precincts, which contained the temples of Neptune and Palæmon; nearer to Corinth are the ruins of an amphitheatre. St. Paul spent two years at Corinth. The apostle in his Epistle to the Corinthians notices the spectacles that took place in the amphitheatre.

(⁵⁴) Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, was a Roman deity, identified with the Greek Aphrodite. When she rose from the ocean she was received by the Seasons on the island of Cythera, where a magnificent shrine was raised to her. She was the wife of Vulcan. The Romans worshipped her universally, not only for the above and other attributes, but because, as the mother of the Trojan Æneas, the founder of Alba Longa, and the ancestor of

Romulus, she was instrumental in promoting the origin of the Roman nation.

(⁸⁸) The Isthmus of Corinth, a tract of limestone rock, which connects the Peloponnesus with Northern Greece, and unites two chains of lofty mountains, is about 10 miles in length. At the opposite side of Corinth, it opens upon the small Bay of Lutráki, which is joined to the little harbour of Kalamaki by a good road. At Kalamaki are store-houses, wine-shops, and a small hotel; and at this harbour the Austrian steamboats from Trieste and Athens meet twice a month. Kalamaki is the ancient Port Schoenus. The road across the isthmus is very wild and picturesque, and the rocks are covered with the Isthmian pine. The Isthmian sanctuary contains a temple to Poseidon, and a Stadium; the space enclosed inside the walls of the sanctuary is about 540 feet in length, but in breadth it varies from 600 to 300 feet. The northern portion of the walls, according to Pausanias, extended at one time across the Isthmus, and it may still be traced in its whole extent from the Bay of Lechæum to the Bay of Schoenus. The first of these walls mentioned in history is the one thrown up by the Peloponnesians when Xerxes was invading Greece. A short distance north of the Isthmian wall was the Diolcos, a level road, upon which small ships were drawn on rollers from one sea to the other. The idea of cutting through the isthmus was entertained in antiquity from Periander to Nero, and Nero actually commenced the work. He continued it for a length of four stadia, when he was obliged to give it up in consequence of the insurrection of Vindex in Gaul. The canal was commenced upon the western shore, close to the Diolcos, and traces of it may still be seen. It has now little depth, but it is 200 feet wide, and may be traced for about 1200 yards.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'* "The Venetians also undertook to cut through the Isthmus, and a tradition still exists that, whilst the workmen were

excavating the ground, of which traces still remain, a fountain of blood issued out of the earth, and simultaneously a blight affected the men, who languished from that hour and died."—*Reminiscences of Athens and the Morea* by the late Earl of Carnarvon.

(56) Megara, the capital of the small state of Megaris, has left few remains of antiquity. It is situated about a mile from the sea between the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs, opposite the Island of Salamis. Its citadel was called *Alcathoe*, from its reputed founder Alcathous, son of Pelops; and its seaport was *Nisæa*, connected with Megara by two walls, built by the Athenians between 461-445 B.C. Megara founded the colonies of Selymbria, Chalcedon, Byzantium, and the Hyblæan Megara in Sicily. The Megareans distinguished themselves against the Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, and Plateæ. No vestiges remain of the temples described by Pausanias, or of the aqueduct of Theagenes. The fountain at which the girls of the modern town fill their water-jars is probably the ancient spring of the Sithnides, nymphs of the place. Some blocks of Pelasgic walls, some pieces of columns, and several statues, are all that remain of this spirited little republic of Attica.

(57) "Eleusis was built at the eastern end of a low rocky height, a mile in length, which lies parallel to the sea-shore, and is separated to the west from the falls of Mount *Kerata* by a narrow branch of the plain. The eastern extremity of the hill was levelled artificially for the reception of the Hierum of Demeter (*Ceres*) and the other sacred buildings. Above these are the ruins of an acropolis. A triangular space of about 500 yards each side, lying between the hill and the shore, was occupied by the town of Eleusis. On the eastern side the town wall is traced along the summit of an artificial embankment, carried across the marshy ground from some heights

near the Hierum, on one of which stands a castle built during the middle ages of the Byzantine empire. This wall, according to a common practice in the military architecture of the Greeks, was prolonged into the sea, so as to form a mole sheltering a harbour, which was entirely artificial. There are many remains of walls and buildings along the shore, as well as in other parts of the town and citadel; but they are mere foundations, the Hierum alone preserving any considerable remains,"—*Leake*.

"The sacred way which led from Athens to Eleusis issued from the western and principal gate of the Athenian city into the most beautiful of her suburbs; here in the Ceramicus, as it was called, were the monuments of her great men, monuments decorated with the ornaments of poetry and of sculpture; and among them the orations were spoken over the graves of those who had fallen in their country's cause, which made their fate an object to their survivors and friends rather of congratulation than of grief. It then pursued its course through the olive groves of Plato and of the Academy; it crossed the stream of the Cephissus; it mounted the hill of *Ægaleos*; it passed by the temples of Apollo and Venus, and descended into the sacred plain; it ran through a long avenue of tombs of priests and poets, and philosophers; it coasted the Bay of Eleusis, which, girt as it is on all sides (with the exception of two narrow channels) by majestic mountains, presents the appearance of a beautiful lake; and at length, as the termination of its course, it arrived at the foot of the ample hill of Eleusis, crowned with marble porticos and spacious courts, and with the stupendous pile of the temple of Ceres, celebrated as the work of the most skilful architects, and venerable for its sanctity and its mysteries, which claimed for Eleusis the title of the religious capital of Greece.

"Of the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis few vestiges now remain. It stood on an elevated platform at the eastern

extremity of the rock on which the city was built. It was approached by a portico similar to that at the western side of the Acropolis of Athens. Thus these two Propylæa, which were both the works of Pericles, looked towards each other."—*Dr. Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

Demeter, γῆ μήτηρ (Ceres), was the Goddess of the Earth, and the protectress of agriculture and of the fruits of the soil. She was daughter of Chronos (Saturn) and Rhea (Cybele), and mother of Persephone (Proserpine). The latter having been carried off to Hades by Aidoneus (Pluto) with the permission of Zeus (Jupiter) her father, Demeter left Olympus in anger, and dwelt on earth among men, conferring blessings where she was kindly received. But Demeter was not thoroughly pacified until Pluto consented to allow her daughter to spend a part of the year above ground. During her wanderings in search of Persephone she came to Celeus, King of Eleusis, who hospitably entertained her, in return for which she instructed his son Triptolemus in agriculture, giving him a chariot with winged dragons, by which he might traverse the earth, dispensing the seeds of wheat which she had given to him, and making men acquainted with the blessings of agriculture. Triptolemus established the Thesmophoria (θεσμός φέρω, law-giving), a festival held by the Athenian women in honour of Demeter and Persephone.

The meaning of the legend is this: Persephone is the seed-corn, which remains in the ground a part of the year; rising again from the ground, in the harvest it nourishes men and animals.

(ss) The Eleusinian Mysteries, or Eleusinia, or The Mysteries, held at Eleusis in Attica in honour of Demeter and Persephone, were the most venerable of the Greek religious ceremonies. Founded either by Eumolpus, or Musæus, or introduced by Erechtheus, King of Athens, from Egypt, when he imported corn from that country in

a time of scarcity, this sacred festival was not only attended by distinguished persons from Athens, but by kings, princes, governors, philosophers, statesmen, poets, historians, and other men of note from foreign countries. The real nature of the mystic celebration is not known, but some of the outward circumstances attending the performance of the sacred rites are not involved in similar obscurity.

"The fifth day of the Sacred Festival," says Dr. Wordsworth, "was distinguished by a magnificent procession of the initiated, who were clad in purple robes, and bore on their heads crowns of myrtle: the priests led the way into the interior of the temple through the southern portico which has been described. The worshippers followed in pairs, each bearing a torch, and in solemn silence. But the evening of the tenth day of this august pageant was the most remarkable: it brought with it the consummation of the mystic ceremonies. On it the initiated were admitted for the first time to a full enjoyment of the privileges which the mysteries conferred. Having gone through the previous rites of fasting and of purification, they were clad in the sacred fawn-skin, and led at eventide into the vestibule of the temple. The doors of the building itself were as yet closed. Then the profane were commanded by the priests, with a loud voice, to retire. The worshippers remained alone. Presently strange sounds were heard; dreadful apparitions, as of dying men, were seen; lightnings flashed through the thick darkness in which they were enveloped, and thunders rolled around them; light and gloom succeeded each other with rapid interchange. After these preliminaries, at length the doors of the temple were thrown open. Its interior shone with one blaze of light. The votaries were then led to the feet of the statue of the goddess, who was clad in the most gorgeous attire; in her presence their temples were encircled by the hands of the priests with the sacred

wreath of myrtle, which was intended to direct their thoughts to the myrtle groves of the blessed in those happy isles to which they would be carried after death; their eyes were dazzled with the most vivid and beautiful colours, and their ears charmed with the most melodious sounds, both rendered more enchanting by their contrast with those fearful and ghastly objects which had just before been offered to their senses. They were now admitted to behold visions of the Creation of the Universe, to see the workings of that divine agency by which the machine of the world was regulated and controlled, to contemplate the state of society which prevailed upon the earth before the visit of Ceres to Attica, and to witness the introduction of agriculture, of sound laws, and of gentle manners, which followed the steps of that goddess; to recognise the immortality of the soul, as typified by the concealment of corn sown in the earth, by its revival in the green blade, and by its full ripeness in the golden harvest; or, as the same idea was otherwise expressed, by the abduction of Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, to the region of darkness, in order that she might spend six months beneath the earth, and then arise again to spend an equal time in the realms of light and joy. Above all, they were invited to view the spectacle of that happy state in which they themselves, the initiated, were to exist hereafter. These revelations contained the greatest happiness to which man could aspire in this life, and assured him of such bliss as nothing could exceed or diminish, in the next."

(*) Proserpina, or Persephone, the daughter of Zeus and Demeter, was worshipped as the Goddess of Death, the wife of Aidoneus (Pluto) and the Queen of the Shades. She was carried off by Pluto whilst gathering flowers with Artemis and Athena on earth, in the meadows of Enna. Persephone was worshipped as the symbol of immortality, and is often represented on sarcophagi. She is also the

symbol of vegetation, which shoots forth in spring, and in the mystical theories of the Orphics and the Platonists she is described as the all-pervading Goddess of Nature who both produces and destroys everything. She had temples at Corinth, Sparta, Megara, and at Locri in Italy; and to her alone were dedicated the mysteries celebrated at Athens in the month of Anthesterion. Two festivals were held in her honour in Sicily; one at the time of sowing, and one at harvest time. In works of art Persephone is seen very frequently; she bears the grave and severe character of an infernal Juno, or she appears as a mystical divinity with a sceptre and a little box: but she was mostly represented in the act of being carried off by Pluto.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

Artemis (Diana), daughter of Zeus and Leto, and sister of Apollo, is the goddess of strength and health, and one of the great Greek divinities. Artemis, like her brother, is armed with a bow, quiver, and arrows, and sends plague and death among men and animals. She is a *θεὰ ἀπόλλουσα*. So also, like Apollo, she is a *θεὰ σώτειρα*, that is, she cured and alleviated the sufferings of mortals. She was more especially the protectress of the young, both of mankind and of animals, and also of game ranging through the forests, whence she came to be regarded as the goddess of the flocks and the chase: she is the huntress among the immortals. Homer calls her *ἐλαφιβόλος*, the stag-killer. The laurel was sacred to both divinities, and both were regarded as the founders and protectors of towns and streets. The *Arcadian Artemis* is the goddess of nymphs, and was worshipped as such in Arcadia in very early times. Her sanctuaries and temples were more numerous in this country than in any other part of Greece, and were usually near lakes or rivers, whence she was called *Λυμνήτις* or *Λυμναία*. In this way associated with the river-gods, fish were sacred to her. The *Taurian Artemis* was a mystical divinity whom the Greeks for some reason iden-

tified with their own Artemis, to whom all strangers thrown on the coast of Tauris were sacrificed. Iphigenia and Orestes brought her statue from thence into Attica, landing at a place called Brauron, whence the goddess derived the name of Brauronia. This Artemis was worshipped at Sparta, where, according to the regulations of Lycurgus, boys were flogged so severely that the statue of the goddess was sprinkled with their blood. This, it is said, was to do away with the human sacrifices previously offered to her. Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, who was at first to have been sacrificed to Artemis, and then became her priestess, was afterwards identified with the goddess. The *Ephesian Artemis* was a divinity totally distinct from the Greek goddess of the same name. She seems to have been the personification of the fructifying and all-nourishing powers of nature. It is an opinion almost universally adopted that she was an ancient Asiatic divinity whose worship the Greeks found established in Ionia, when they settled there, and that, for some resemblance they discovered, they applied to her the name of Artemis. Her image in the magnificent temple at Ephesus was represented πολυμαστός, many breasted; the whole figure represented a mummy: her head was surrounded with a mural crown, and the lower part of her body, which ended in a point, like a pyramid turned upside down, was covered with figures of mystic animals. Her symbol was a bee, and her high priest was called king. The worship of this goddess is said to have been established at Ephesus by the Amazons.—*Dr. W. Smith.*

(*) "The fortress of Phylæ, which guarded the narrow defile into Bœotia from the plain of Athens formed by Mount Ægaleos on the south and Parnes on the north, still preserves its ancient name. Its walls and towers remain in nearly the same state as when it received, in the month of September, B.C. 404, the future deliverer of Athens, Thrasybulus, who was here besieged by his

opponents, and who sallied forth from its gates with his small force to eject the Thirty Tyrants from the city, and to raise Athens from the state of degradation to which it had been reduced by the Lacedæmonians at the close of the Peloponnesian War. From the lofty eminence on which this castle stands, the eye enjoys a magnificent prospect of the plain and citadel of Athens—from which Phylæ is distant about 10 miles—objects which, thus presented to their gaze, doubtless inspired Thrasybulus and his followers with fresh courage and patriotism, and stimulated them with an enthusiastic desire to liberate their country from the unworthy bondage by which it was enthralled. From Phylæ Thrasybulus descended into the Athenian plain with a band of 700 men. His first aim was the town of Acharnæ, which lies at the south-east of that fortress. It is six miles from Athens, and was the largest and most important of the 174 Demi or Boroughs of Attica. Here he defeated his antagonists: this victory enabled him to proceed without interruption to the Peiræus, from which he expelled the forces of the Tyrants, and was thus furnished with the means of effecting an entrance into the city itself, and of rescuing it from their hands.”—*Wordsworth's 'Greece.'*

“Thrasybulus, an Athenian, was the son of Lycus of the deme Steiria. He was zealously attached to the democratic party, and was a warm friend of Alcibiades. He was one of the most renowned commanders of the Athenians, and served his country in many engagements. He was killed in the night by the people of Aspendus near the Eurymedon. His tomb was on the road leading to the Academy, near those of Pericles, Chabrias, and Phormion.”

(⁶¹) Mount Pentelicus, called Penteli, or Mendeli, by the modern Greeks, rises 3500 feet above the level of the sea, 10 miles north-east of Athens. It is celebrated for its quarries of white marble, which resembles that of Paros in splendour of whiteness, though finer in texture,

like Carrara marble. The Parthenon, the Propylæa, and the temple of Theseus are built of it.

Hymettus, a mountain on the south-east of Athens, is separated from Pentelicus by a depression two miles in length. It was famous for its honey and quarries of marble. Pliny says it possessed mines of silver. The northern portion is called Greater Hymettus, and the southern Lesser Hymettus. Ovid speaks of the "purple hills of the flowery Hymettus." In the southern extremity, near Bari, the modern name for Anagyrus, is a grotto, once sacred to the nymphs. Inscriptions mention this and name Pan, Apollo, and the Graces as residing here.

TURKEY.

(1) The Strait of the Dardanelles lies between Europe and Asia, and connects the Archipelago (Ægean Sea) with the Sea of Marmara (Propontis). Its length is 40 miles, and its breadth from 1 to 4 miles. The name was given by two castles so called, one on the European and the other on the Asiatic side, now called Kilidh-Bahr, and Sultanié-kalessi respectively. Sestos in Europe and Abydos in Asia, remarkable for the story of Hero and Leander, are situated at the narrowest part of the Strait, across which Lord Byron swam. The shores of the Strait are strongly fortified. In 1807 the Strait of the Dardanelles was forced by a fleet under Admiral Duckworth. Here also the army of Xerxes I., and those of the Turks in the latter days of the Greek Empire, crossed into Europe. This Strait was anciently called Hellespont (Helle's Sea). Helle was the daughter of Athamas, King of Orchomenos, in Bœotia, and Nephele. Her brother Phrixus being about to be sacrificed to Zeus, Nephele sent both her children away through the air on the ram with the golden

fleece. Helle, frightened, fell into the Strait, which was called after her the Hellespont. Phrixus arrived safely at Colchis, sacrificed the ram to Zeus, and presented the fleece to Æetes, king of that country. Here it remained till carried away by Jason and the other Argonauts.

(1) Constantinople, called by the Osmanli Stamboul, the capital of the Turkish Empire, is built on a triangular portion of land between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The population, including the suburbs Pera, Galata, Scutari, &c., is about 800,000; of which 200,000 are Greeks and 60,000 Jews. This city was founded on the site of the ancient Byzantium, and was so named by Constantine the Great, who removed the seat of government here from Rome in 330 A.D. Byzantium was founded on the Thracian Bosphorus by the Megarians, B.C. 658, and derived its name from their leader Byzus. Constantinople is built on seven hills, and contains a vast number of mosques, hospitals, bazaars, khans, coffee-houses, caravanserais, baths, kiosks, and gardens. The Mosque of St. Sophia was a Christian church in the time of the Greek emperors. It is a truly magnificent structure. The numerous minarets of the Mosque of Achmet have a fine effect. The situation of the city is splendid, but the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. The antiquities are, a column erected by Constantine the Great, part of the column of Arcadius, the pillar of Marcian, the aqueduct of Valens, the ruins of the palace of Theodosius II., called the Boucoleon, and the subterranean cisterns, one of which is a vault supported by 424 pillars.

(2) The Bosphorus, or Bosphorus, the Strait of Constantinople, separates Europe from Asia, and connects the Sea of Marmara with the Euxine or Black Sea. The harbour of Constantinople, or the "Golden Horn," is one of its gulfs. Its length is 20 miles, and its breadth from one to two miles. This channel was anciently called the

Thracian Bosphorus, a name derived from βόις, ox, and πόντος passage, alluding to the Greek legend of Io, under the form of a cow, swimming across the Strait. Bosphorus, therefore, means *ox-ford*. The Bosphorus is celebrated for the Argonautic expedition under Jason to Colchis, and that of Darius Hystaspes against Scythia. At a later period it was crossed by the Goths, the Crusaders, and the Turks. The shores of this Strait are diversified with numerous points and inlets, which turn the current from side to side; they are covered with ruins of by-gone magnificence, and sumptuous modern Oriental mansions.

(444) Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, is situated in Asia Minor, on the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople. It is built on several hills, and greatly resembles the capital of which it is a suburb. Here is the great rendezvous for caravans from Asia to Constantinople. Chrysopolis was the port of ancient Chalcedon.

(5) Sestos, or Sestus (Iolova), a town of Thrace, at the narrowest part of the Hellespont, was founded by the Æolians. The story of Hero and Leander, the bridge of boats thrown over from the opposite point at Abydos by Xerxes, B.C. 480, and the prowess of Lord Byron, who swam across the Strait, have made the place celebrated.

Abydos, now Fort Nagara, was anciently a Milesian colony. It was situated on the south side of the Hellespont, in the Troad in Asia Minor.

(7) Samothrace, or Samothracia (Samothraki, and in Turkish Semendrek), is an island in the Ægean Sea, 14 miles N.N.W. of Imbros. Its area is 30 square miles, and population 1500. The surface of the island is mountainous, and in the centre attains an elevation of 5248 feet. This mountain is called Saece or Saos, and commands a wide prospect of the surrounding islands, shores, and seas. Hence Neptune, according to Homer ('Il.,' xiii. 13), viewed the scene of conflict during the Trojan War.

The chief celebrity of the "Thracian Samos" was derived from the religious mysteries, Cabeiria, belonging to the worship of the Cabiri, said to have been instituted by the Pelasgians. The Cabiri were mystic divinities worshipped at Lemnos, Imbros, Pergamus, Thebes, and other places, but with most splendour at Samothrace. Candidates for admission underwent an examination as to their previous life. Philip of Macedon and his wife Olympias were among the initiated. At the battle of Salamis the Samothracians fought on the side of the Persians. The ruins of the ancient town of Samothracia are on the north side of the island.

(*) Tenedos is an island off the west coast of Asia Minor, opposite Troas, about 12 miles from the mouth of the Hellespont. It was behind this mountainous island that the Greeks concealed themselves when they pretended to abandon the siege of Troy.

"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:
Huc se provecti deserto in litore condunt.
Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenæ."—

'Æneid.' ii. 21.

Tenedos was so called from Tenes, son of Cynus and Proclea, of Troas. Its previous name was Leucophrys. Tenedos was allied with Athens during the Peloponnesian War, and at the peace of Antalcidas, in 387 B.C., it was given up to the Persians. Vespasian united it to the Roman empire, and Justinian established a dépôt there. Mahomet II. disputed its possession with the Venetians, who finally lost it in 1657. During the war of Greek independence the Turkish fleet was burnt in the harbour by Canaris.

(*) Mitylene, or Mytilene, is the principal city of the island of Lesbos, which is situated in the *Ægean* Sea, from seven to ten miles distant from the coast of Mysia in Asia Minor. Lesbos was originally peopled by the Pelasgians,

and subsequently colonised by the Æolians. The latter founded six cities, of which the chief was Mytilene. This island was famous in Ancient History as the native region of Æolian lyric poetry. The poets Alcæus, Sappho, and Arion, the musician Terpander, the statesman Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, the historian Hellanicus, and the philosophers Theophrastus and Phantias were natives of Lesbos. It formed part of the dominions of Priam, and was captured after a sanguinary conflict by Achilles and Ulysses. Cyrus the Great took possession of the island, whose inhabitants followed both Darius I. and Xerxes in their warlike expeditions. After the Persian war the Lesbians fell into the hands of the Athenians. Many times they changed their masters; Persians, Greeks, and Romans, Scythians, Saracens, and, lastly, Turks, successively made this spot the theatre of war.

Lesbos is now called Mitylene, or Mytilini, and its chief town Kastro, or Kastron. The interior is picturesque and the soil fertile, producing grapes, figs, olives, corn, cotton, pine timber, and pitch. A range of mountains reaches an elevation of 3080 feet.

(10) Smyrna (Turkish, *Izmir*), one of the most ancient and flourishing cities of Asia Minor, was situated on the river Meles, near the entrance of the valley of Hermus, where was the rich city of Sardis. Possessed of a spacious harbour, Smyrna became the emporium of trade between Asia and Europe. This position it maintains at the present time. Smyrna was founded by the Æolian Greeks—from them it passed into the power of the Ionians of Colophon. The new city is said to have been built by Antigonos on the south-east side of the Hermæan Gulf. This city was much favoured by the Romans, whom it had aided in the Mithridatic wars; but during the Roman Civil War it was taken, and partly destroyed, by Dolabella, for assisting one of the murderers of Cæsar. An earthquake in the year 178 demolished the city, which was

rebuilt by Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor. Smyrna was one of the seven churches of Asia addressed by St. John, and here bishop Polycarp suffered martyrdom, A.D. 166. Having suffered much from war, it was again rebuilt by the Byzantine emperor, John Comnenus, but in 1402 was captured by Tamerlane. In 1424 Smyrna was added to the Turkish conquests by the Sultan Amurath II.

The population of Smyrna is about 150,000, composed of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Franks. The trade is carried on chiefly with Great Britain, France, Austria, and the United States, and consists in exporting silk, cotton, wool, hair, hides, opium, copper, olive-oil, drugs, figs, and raisins, and in importing sugar, spirits, woollen, silk, and cotton manufactured goods, metals, and coffee. There is a railway to Aidin, and steam communication with Athens, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Beyrout.

(11) Rhodes (Rhodos, Rhodus), the most easterly island of the Archipelago, lies about 14 miles south of Cape Cynossema (Aloupo), off the coast of Caria. The name is said to have been derived from Rhodos, or Rhode, daughter of Poseidon and Helia. She was loved by Helios (Apollo), and bore seven children, called after their father Heliades. Another account ascribes the name of the island to the roses with which it was covered. Homer mentions three Dorian settlements in Rhodes, which later became a powerful maritime state, and so continued for several centuries, sending colonies into Asia, Italy, Spain, and Sicily. Just before the war between the Greeks and Persians the latter took possession of the island, but Rhodes subsequently became a subject of contention between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians. Taken by Alcibiades in 408 B.C., it was rescued by Lysander the Spartan. Mausolus, King of Caria, and his widow Artemisia, successively ruled the Rhodians. At her death, in 351 B.C., they recovered their liberty by the aid of Athens, but submitted to Alexander the Great, at whose death they again became

independent, B.C. 323. Attacked by Demetrius Poliorcetes in 305, they bravely resisted for a year, having been assisted by Ptolemy Lagus, King of Egypt. An earthquake in 222 destroyed the city of Rhodes, but, aided by the other Greek states, she soon recovered her former splendour. Rhodes fought against the Byzantines, Antiochus and Mithridates, and afterwards the Romans, by whom, in the reign of Vespasian, it was made an integral part of the Roman empire.

Rhodes again became the theatre of war between the Greek emperors and the successors of Mahomet. During the Crusades it was captured by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in 1309, whose valour for more than two centuries withstood the attacks of the Ottoman sultans, among whom was Mahomet II., rendered still more formidable by his conquest of Constantinople. At length, in 1523, after a siege of five months, conducted in person by Solymán the Magnificent with a force of 300 ships and 100,000 men, the heroic Grand-master, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, seeing himself abandoned by the Christian states and destitute of supplies, made an honourable capitulation, and retired, with the residue of his gallant knights and a number of the inhabitants, to the States of the Church. In 1530 the Emperor Charles V. established the order in the island of Malta.

Rhodes has been termed "the Pearl of the Levant." Its population is about 30,000, of which two-thirds are Greeks. It is crossed by a mountain-chain, covered with forests, which supply good timber for ship-building. The chief exports are wax, honey, cotton, fruits, and drugs; the imports, manufactured English and American goods, French fancy articles, coals from England for the use of the Mediterranean packets, and cattle, sheep, and horses, from Asia Minor.

(12) Alexandretta (Scanderoon, or Iskenderun), anciently Alexandria ad Issum, the port of Aleppo, is situated on the

coast of Syria, on the eastern shore of the bay of Scanderoon (anc. Sinus Issicus). The town is unhealthy, being situated in the midst of marshes; Europeans, therefore, reside at a small village named Bailan, near the pass of Amanus, called anciently Pylæ-Syriæ, or the *gates of Syria*, the northern entrance into Syria, near which is the plain of Issus, where Alexander defeated Darius.

(11) Jaffa, Joppa (Arab. Yafa), a sea-port of Palestine, is placed on a portion of land projecting into the sea. Its site is on a slope, and has a picturesque appearance. Jaffa is famous in history as the place where Hiram landed the cedar timber to be used in building the temple erected by Solomon, and as the port where Jonah embarked for Tarshish. It was captured by Judas Maccabæus, and then by the Romans. The Emperor Constantine made it a bishop's see. During the Crusades it was fortified by Baldwin I., but these fortifications were destroyed by Saladin in 1188. Richard I. of England was confined here by sickness. Jaffa was sacked by the Arabs in 1722, by the Mamelukes in 1775, and by Napoleon in 1799. It is the *dépôt* for goods for Jerusalem, and other places in the interior, and numerous pilgrims pass through it on their way to and from the Holy City.

EGYPT.

(1) Port Said is situated at the entrance of the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean. It consists of an outer and an inner basin, the outer one formed by two large stone piers, which stretch out into the sea. A lighthouse guides into the harbour vessels of all nations, now in considerable numbers. The town of Port Said is rapidly growing up into a place of importance, and the factories and other establishments connected with the Suez Canal give it a bustling

appearance. Lake Menzaleh is to the south-west of the port, and is separated from the sea by a sandy tract.

(*) Alexandria (Iskenderiyeh), near the western branch of the Nile, was founded by order of Alexander the Great in B.C. 332. The site, previously occupied by a village called Rhakôtis, is a neck of land between Lake Mareotis and the Mediterranean, opposite the island of Pharos. On the latter, which was joined to the city by a dyke, Ptolemy Soter, B.C. 283, built a lighthouse, *Pharos*, which was considered as one of the wonders of the world: this is now replaced by the Castle of Farillon. The capital of Egypt under the Ptolemies, Alexandria absorbed all the commerce of Europe with Asia, and became the centre of attraction, not only to merchants but to learned men, and thus became the most renowned and wealthy city of the day. The splendid library collected by Ptolemy Philadelphus was barbarously destroyed by the order of the Caliph Omar in 651 A.D. Under the Roman dominion Alexandria still maintained its commercial reputation; but during the reigns of the Byzantine Emperors, and more especially after the Saracenic and Turkish conquests, its trade and wealth dwindled gradually away. The discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope injured its commerce. Since the increased intercourse with Western Europe, however, the prosperity of the city has revived. The overland route to India has greatly assisted in this result, and the reforms of Mehemet Ali and his successors continue to exercise an increasing influence for the benefit of Alexandria and the country at large. Alexandria became at an early period the chief seat of Christianity, and was famous for the learning of its Theologians. The most remarkable relics of antiquity are the obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, the Column of Diocletian, commonly called Pompey's Pillar, the cisterns, and the catacombs. The two obelisks, one of which is lying on the ground, are believed to have been brought from Heliopolis to be planted

in front of some palace. Modern Alexandria has assumed somewhat of a European aspect, as well from the construction of its new squares and streets as from the costume and style of a part of the inhabitants.

(*) Lake Mareotis, so called from Marea, a town of Lower Egypt, is a salt lagoon, separated from the Mediterranean by a neck of land on which Alexandria stands. The Egyptian name is Birket-el-Mariaûlt. It was supplied with water by the Canopic branch of the Nile, and served as a harbour for the Nile vessels. The sea now finds its way in.

(*) Ramadan, or Ramazan, is the ninth month of the Turkish Calendar, during which the Musulmans observe strict abstinence from sunrise to sunset. At the conclusion of the fast, the feast of the Little Beiram is celebrated, when the Sultan distributes presents.

(*) Boulâk (or Boolâk), the port of Cairo, contained, in 1833, a population of 5000 souls. It formerly stood on an island, where, Macrisi says, sugar-cane was cultivated; and the old channel which passed between it and Cairo may still be traced, particularly to the northward, about half-way from the Shoobra road. The filling up of this channel has removed Cairo farther from the Nile and given Boulâk the advantages of a port. All goods from Alexandria are received here, but those from Upper Egypt at Ateekeh (old Cairo). At Boulâk is the Palace of Ismail Pasha, who was killed in the province of Shendy in 1821, by Melek Nimr, whom he had commanded to raise a levy of a considerable number of blacks for the service of his father, Mohammed Ali, within the short space of three days. When the Ethiopian asked for a longer delay, he struck him on the mouth with his pipe, adding insult to the blow. The Chief concealed his feelings, but inviting him to spend the night on shore, set fire to a large quantity of reeds placed round the house. Thus surrounded by flames the Pasha

and his party were overwhelmed, without the possibility of escape.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(6) Benisoóéf is the capital of the province, and the residence of the Bey, or Governor. It has a manufactory for silk and cotton stuffs, built by Mohammed Ali in 1826; but it is no longer famous for its linen manufactures, as in the time of Leo Africanus, when it supplied the whole of Egypt with flax and exported great quantities to Tunis and other parts of Barbary.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(7) Minieh, generally called Miniet ebn Khaseéb, was also called Monieh and Miniet ebn Fusseel, and they say tradition speaks of a Greek King of the place, with the Arabic name Kasim. In Coptic it is called Mooné, or Tmôné, and in the Memphitic dialect Thmôné, signifying "the Abode." Leo Africanus says: "Minieh, on the west bank of the Nile, is a very neat town, built in the time of the Moslems by Khaseeb, who was appointed Governor under the caliphate of Bagdad. It abounds in every kind of fruit, and has many remains of Egyptian monuments: there is also a sugar-manufactory, established by the Pasha a few years back."

The modern cemetery of Minieh is at Zowyet el Mýitéén, on the eastern bank between Soóádee and Kom-Ahmar. Thrice every year the inhabitants of Miniet pay a visit of ceremony to the tombs: the visit lasts seven days—the 15th of the month, or the full moon, being the principal day. The mode of ferrying over the bodies of the dead, attended by the ululations of women, and the choice of the cemetery on the opposite side of the river, is the same as the ancient customs of the Egyptians. It was the old Egyptian custom of ferrying over the dead that gave rise to the Fable of Charon and the Styx, which Diodorus traces to the funeral ceremonies of Egypt.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(8) The grottoes of Beni Hassan. The columns in the southern grottoes of Beni Hassan are of the earliest Egyptian

style. There is one tomb, whose owner's name, written in hieroglyphics, is Nefothph, or Nekoth, with the names of his father and mother. He was Governor of this part of the country on the east side of the Nile. In the same tomb is a long hieroglyphic inscription, consisting of 222 lines, relating to the person buried in the tomb, and introducing the names of Osirtasen I. and II., and of the two intervening Kings—Amun-m'-gori I., B.C. 1696, also Amun-m'-gori II., who reigned at least 35 years B.C. 1686. During his reign the mines of the eastern desert of Egypt were already worked, and the port of Ænnum, or Philotera (Old Kossayr), was probably built for trade with Arabia.

In the reign of Osirtasen I., 1740 B.C., previous to the two Amun-m'-goris, Joseph is said to have arrived in Egypt, in 1706. Osirtasen reigned at least 43 years. Previous to his reign the names and eras of the monarchs are uncertain. Very few monuments remain of a date prior to his reign; but the names of his predecessors occur in the sculptures. Osirtasen I. is in the 16th Dynasty.—*Murray; and Wilkinson.*

The villages of Beni Hassan were destroyed about 27 years ago by Ibrahim Pasha, the inhabitants being incorrigible thieves. The town to which the grottoes belong seems to have been built on the opposite bank of the river to the grottoes, as the principal person in the tombs is called Governor of the Eastern district.

(*) The grotto of Speos Artemidos, "Cave of Diana," to which the Egyptians give the common name of Stab Antar, has inscribed over some of the doors the names of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great, king of Macedon. Ptolemy Lagus being at that time governor of Egypt, the king kneels to present the figure of truth to the lioness-headed goddess of the place, Pasht, or Bubastis. Behind him stands Athor, the Egyptian Venus; and in another compartment the king is standing on one side in the

presence of Amun and Horns ; on the other, of Thoth and Moui (Gem or Hercules).—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(10) Pasht, or Bubastis, was principally worshipped in the Delta and Lower Egypt ; great honours were paid to her also in the high country, and at Thebes, and her figure holds a conspicuous place among the Egyptian deities. The city of Bubastis stood east of the Delta, and at a short distance from the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, whose lofty mounds, called Tel Baste, still mark its site. "Here," says Herodotus, "is a temple of Bubastis, who is the same as the Greek Diana : it stands on an island surrounded by water, except at the entrance passage. Two separate canals lead from the Nile to the entrance, which, diverging to the right and left, surround the temple. They are about 100 feet broad, and planted with trees. The vestibule is 10 orgyies (fathoms) high, ornamented with very fine figures, 6 cubits in height. The temple stands in the centre of the town, and is enclosed by a wall, on which a great number of figures are sculptured ; and within the wall is a sacred grove, planted round the cella of the temple, where stood the statue of the goddess." Bubastis is represented with the head of a lioness or a cat, and to her the latter was sacred ; on her head she bears a disk, from which rises the Uræus, or royal asp ; and in her hand she holds the usual sceptre of the Egyptian goddesses. One of the principal festivals of the Egyptians was held at Bubastis in honour of Pasht. "They sacrificed a great number of victims to Pasht, and a greater consumption of wine took place than during the rest of the year ; according to the accounts of the people themselves, no less than 700,000 persons of both sexes are present besides children." Pasht, or Bubastis, is a member of the great triad of Memphis, and the usual companion of Pthah, by whom she is said in the hieroglyphic legends to be "beloved." Herodotus considers her the daughter of Bacchus (Osiris) and Isis.—*Sir J. G. Wilkinson.*

(11) The Lotus, or Lotos, *Nymphaea Lotus*, is an aquatic plant growing in the Nile. Among the Egyptians it was the emblem of the sun, as its flower appeared at sunrise and closed at sunset. In the ancient paintings and sculptures women are frequently represented holding lotus flowers in their hands, and inhaling the odour of them. It was the favourite flower of the country. Nofre-Atmoo, styled "Protector of the two regions of Egypt," a deity of the second class, is found bearing a lotus-flower on his head.

(12) The Oases of the Desert. The most frequented roads from the Nile to the Little Oasis are from Behnesa through the Fyoom; the distance from either being about three days' journey over a high desert plain or lofty tableland, intersected here and there by small shallow valleys or ravines, worn by the rain that occasionally falls there. The Oases lie in certain depressions in this mountain plain, surrounded by cliffs more or less precipitous. An Oasis is a patch of fertile soil composed of sand and clay, which owes its fertility to the springs that rise and fertilise it. Here are gardens, palm groves, fields, and villages, with a sandy plain beyond, in which stunted tamarisks, coarse grasses, and other desert plants struggle to keep their heads above the sand that gradually covers them. The distant hills, or the abrupt faces of the high mountain plain surrounding the whole, complete the scene; and if you ascend a height you see some stagnant lakes, whose exhalations spread fever among the inhabitants. The modern name of the Little Oasis, the Oasis Parva of the Romans, is Wah el Behnesa. The only ancient stone remains are a small ruin near Zubbo and a Roman building in the town of El Kasr, which has thence derived its name, signifying "the Palace." This Oasis has several springs of warm water, which, when left to cool in earthen porous jars, is quite wholesome. In this Wah are grown a variety of fruit trees, much liquorice, rice, barley, wheat,orra,

clover, and wild cotton; but the principal source of wealth here is the date tree, yielding very superior fruit, which is sent in quantities to Egypt. The inhabitants of the Oasis make a wine from the palm; they also make treacle from the dates; the pomegranates they lay up for the winter; the liquorice they sell in baskets on the Nile, and use for sherbet. At El Kasr they have apricots, Seville oranges and vines, also the banana, the olive, peach, fig, and pear trees. Olives are abundant, but come mostly from Seewah and Faráfreh. The inhabitants pay great attention to their land, but they have not to undergo the toil of raising the water for their lands, as on the Nile, having a constant supply of water from plentiful streams; but the stagnant lakes exhale a pernicious miasma. The opinion seems to be that these streams are originally fed by the water of the Nile, which, when carried over the clay, finds its way to the different Oases, as to the Natron valley; and its occasionally rising higher than the Nile is explained by its having entered the conducting stratum at some more southerly and consequently more elevated part of the river's course. The tax imposed on the Little Oasis was in 1825, 640*l.*, annually paid to Hassan Bey Shamashirgee, to whom this and the Oasis of Ammon both belonged; and the peace of the district is maintained by 400 or 500 armed men. The small Wah of El Hayz is a short day to the south of the Oasis; it has springs and cultivated land, but no village. The people of El Kasr and Bowitti go there at certain seasons to till it and collect the crops. At El Errees, near here, are the remains of some buildings, and a ruined church, once the abode of some Christian monks. Some of the arches have the horse-shoe form; and there is a Coptic inscription over a window. About three days from El Kasr is the Oasis and village of Faráfreh, containing about 60 or 70 male inhabitants. The *kassob*, "cane," appears to be the *dokhn*, or millet, grown in this district. The productions of Faráfreh are the same as the

other Oases. About five miles to the west of El Kasr is a sandstone temple, called E'Dayr el Hagar, the stone convent. It has the names of Nero and Litus, and on the ceiling of the adytum is part of an astronomical subject. Amun, Maut, and Khonso, the Theban triad, were the principal deities: the ram-headed Neph also appears, with Harpocrates and other gods; but the Theban Jupiter and Maut hold the place of honour. Wah e' Dakhleh is also a considerable Oasis; it abounds in fruits, and appears to have contained more villages than the others. Much rice is grown here, as about Moot and Mâsarah, but it is inferior to that grown in the Delta, the grain being small and hard. There are also the remains of the ancient town called Isment el Kharâb. Here there are ruins of large buildings of the Roman-Egyptian time. Many of the houses of the town remain, mostly stuccoed and vaulted, and the streets may easily be traced.

Three days to the eastward of the Wah e' Dakhleh is the Great Oasis, Wah el Khârgêh; it has also the name Menamoon, signifying "abode of Amun." On the road is a small temple, and a well of water called Ain Amoor, surrounded by a brick wall, to protect the temple, and allow access to the spring. Kneph, Amunre, and Maut are the principal deities. Though the name seems to be of a Cæsar, the temple appears older than the generality of those of the Oases. At the Oasis of El Khârgêh is a *columbarium*, consisting of a large arched chamber, pierced with small cells for cinerary urns; beyond it are other ruins and tombs, and then another columbarium, and a tower 40 feet high. About a mile to the south is the Hasa Ain e' Sont, "the Palace of the Acacia Fountain." The exterior is ornamented with the Egyptian cornice, but it seems of Roman time. The great temple is larger than any in the Oases, and is dedicated to Amun; and here the ram-headed god has the same name as the long-feathered Amun of Thebes. It was common among the gods of the

Egyptian Pantheon to borrow each other's attributes, as in this case Amun has taken the ram's head. The figures in the adytum are small, probably of Ptolemaic or Roman time. The oldest name found in this temple is Darius. There is also a Greek inscription of the first year of the Emperor Galba, consisting of 66 lines. The temple measures about 142 feet by 63, and about 30 feet in height. In the vicinity of the temple stood the ancient town. It bore the name of Ibis, or, in Egyptian, *Hebi*, "the plough." There are many remains of buildings near the temple, a remarkable Necropolis, a stone building, bearing the names of Adrian and Antoninus. The inscriptions on the walls are mostly Coptic and Arabic, and the sacred *Tau*, the Egyptian symbol of life adopted by these early Christians, frequently occurs here instead of the cross.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

The Oasis of Ammon on the Siwah. In the temple of Amun belonging to this Oasis is said to be the fountain of the Sun, which measures about 80 feet by 55, and is formed by springs. The water is warmer in the night than by day, and is 12 degrees heavier in specific gravity than that of the Nile. It is now called Om Baydah. The ruins of this celebrated temple of Amun are not of very great extent, but many of the sculptures still remain. The productions of the Siwah are the same as those of the Little Oasis, but the dates are finer; they are a small white date, and are much esteemed. The inhabitants are hospitable, but suspicious and savage in their habits and religion. They have a form of government which is in the hands of Sheikhs, and a language peculiar to themselves. The Siwah was first brought under the rule of Mohammed Ali, and attached to Egypt in 1820. It was then invaded and taken by Hassan Bey Shamashirgee, who has ever since received the revenues, as well as those of the Little Oasis and Faráfreh, which he also annexed to Egypt. E' Dakhleh then belonged to Ibrahim Pasha; and

the Great Oasis always paid its taxes to the government treasury. At Siwah they make beautiful wicker baskets.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(13) Sohag, or Soohág, is better built than the generality of felláh villages, with some good houses and mosks. Its mounds show it must have succeeded an old town: it has given its name to a large canal, called "Toora," "Khaleég," or "Moie-t-Soohág," that takes the water of the Nile into the interior during the inundation, and is similar in size and purport to the Bahr Yoosef. It is this canal which irrigates the plain about Sioot and the lands to the south of Daroot e' Shereef, assisted here and there by lateral canals from the river. Its entrance is well constructed, being lined with hewn stone. A *gisr*, or raised dyke, forms the usual communication during the high Nile, with the villages in the interior; and here and there, on the way to Iffoo and the two monasteries, you pass other smaller canals, all which, as well as the Moie-t-Soohág, are without water in summer. Several small ponds, also dry at this season, are passed on the way, and at the edge of the cultivated land the peasants sink wells for artificial irrigation; the water of the Nile filtering through the soil to any distance from the banks, and affording a constant supply at the then level of the river.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(14) Akhmim, or Ekhmim, on the east bank, is the site of Chemmis, or Panopolis; in Coptic, Chmim or Shmin, formerly one of the most considerable cities of the Thebaïd. The modern Ekhmim is about a quarter of a mile from the Nile. There are some fine remains here, several inscriptions, bearing the names of Roman Emperors, and a temple to the god Pan of Egypt. According to Strabo, Panopolis was a very ancient city, and the inhabitants were famous as linen-manufacturers and workers in stone; nor, according to Herodotus, were they so much prejudiced against

the manners of the Greeks as the rest of the Egyptians. He says Chemmis is a large city of the Thebaid, where there is a temple of Perseus, the son of Danaë. This temple is of a square form, and surrounded with palm-trees. It is now the centre of the Coptic Christians, who have several churches here.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(15 & 16) Abydos, or Abydus. The distance from the river to Abydus (Arâbat el Matfoôn, *the buried*—in Coptic, Ebôt) is, according to Pliny, 7½ Roman miles. Its ruins date from the time of Sethi, or Osirei I., and his son, the great Rameses. Strabo says Abydus formerly held the first rank among the cities next to Thebes. It is mentioned as one of the supposed burying-places of Osiris, Memphis being the other most believed in. Osiris, in his mysterious character, was the greatest of all Egyptian deities. His principal office was to judge the dead, and to rule over that kingdom where the souls of good men were admitted to perfect felicity. Seated on his throne, accompanied by Isis and Nephthys, with the four genii of Amenti, who stand on a lotus growing from the waters, in the centre of the divine abode, he receives the account of the actions of the deceased from Thoth. Horus, his son, brings the deceased into his presence, bringing with him the tablet of Thoth. After his actions have been weighed in the scales of Truth, or Justice—to Anubis, who is styled the director of the night, belongs this duty—assisted by Horus, he places in one scale a feather, and in the other a vase, emblematic of the virtuous actions of the deceased. A Cynocephalus, emblem of the Ibis-headed god, sits on the upper part of the balance, and Cerberus, the guardian of the palace of Osiris, is present. Some of the dead are represented wearing round their necks the same emblem which appears in the scales, to prove they have been weighed and not found wanting. The Egyptians also believed that those who had been found guilty of sin were doomed to pass through the bodies of different animals

to purify them, that they might again mix with the parent soul from which they emanated. This doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of the soul, was afterwards adopted by Pythagoras.

Osiris had that attribute of the Deity which signified the Divine goodness. He was called Omphis, which signifies a good and beneficent being. He was also styled President of the West, Lord of Abydos, Lord of the World, Lord of Life, the Eternal Ruler, and King of the Gods. The mysteries of Eleusis were borrowed from those celebrated in honour of the death of Osiris, by his wife Isis. The Greeks identify Osiris with Bacchus; he was also supposed to answer to Pluto. "By Osiris," says Plutarch, "they mean the Nile; by Isis, that part of the country which it overflows; and by Typho, the sea." And by the notion of Osiris being born on the right side of the world, and perishing on the left, is explained the rising of the Nile in the South country, which is the left, and running northwards till it is swallowed up by the sea. Osiris is said to have been murdered by Typho, who had a beautiful chest made, highly ornamented, in which he persuaded Osiris to lie down, when he and other conspirators immediately fastened it down. Isis, when she heard it, cut off her hair and put on mourning; later she recovered the box at Byblus and set sail for Egypt, and hid the box in an unfrequented place; but Typho found it, and knowing the body inside, tore it into fourteen pieces, dispersing them all over the country. Isis is depicted in some sculptures in search of the scattered members of her husband's body, in a boat made of papyrus-rush, in order more easily to pass through the marshy and fenny parts of the country.

This story is an allegory, and is thus explained: Osiris is the inundation of the Nile; Isis the irrigated portion of the Land of Egypt; Horus, their offspring, the vapours and exhalations producing rain; Buto (Latona) the marshy lands of Lower Egypt, where those vapours were nou-

rished ; Nephthys, the edge of the desert, occasionally overflowed during the high inundations ; Anubis, the son of Osiris and Nephthys, the production of that barren soil, in consequence of its being overflowed by the Nile ; Typho, the sea, which swallowed up the Nile waters ; the conspirators, the drought overcoming the moisture, from which the increase of the Nile proceeds ; the chest in which Osiris's body was confined, the banks of the river, within which it retired after the inundation ; the Tanaitic mouth, the lake and barren lands about it, which were held in abhorrence from their being overflowed by the river without producing any benefit to the country ; the 28 years of his life, the " 28 cubits to which the Nile rises at Elephantina, its greatest height ;" the 17th Athor, the period when the river retires within its banks ; the Queen of Æthiopia, the southern winds preventing the clouds being carried southwards ; the different members of Osiris's body, the main channels and canals by which the inundation passed into the interior of the country, where each was said to be afterwards buried : that one which could not be recovered was the productive power of the Nile, which still continued in the stream itself ; or, as Plutarch thinks, it was said to be thrown into the river, because " water or moisture was the first matter upon which the productive power of the Deity operated, and that principle by which all things capable of being were produced." The victory of Horus, means the power possessed by the clouds in causing the inundations of the Nile ; Harpocrates, whom Isis brought forth about the winter solstice, those weak shootings of the corn produced after the inundation had subsided. Some think Osiris emblematical of the changes of the moon ; he is said to have reigned 28 years, alluding to the number of days in which the moon performs her course round the earth. As to being torn into fourteen pieces, it marks the number of days in which the moon decreases from its full to its change.

Plutarch says Osiris is frequently represented black, but more usually green; and, when Judge of Amenti, he has the form of a mummied figure, holding in his crossed hands the crest and flagellum. He is clad in pure white, and wears on his head the cap of Upper Egypt, decked with ostrich-feathers; in sculptures a spotted skin is sometimes suspended near him—an emblem supposed to connect him with the Greek Bacchus. Osiris is the first god of the Triad composed of Osiris, Isis, and Horus; his worship was universal through Egypt, but Philæ and Abydus were the two places where Osiris was particularly worshipped.—*Sir Gardner Wilkinson.*

(17) The tablet, or list of Kings at Abydus. Rameses caused this tablet to be sculptured on the wall of one of the lateral apartments in the temple of Abydus: it contains a series of names of kings, the predecessors of Rameses the Great; but, unfortunately, the commencement has been broken away, so that the order of succession of the earliest Pharaohs is still a desideratum. The list, however, fully accords with the date and order of the names of the existing monuments, and with those of the Memnonium of Thebes. It was first discovered by Mr. Banks in 1818, and having been carried away by M. Mimaut, the French Consul-General, and sold in Paris, is now in the British Museum.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(18) Alepar Temple, or the Palace of Memnon, was commenced by Osiris, and finished by his son, Rameses the Great. The style of its roof is singular among Egyptian monuments; it has a dome, or vault, which was formerly covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, beautifully coloured, with ovals of kings, stars, and transverse bands, containing hieroglyphics. The capitals are in the form of lotus buds. The whole is constructed of sandstone, probably from the quarries of Silsilis.

(19) Denderah, or Dendera, is a modern village celebrated for a large breed of fowls, which, as they differ so much from those on the Nile, may claim descent from some Indian strangers brought there by accident. The name of Tentyris, or Tentyra, in Coptic Tentoré, or Trikentore, seems to have originated in that of the goddess Athor, or Aphrodite, who was particularly worshipped here. This temple is still in very good preservation. There are some beautiful columns and a fine portico still standing, and on its ceiling is the zodiac which has led to much discussion. It is not Egyptian. At length, through a Greek inscription and the hieroglyphical names of the Cæsars on its exterior and interior walls, it has been ascertained to be of a more modern date, and its probable antiquity 1800 years. The only three zodiacs known are at Dendera, Esné, and its neighbour e'Dayr, and they are of Ptolemaic or Roman date. In the zodiacs of Esné and Dendera, the sign Cancer is represented by a scarabæus, not a crab; though other signs, as Sagittarius, under the form of a Centaur, evidently of Greek invention, are admitted.

Numerous are the names of the Cæsars in the Temple. In the portico may be distinguished those of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. On the back of the *pronaos*, or portico, those of Augustus and Caligula. The oldest names are those of Ptolemy Cæsarion, or Neo-Cæsar, son of the celebrated Cleopatra, by Julius Cæsar, and of his mother. Athor is represented in this temple nursing a young child, said to be her son. Its name was Ehôn, and he is the third member of the triad of the place, and the child of Athor. Behind the temple of Venus, or Athor, is a chapel to Isis, which is very small. It is in this temple that the Cow is figured, before which our Sepoys are said to have prostrated themselves when they landed in Egypt. According to a Greek inscription, we learn that this temple was dedicated to Isis in the 31st year of Cæsar Augustus; Publius Octavius being military

governor, and Marcus Claudius Posthumus commander-in-chief. Five hundred paces east of the *pylon* of Isis is another brick enclosure, with an entrance of stone, like the other pylons, bearing the name of Antoninus Pius. Over the face of the gateway is a representation of the Sun, with its sacred emblem, the hawk, supported by Isis and Nephthys. These two "sister goddesses" represented "the beginning and the end," and were commonly introduced on funereal monuments. There is another building near the temple of Athor, with the capitals ornamented by representations of a Typhonian monster. This building Champollion supposed to have been one of the *mammeisi*, or "lying-in places" set apart for the accouchement of the goddess, and where the third of the triad was born. The sculptures all refer to the child, and the monster seems only to be connected in a subordinate character. In the limestone mountains s.e. of Dendera are some old quarries, and a few rude grottoes. Between the town and the edge of the sandy plain to the south is a low channel, which may once have been a canal; and it is not improbable that to this the Tentyrites owed their insular position, according to Pliny. The Tentyrites were the professed enemies of the crocodile, and it was a cause of serious dispute between them and the inhabitants of Ombos, who worshipped it. The Tentyrites were very dexterous in attacking and killing the crocodile, which caused a religious war between them and the Ombites.—*Sir J. G. Wilkinson.*

The crocodile was sacred to the god Sevak. Its worship did not extend all over Egypt. The Ombites worshipped it, and the Tentyrites eat it; the inhabitants of Apollinopolis killed and eat it because they supposed it was in the shape of a crocodile that Typho escaped the pursuit of Horus. It enjoyed great honours at Coptos, Ombos, and Athribis, or Crocodilopolis, in the Thebaïd. In Lower Egypt it was held sacred at a place called the City of Crocodiles, and afterwards at Arsinoë, built in honour of

the wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which was capital of a nome, now the province of Fyoom. The animals were kept in the Lake Mœris and buried in the underground chambers of the famous labyrinth. Herodotus says the Egyptians called crocodiles Champses, a corruption of the Coptic or Egyptian name, Msah, or Emsook, from which the Arabs derive the modern name Temséh. The crocodiles were a guard to the country; for the robbers of Africa and Arabia did not dare to swim across the river to pillage the lands on account of them. It is now seldom eaten, but its hide is used by the Egyptians and Ethiopians for shields and other purposes. The glands are taken from beneath the arm, or fore-leg, for the musk they contain. The females lay eggs not much bigger than those of a goose, but by degrees they increase in length. Wherever the female lays her eggs, it is remarked that so far will be the extent of the inundation for that year. She generally lays sixty, which require sixty days to be hatched. The crocodile has no tongue, its eyes whilst in the water are covered with a thin pellucid membrane, called the nictitating membrane. The mummies of crocodiles are found at Thebes and at Maabdeh. About Beni Hassan is the most northerly point where crocodiles are found. The little bird called the Trochilus, or Siksak, by the Arabs, is said to apprise the crocodile of the approach of danger by its shrill voice. It is a small bird, of a slate colour, the abdomen and neck white, the head black, with two white stripes running from the bill, and meeting at the nape of the neck. A black mantle extends from its shoulders to its tail. The feet are blue, and the beak black. The wings are also black. It is the *Charadrius Melanocephalus* of Linnæus.

(20) Hathor, Athor, or Athyr, the Egyptian Venus, or Aphrodite, is frequently represented with the attributes of Isis, with whom, therefore, she is identified by Apuleius;

and in one of her characters she so nearly resembles her, that with difficulty she can be distinguished from the consort of Osiris. The analogy between these divinities is strongly marked by the name Athor, which means the house of Horus. In a papyrus published by M. Champollion, she is said to be a "Neith in the East country, and Sme in the lotus and waters of the West;" which calls to mind the Venus of Sparta, and Cythera, who wore the dress and arms of Minerva. She is frequently figured under the form of a spotted cow, thought to live behind the western mountain of Thebes, from which the paintings of the Necropolis represent it issuing. She is probably then the morning star; since there is every reason to believe that the planet Venus belonged to her, and that from the Egyptian Athor was borrowed the Greek Venus, the reputed daughter of Cœlus and Dies, distinct from the Goddess of Beauty, the wife of Vulcan. It was into her arms that the setting sun, as it retired behind the mountain, was thought to be received, and in this character she answered to Night, who presided over the West,—though she was distinct from that primæval night, or primitive darkness, from which all things proceeded into existence. We may also see in the name of the Cow, "Ehe," the origin of the Greek Io, who, according to the mythological tales of the ancients, was supposed to have visited Egypt in her wanderings, and to have been "changed into Isis (Diodorus i. 24) in the city of Coptos, where she was worshipped under that name." The third Egyptian month in which the death of Osiris was fabled to have happened, was called after Athor; and it was at this season that the shrines of the goddess (Ceres or Isis) were carried in procession, when the Pleiades appear, and the husbandmen begin to sow their corn, called by the Egyptians Athyr.

In the temple dedicated to Athor at Aboosimbel she is represented under the form of a Cow, to which the king and queen offer flowers and libations as it stands in a

sacred boat surrounded by water plants. She is generally represented as a female with a head-dress surmounted by long horns, and a solar disc; and between the horns of the spotted cow, her emblem, are the same disc and two feathers. She sometimes bears upon her head a perch, on which is seated a hawk with an ostrich feather before it, being the head-dress of the Genius, or Goddess of the West.

The female heads with cows' ears, which form the capitals of columns at Aboosimbel, Dendera, and other temples, usually ascribed to Isis, are of the Egyptian Aphrodite; and many shrines, arks, and sacred emblems are adorned with the head of Athor. These heads are certainly the most beautiful which the Egyptian artists have invented. They argue in favour of Athor being the Goddess of Beauty, like the Venus of the Greeks.

It was not as a mere emblem that the cow and ox were worshipped by the Egyptians, in consequence of their utility in the tillage of the land. "The utility of cattle," says Porphyry, "and the smallness of their herds, induced the Egyptians to prohibit the slaughter of cows, while they killed oxen for the altar and the table." A similar motive may originally have induced the Hindoos to venerate the cow.—*Sir J. G. Wilkinson.*

(1) Isis was more frequently worshipped as a deity in Egypt than Osiris. She has many names. In the region of Amenti she corresponded to Proserpina, as the wife of Osiris, the judge of the dead; she was called Thermuthis, "the giver of death." Apuleius addresses her as Ceres. According to Herodotus Ceres and Bacchus were the same as Isis and Osiris, and had sovereign power in the lower regions. An inscription of Arrius Balbinus at Capua calls Isis "one and all things;" Plutarch considers "Isis to be the Earth, the feminine part of nature, or that property which renders her a fit subject for the production of all

other beings." The numerous characters she bore arose from the various combinations she entered into: she was considered to be matter in reference to the intellect of the deity, which operated upon it in the creation. Her soul was said to be transferred to Sirius, the Dog Star, after her death; but both she and her brother Osiris were fabulous beings, whose history was founded on metaphysical speculation, and adapted to certain phenomena of nature, as in the allegory of the rising of the Nile, where she is the land of Egypt, irrigated by the waters of the inundation.

The general form of Isis was that of a female with a throne upon her head, particularly in her capacity of presiding goddess of Amenti. Her office related then to the souls of men in a future state, where she formed the second member in a triad composed of Osiris, herself, and Nephthys. Isis was also the second member of another triad, particularly worshipped at Philæ, where was her chief temple, consisting of Osiris, Isis, and Horus. It is probable that here the most solemn performance of the great mysteries took place. The festivals of Isis were magnificent, celebrated with all the pomp which religion and superstition could invent.—*Sir J. G. Wilkinson.*

(22) Nephthys, the sister of Isis, and youngest daughter of Netpe, was supposed by the Greeks to be the wife of Typho. She represented the *end*, as Isis the *beginning* of all things. She was principally employed in offices connected with the dead. Her emblem is a bowl, or basket, called *neb*, worn upon her head.

(23) Kéneh is the residence of a provincial governor, and stands on the site of Cænopolis, "the new city." It boasts of no remains of antiquity. Kéneh has succeeded Coptos and Koos as the emporium of trade with the Arabian coast, which it supplies with corn, carried by way of Kossayr to

Emba and Judda. It is noted for its manufacture of porous water-jars and bottles, the former called in Arabic *zeer*, the latter *gooléh* and *dorâk*, which are in great request throughout Egypt. The clay used for making them is found to the northward of the town, in the bed of a valley whose torrents have for ages past contributed to the accumulation, or rather deposit, of this useful earth, which, with the ashes of *halfeh* grass in proper proportions, is the principal composition. Kéneh has baths like other large towns, and a market every Thursday. Here many of the Almeh women, who have been forbidden to dance at Cairo, reside.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(24) Luxor, or Luksor, called also El Kosoor and Abou'l Haggag, is a small town, or rather village, which occupies the site of a part of ancient Thebes, on the eastern bank of the Nile. From these modern dwellings, half-buried in the sand, rise the imposing masses of the Great Temple, one of the most magnificent extant, built by Amenophis III., 1430 B.C., and Rameses II., 1355 B.C., of the 18th dynasty. The former of these Pharaohs built the principal part of the edifice including the sanctuary. Rameses erected the pylons on the northern side, and raised the obelisks which adorned the entrance. Behind the obelisks are two seated statues of Rameses II., cut out of single blocks of red granite from Syene. Numerous inscriptions exist in praise of Amenophis, or Amunoph, for constructing these temples to the god Amûn, for enlarging Thebes, and for rebuilding brick edifices in stone. On the obelisks are the styles and titles of Rameses. The inscriptions and hieroglyphic figures are deeply and beautifully cut, the latter very spirited in design. The obelisks are respectively 84 and 77 feet high; the shorter one has been removed to Paris. Within is an area of about 190 feet by 170 feet, surrounded by a grand colonnade, or peristyle, composed of a double row of columns, two-thirds buried,

about 50 feet high, and 9 feet in diameter near the capitals. Behind the temple is a stone quay of the Ptolemies and Cæsars.

(*) The Prophet here holds up to Nineveh, then in all its splendour, about B.C. 713, the fate of No, of which we are told that "Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite." He considered it "populous," even in comparison with the "great city" Nineveh. Nahum's allusion was doubtless to the destructive invasion of Thebes by the Ethiopians in 79 B.C. D'Anville has made an analysis of the various statements concerning the extent of Thebes, and considers that its circuit was equal to 27 Roman miles, or about 9 French leagues. According to Diodorus, the precious metals collected after the burning of the city by Cambyzes, amounted to 300 talents of gold (1,248,960*l.*), and 2300 talents of silver (598,544*l.*).

The addition of Amon, or Ammon, to the name No suggests that No was the seat of the worship of Jupiter. In the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament No is rendered by "Diospolis," which signifies "City of Jupiter." The Greeks called Thebes "Diospolis Magna," two other Egyptian cities having the name of Diospolis. The famous temple and oracle of Jupiter-Ammon is said to have been founded in the 18th century, B.C. It was placed nine days' journey from Alexandria in the sandy desert of Libya, perhaps by priests from Thebais.

This, or Teni, near Abydos on the Nile, was once the capital of a state of which Thebes made a part. It was perhaps the most ancient city of Egypt, where the earliest or Thinite-Thebaid dynasties reigned. Thebes afterwards absorbed This, of which now no vestige remains.

No, or Thebes (Coptic Tapé or Apé), attained its greatest splendour about 1600 B.C. during the 18th dynasty, when the Hyksos, or Shepherd kings, were expelled. This is the period celebrated by Homer, when Thebes was the residence of

the sovereigns who filled the city with magnificent monuments, the ruins of which fill the mind of the beholder with wonder and admiration. Thebes ceased to be the capital of Egypt under the 21st dynasty, its rank being conferred on Memphis. It continued, however, to be for a long time the chief city of Upper Egypt. During the invasion of the Ethiopians, B.C. 769, Thebes appears to have suffered, and again in the incursion of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 581; but it was ruined by Cambyses, King of Persia, in 524 B.C., when he murdered Psammenitus of the 26th dynasty, the last of the Pharaohs, and made the country a waste (*see* Herodotus, Plutarch, Blair). Cambyses sent 50,000 men across the Libyan Desert to destroy the Temple of Jupiter-Ammon, but they perished on the way by the Simoom.

Egypt was again conquered by the Persians, B.C. 350 (Usher), in the reign of Artaxerxes III. (Ochus), King of Persia, and the temples pillaged; but it was wrested from them again in 332 B.C., by Alexander the Great, during his expedition against Darius III. About 86 B.C., after a siege of three years, Ptolemy VIII., Lathyrus, took and pillaged Thebes, which had revolted on his accession. Cornelius Gallus, the Roman governor of Egypt under Augustus, B.C. 28, completed its destruction. Of this expedition, Strabo, who accompanied him, gives an account. The early Christians, too, did their best to destroy the monuments of ancient idolatry. Under the rule of the Arabs Thebes gradually assumed the ruinous state it presents at this day.

The Greeks called Thebes "*Hecatompylos*," *hundred-gated*, whether from having a hundred gates in the wall, or a hundred altogether, including the propylæa of the temples, is uncertain. Homer speaks of this city, in the ninth book of the '*Iliad*,' v. 381-384, thus rendered by Pope:—

"Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain,
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

(26) The ruins of Karnac are the most extensive in all Egypt, and the finest. They are situated north-east of Luxor, about an hour and a half's ride distant. The dromos or avenue of Sphinxes through which the path lies from Luxor contains the remains, more or less mutilated, of 600 of these sculptures, which hold a figure of Amenophis III. between their forepaws.

On approaching the temple by the great street of Sphinxes one sees "another dromos of Crio-sphinxes, and a majestic pylon of Ptolemy Euergetes, with his queen and sister, Berenice. Another avenue of Sphinxes leads to the towers of the isolated temple, behind this pylon, which was founded by Remeses IV., B.C. 1205, and continued by Remeses VIII. and a later Pharaoh, who added the hypæthral area and its towers. Other names appear in different parts of the building, among which are those of Amyrtæus and Alexander, on the inner and outer gateways of the area. Passing through the pylon of some towers or propyla of the front you arrive at a large open court, 275 feet by 329, with a covered corridor on either side, and a double line of columns down the centre. Other propyla terminate this area, with a small vestibule before the pylon, and form the front of the great hall, which measures 170 feet by 329, supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high without the pedestal and abacus, and 12 in diameter; besides 122 of smaller or rather of less gigantic dimensions, 41 feet 9 inches in height and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, distributed in seven lines on either side of the former. The twelve central columns were originally fourteen, but the two northernmost have been enclosed

within the front towers, or propyla, apparently in the time of Osirei himself, the founder of the hall. The two at the other end were also partly built into the projecting wall of the doorway. Attached to this doorway are two other towers, closing the inner extremity of the hall; beyond which are two obelisks, one still standing on its original site, the other having been thrown down and broken by human violence. Similar but smaller propyla succeed to this court, of which they form the inner side. The next contains two obelisks of larger dimensions, the one now standing being 92 feet high and 8 feet square. Passing between two dilapidated propyla you enter another smaller area, succeeded by a vestibule, in front of the granite gateway of the towers that form the façade of the court, before the sanctuary. This last is also of red granite, divided into two apartments, and surrounded by numerous chambers of small dimensions, varying from 29 feet by 16, to 16 feet by 8.

"A few polygonal columns of the early date of Osirtasen I. appear behind the sanctuary, in the midst of fallen architraves of the same era; and beyond are two pedestals of red granite.

"After this you come to the columnar edifice of the third Thothmes. Its exterior wall is entirely destroyed, except on the north-east side. Parallel to the four outer walls is a row of square pillars, going all round, within the edifice. Adjoining the south-west angle of its front is a small room containing the names of the early predecessors of Thothmes III., hence called the chamber of kings; and a series of small halls and rooms occupy the extremity of the temple."—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(*) Qournah, or Kournah, is on the western side of the Nile, opposite to Karnac. Its chief attraction is the elegant temple, which contains fine specimens of hieroglyphics. A pylon conducts to a dromos of Sphinxes; another pylon

and a second dromos bring you to the front of the temple. The western hall and the three rooms belonging to it, dedicated by Sethi to his father Rameses I., are interesting for their sculptures and inscriptions. Outside the building are two statues in black stone, much mutilated, of Rameses II.

(28) The Rhamseion, or Palace of Rameses, to the southwest of Qournah, comprehends an imposing entrance, a spacious court with a double row of columns, two large halls supported by many columns, and a suite of rooms at the further end of the building. Avenues of Sphinxes, sculptures and paintings in profusion, and colossal statues, adorned this magnificent structure before the invasion of Cambyses, whose mean vengeance proved so destructive to the temples and palaces of Egypt.

(29) Amun-Re, or Amun-Ra, formed with Maut (mother), and Khonso (created things), the great Theban triad of divinities. He was considered by the Greeks the same as Jupiter (Zeus), on account of his title, "King of the gods;" and, under the name Amun-re, he was the intellectual sun, distinct from Re, the physical orb.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(30) Maut, or Tmau, may with much reason be supposed to represent Nature, the mother of us all. She is represented wearing on her head the Pshent, or double crown, of the Upper and Lower Countries, placed upon a cap, ornamented with the head, body, and wings of a vulture.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(31) The ruins of Medinet Haboo, "the city of Haboo," are undoubtedly of one of the four temples mentioned by Diodorus—the other three being those of Karnak, Luxor, and the Rameseum. Strabo affirms that Thebes "had a great many temples, the greater part of which Cambyses

defaced." The buildings of Medinet Haboo have suffered more than any others, but enough remains to testify to their former splendour. The first object is an open court, 80 feet by 125. North of this, behind a colonnade, added by Antoninus Pius, are two pyramidal towers, of Roman date, and a pylon uniting them, bearing the names of Ptolemy Lathyrus and Ptolemy Auletes; next a court and towers of the vanquisher of Sennacherib, which, previous to the Ptolemaic additions, completed the extent of the elegant and well-proportioned vestibules of the original temples. Here Nectanebo, 30th Dynasty, has effaced the name of Tirhaka, an Ethiopian ruler of Thebes, and substituted his own; and the hieroglyphics of Ptolemy Lathyrus have usurped a place among the sculptures of the Ethiopian monarch. Passing these towers, you enter another court, 60 feet long, with a row of nine columns on each side, and a lateral entrance on the right and left. The jambs of one of these gateways, of red granite, still remain. They bear the name of Petamunap (given to Amun at Thebes), a priest who lived probably under the 26th Dynasty. The original founder of this part of the building was the monarch who raised the great obelisk at Karnak, perhaps Amun-neit-gori.

Thothmes II. continued or altered the sculptures; and Thothmes III. completed the agricultural details of the sanctuary and peristyle.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(32) Esneh, or Esné, in Coptic Sne (a garden), was known to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Latopolis, from the worship of the Latus fish, which, according to Strabo, shared with Minerva (Neith) the honours of the sanctuary. But the deity who presided over Latopolis was Chnouphis, or Kneph, as is abundantly proved by the sculptures of the portico. The temple was cleared out to the floor by order of Mehemet Ali in 1842, which has much improved the effect of this beautiful monument.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(32) "In the sculptures several representations occur of fish, particularly of one kind, which may possibly be the Latus, held sacred at Latopolis, as it is surrounded by an oval usually given to the names of kings and gods. Several fish have been found embalmed in the tombs; but their forms are not easily distinguished, and it is difficult to ascertain the species to which they belong."

(34) "El Kab is the modern name of Eilethyas. The town was surrounded by a crude brick-wall; the temples were on a small scale, but the style of the sculptures, and the name of Rameses II., cut *in intaglio* over that of a more ancient king, served to indicate their antiquity, and consequently to enhance our regret at their destruction."

(36) A short distance from El Kenan is an ancient quay of hewn stone. Some suppose it to mark the site of Chnubis. Opposite El Kenan commences the stratum of sandstone, whose compact and even grain induced the ancient Egyptians to employ it for most of the large buildings of Upper Egypt.

(38) Edfoo, in Coptic Phbôou, or Atbô, is the ancient Apollinopolis Magna. It has two temples, the larger of which appears to have been founded by Ptolemy Philometor, and completed by Physcon, or Euergetes II., his brother, by Ptolemy Lathyrus, Alexander, and the son of Auletes. Their names and sculptures, together with those of Cleopatra, wife of Lathyrus, and Berenice, are found on the columns and towers of the propylon. Smaller figures, with the name of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar, have been added at a later period. The general effect of this grand edifice is exceedingly imposing, and, from the state of its preservation, it is capable of giving a very good idea of Egyptian temples, and the strength of those formidable citadels, which, while they served as a protection to the town, com-

manded the respect of the inhabitants and effectually prevented or defeated any attempts of the disaffected to dispute the authority of their priestly rulers. The small temple was also erected by the Ptolemies Physcon and Lathyrus, and consists of two chambers, with a peristyle of pillars.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(³⁷) Hor-Hat, the good Genius. The name of this deity is written Hat, when under the form of a hawk, and of the winged globe, in attendance on the kings; and when under the name and character of Hor-Hat, he usually wears the Pshent or crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, which seems to connect him with Horus, son of Osiris and Isis. In temples of the Ptolemaic æra he is represented with wings, holding a spear, and crowned with the Pshent of Horus. The temple of Edfoo, or Apollinopolis Magna, being dedicated to him, seems to give him a claim to the name of Apollo. Here he is represented with the head of a lion and the solar disk, standing in a boat, and holding a monkey in his hand; before him Thoth, Isis, and Nephthys raise their hands in an attitude of prayer, while Horus pierces the head of the serpent Aphôphis with a spear.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(³⁸) Assouan, or Esocan, the ancient Syene, in Coptic Souan, presents few ruins of the ancient city, besides some granite columns of a late date, and the sekos, σηκός, (enclosure or sanctuary) of a small temple, with the shattered remains of an outer chamber and of a portico in front. The only name now found in this building is of Nero (Nerros). The wall projecting into the river, opposite the south end of the modern town, is not of Roman but of Arab construction, and has apparently formed part of a bath. The Saracenic wall, whose foundation dates at the epoch of the Arab invasion by Amer, the lieutenant of the caliph Omar, still remains on the south side of the old town,

beyond which are the numerous tombs, mostly cenotaphs, of the Sheikhs and saints of Egypt. The Cufic inscriptions, of which the oldest are the most simple, are interesting to the traveller. Syene was the place to which Juvenal was banished, and is supposed to be the place of Martyrs, mentioned by Aboolfeda, and often confounded with that of Esné.

The rocks about Syéne are not exclusively syenite, but consist mostly of granite, with some syenite and a little porphyry. The difference is this—syenite is composed of felspar, quartz, and hornblende, granite of felspar, quartz, and mica. Many of the rocks of Syene contain all four of these ingredients. The “syenite” of antiquity used for statues was really granite. The environs of the town are sandy and barren, producing little else but palms; the dates maintain their reputation, and, with senna, charcoal, henneh and wicker baskets, form the chief exports.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(³⁹) Kneph, Neph, Nef, or Cnubis, was one of the eight great gods of the Egyptian Pantheon. He symbolizes the “Spirit of the Deity.” Neph was represented as a man, frequently of a green colour, with a ram’s head, sometimes surmounted by an asp or a vase—which last, as a hieroglyphic, was the initial of his name. By the Romans he was known under the names of Jupiter-Hammon-Cenubis, and Chnoubis, as at Elephantine; of Amenebis, as in the Oasis. The asp was sacred to Neph, who is frequently represented in the tombs standing in a boat, with the serpent over him. This serpent was the type of Dominion, for which reason it was affixed to the head-dress of the Egyptian monarchs. Sheep were particularly sacred to Neph; and with Saté (Juno), and Anouké (Vesta), he formed one of the great triads of Upper Egypt.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(⁴⁰) Philæ, Pilak, or Ailak, known in Arabic as Anas el

Wogoód, stands at a short distance above the cataract, and is no less interesting from the subjects contained in its sacred buildings than for the general effect of the ruins, which, with the scenery of the adjoining island, and the wild rocks on the opposite shore, have deservedly obtained the name of *beautiful*. The principal objects worthy of notice at Philæ are—the small chapel of Æsculapius, in front of the great temple of Isis, dedicated by Ptolemy Epiphanes, and that of Athor on the east side, nearly in a line with the front propylon, consecrated to the Egyptian Aphrodite by Physcon or Euergetes II. At the southern extremity of the corridor is another small chapel, dedicated to Athor, by Nectanebo of the 30th dynasty, who ruled Egypt after the first Persian invasion and previous to its final reduction by Ochus. The hypæthral (open to the air) building, on the east of the island, is of the time of the Ptolemies and Cæsars.

(41) Koum-Ombo, or Kom-Ombo (hill of Ombo), is the site of the ancient Ombos, in Coptic Mbô. The hill and all the neighbouring plain are covered with the ruins of the city. There are the remains of two temples—a larger, divided into two equal portions, and a smaller one—besides a wall surrounding them, half buried in the sand.

(42) Sevak, the deity of Ombos, with the head of a crocodile, is the presiding god of Silsilis, and his titles, "Lord of Ombos" and Lord of Silsilis, are frequently found alternating in the stelæ of the quarries of the Nile. Sevak shared with Aroeris, or Hor-Oeri, who may be considered the "eye and light," or splendour and brightness, of the sun, the worship of Ombos, of which he was more particularly the guardian and protecting deity; and his name is always found in the dedications throughout the temple in conjunction with that of the hawk-headed god.—*Sir G. Wilkinson*.

(48) "On the eastern side of the Nile, and near the commencement of the quarries, stood the ancient town of Silsilis, of which nothing now remains but the substructions of a stone building, probably a temple. On this bank are very extensive ruins, but less interesting to the antiquary than those on the west, where, in addition to the quarries themselves, are several curious grottoes and tablets of hieroglyphics, executed in the early time of the Pharaohs. Gebel-Silsiléh, 'the stone,' or 'mountain of the chain,' is the Arabic name for the ancient Silsilis."

(49) The hieroglyphic name of the god Nilus appears to be Hapi Môou. The Coptic word Môou signifies "water;" but the import of the prefix Hapi is uncertain. To the god Nilus, and to one of the genii of Amenti (the lower regions, or the west), the name Hapi, or Apis, is commonly applied, as well as to the sacred bull of Memphis. Nilus is frequently represented binding the throne of the monarchs with the stalks of two water-plants—one indicating the dominion of the Upper, the other of the Lower Country; and in the compartments which form the basement of the sculptured walls of the temples he brings offerings of various kinds, especially fruits and flowers, the produce of the beneficent influence of the Nile water. Thoth (the god of letters, Mercury) frequently assists him on the former occasion. Nilus is figured as a fat man, of a blue colour, with water-plants growing from his head; and he holds in his hands their stalks and flowers, or water-jars, indicative of the inundation. At Silsilis this deity is worshipped as the third member of a triad, composed of Re, Pthah, and Nilus, or the sun, the creative power, and the river—the last being, as the third person in these triads always was, the result of the other two. In the temple of Luxor at Thebes are two figures of this deity—one of a blue, and the other of a red hue. The red-coloured deity carries the infant Amunoph III., the son of Queen Maut-m-

Shoi, and another child, and the other follows, carrying the sacred *tau*, or emblem of life. The former is probably intended to indicate the turbid appearance of the Nile during the inundation, and the latter, of a blue colour, the limpid stream of the river when confined within its banks.
—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(45) The crocodile was peculiarly sacred to the god Savak. Its worship did not extend to every part of Egypt, some places considering it the representative of the Evil Being, and bearing deadly animosity to it, which led to serious feuds between neighbouring towns. Such was the cause of the quarrel of the Ombites and Tentyrites, described by Juvenal; and the same animal which was worshipped at Ombos “was killed and eaten by the inhabitants of Apollinopolis.” The crocodile enjoyed great honours at Coptos, Ombos, and Athribis, or Crocodilopolis, in the Thebaid. In Lower Egypt it was particularly sacred at a place also called the City of Crocodiles, said to have been built by Moëris, “who was saved from drowning in the Lake Moëris by a crocodile, who carried him to the other shore.” This place was afterwards called Arsinoë, in honour of the wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was the capital of a nome, now the province of Fyoom. The mummies of crocodiles, many of which are of full size and perfectly preserved, are found at Thebes, Maâbdeh, and other places.

(46) Girgeh, formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, still claims, from its extent and population, the second rank after Osioot. There is a Latin convent or monastery, the oldest Roman Catholic establishment now in Egypt. Leo Africanus tells us that “Girgeh was formerly the largest and most opulent monastery of Christians, called after St. George, and inhabited by upwards of 200 monks, who possessed much land in the neighbourhood. They supplied food to all travellers, and so great was the amount of their

revenues, that they annually sent a large sum to the patriarch of Cairo to be distributed among the poor of their own persuasion."

(47) The village of Sakkara is situated near the western bank of the Nile, in the midst of a fine grove of palm-trees. From here the traveller starts to see the pyramids of Sakkara, the ibis-tombs, and the Serapeum.

(48) Memphis is styled in Coptic Mefi, Momf, and Menf, which last is retained by the Egyptians in Menoof in the Delta. The Egyptians call it Panouf, Memfi, and Menofre (Ma-nofre), "the place of good." In the time of Abool-feda, A.D. 1342, the remains of Memphis were very extensive, of which little or nothing now remains but a large colossus of Remeses II., a few fragments of granite, and some substructions. The canal which now runs between Sakkara and Mitrahenny (which also bears this name), and continues thence through the plain below the great pyramids, has probably succeeded to an ancient one that passed through Memphis, and brought the water of the Nile to the famous lake Birket el-korn, which was "on the north and west of the city." The principal deities of Memphis were Pthah, Apis, and Bubastis; and the goddess Isis had a magnificent temple there, said by Herodotus to have been founded by Menes. It was enlarged and beautified by many succeeding monarchs, among them Mœris, Remeses II. or Sesostris, Amenophis I., Rhampsinitus, and Amasis. The taking of Memphis by Cambyzes was the first blow to this ancient city, which continued to be the capital of the lower country until the wealth of Alexandria had raised its importance to such a point that Thebes and Memphis gradually decreased in wealth and opulence; and in the time of the Romans, Memphis held a secondary rank, and Thebes had ceased to be a city.—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

(49) The Pyramids of Sakkara hold a conspicuous place among these monuments. The largest is built in stages or degrees, and is surrounded by an enclosure of 1750 feet by 950 feet. It measures, according to Colonel Vyse, 351 feet 2 inches on the north and south faces, and 393 feet 11 inches on the east and west. Within it resembles a hollow dome, supported here and there by wooden rafters. To the north of this pyramid are ibis mummy-pits. Near the same spot are also found mummies of snakes, oxen, sheep, and other animals.

(50) Of the Pyramids of Gizeh, the three called by the names of their supposed founders, Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, are the largest and most remarkable. The great pyramid of Cheops is of the following dimensions, according to Colonel Vyse. Perpendicular height, 450·9 feet; length of base, 746 feet; extent of base, 12 acres 3 roods 3 poles; the angle of slope $50^{\circ} 50'$. The second pyramid was opened by Belzoni. Colonel Vyse gives its dimensions as,—perpendicular height, 447·6 feet; length of base, 690·9 feet; extent of base, 10 acres 3 roods 30 poles; angle $52^{\circ} 20'$. The pyramid of Mycerinus was opened by Colonel Vyse. Its dimensions are,—perpendicular height, 203 feet; base, 354·6 feet; area of base, 2 acres 3 roods 21 poles; angle, 51° .

(51) The Sphinx stands alone, about 800 yards due east of the pyramid of Cephrenes. The whole is cut out of solid rock, except a part of the back and the fore-legs, and rests, not on a pedestal, but on a pavement. When first cleared from the sand by Mr. Salt and Signor Caviglia, an altar, three tablets, and a lion were discovered there. The altar was between the paws. One of the tablets is still attached to the breast, and has a representation of Thothmes IV. offering incense to the figure of a Sphinx. Some Greek *exvotos*, or dedicatory inscriptions, were cut

upon the paws, one of which, by Arrian, restored and elegantly translated by the learned and accomplished scholar Dr. Young, is as follows:—

“Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumber'd once with sand,
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand:
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant mild and bland:
Watching that prince beloved who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own,
That heavenly monarch (who his foes defies)
Like Vulcan powerful (and like Pallas wise).”

(52) The tombs of the Caliphs occupied the site of what is now the bazaar of Khan-Khaléel, but they are all destroyed except that of E' Saleh Eiyooob, the seventh Caliph of the Eiyoobite dynasty, who died, as is stated by the Cufic inscription over the door, in A.D. 1250, or 647 of the Hegira. It was during his reign that the rash attempt was made by St. Louis to surprise Cairo, which ended in the defeat of the Crusaders, the death of the Count d'Artois, and the capture of the French king.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(53) The streets of Cairo are very narrow, and you ride between rows of shops in the bazaars, which are protected from the sun by coverings of wood or matting, or by coloured awnings. The streets of the bazaar are kept cool by watering; but it is said that the vapour arising from the damp, sandy ground, causes ophthalmia, which is very prevalent in Egypt. El Möskee, the Frank quarter, is the place where Europeans were first permitted to reside and open shops in Cairo. This was in the reign of Yoosef Saläh e' deen (Saladin). The principal bazaars are the Ghoreëh and Khan Khaléel, respectively named from Sultan el Ghoree, and Sultan Khaléel. In the Hamzâwee goods

of European manufacture are sold, and the dealers are Christians.

(⁵⁴) Heliopolis, the "city of the Sun," is called On and Aven in Scripture, and by the Hebrews Beth-shemesh, "house of the Sun." On seems to have been the Egyptian name of the place, and occurs in the history of Joseph, who married a daughter of the priest of On. It was a famous seat of Egyptian science and learning. Here Moses was educated, and in the college of priests Eudoxus, Plato, Herodotus, and many other Greeks received instruction in astronomy, philosophy, and history. This college, and those of Thebes and Memphis alone, sent deputations to form, at Thebes, the tribunal of Thirty, a supreme court of justice, which Diodorus compares to the Areopagus at Athens, or to the Senate of Lacedæmon. Josephus says Heliopolis was given to the Israelites to dwell in when they first went to Egypt, but Scripture does not mention this. The destruction of the city, the temple, and the people, foretold by Jeremiah and Ezekiel, was probably accomplished by Nebuchadnezzar II. The city was on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. The obelisk which remains is 70 feet high, of red granite, and interesting from its antiquity.

(⁵⁵) Matarieh, signifying "fresh water," a name derived from a spring of excellent water, still called *Ain Shems*, "the fountain of the Sun," is a village in the neighbourhood of Heliopolis.

(⁵⁶) Gâm'a el-Azhar was built originally in the year 970, but has since been reconstructed. More than 400 pillars of granite, marble, and porphyry, taken from the ancient temples, have been used in the formation of this magnificent edifice. It still retains its twofold character of a house of prayer and a seat of learning. It is con-

sidered as the chief Mussulman University. The numerous porticoes have been formed into rooms for the students.

(57) Old Cairo, or Musr el Atéekeh, originally called Fostât, was founded by Amer ebn el As, who conquered Egypt in the Caliphate of Omar, A.D. 638, and is said to have received its name from the leather tent (*fostât*) which Amer pitched for himself during the siege of the Roman fortress. Goher el Kâéd having been sent by Môéz to conquer Egypt, founded the new city, called Musr el Káherah (Cairo), which, four years after, A.D. 974, became the capital of the country, and Fostât received the new appellation of Musr el Atéekeh, or "Old Musr," corrupted by Europeans into Old Cairo.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(58) Boulák. (See Egypt, note 5, p. 298.)

(59) In the same spot where he pitched his tent Amer built the mosque which bears his name. It is square in form, with colonnades round an open court. While undergoing repairs, some manuscript leaves of the Koran, written on beautiful vellum, in Cufic characters, were discovered. The mosque seems likely to fall into ruins, and it is said that an ancient prophecy foretells the downfall of Moslem power when this building is destroyed.

(60) The tombs of the Baharite, and the Circassian or Borgite Memlook Sultans, are situated outside the town. To each of them is attached a mosque. Some of these monuments are very beautiful, but all are falling into decay.

(61) See page 45, vol. i.

(62) The principal annual ceremony at Cairo is the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, on the 25th Showál. The Mahmel and the Kisweh are the chief objects in this

procession. The former is a velvet canopy, borne on a camel richly caparisoned, and was originally intended for the travelling seat, or Garmoot, of the wives of the caliphs who went to the pilgrimage. The Kiswet e' Nebbee is the lining of the Kaaba, or Temple of Mecca. It is of rich silk, adorned with Arabic sentences embroidered in gold, and yearly supplied from Cairo. The pilgrims, after staying two days at the edge of the Desert, near Dimerdâsh, proceed to the Birket el Hag (Lake of the Pilgrims), where they remain a day; from thence they go to El Hamra, and, after a halt of a day, to Agerood, where they stop one day, and so on to Mecca. Their return to Cairo is also a day of great rejoicing, when the pilgrims enter in procession by the Bab e' Nusr, at the end of the month Saffer.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(⁴³) The petrified wood, on Gebel Mokuttum, consists of palms, thorn-bearing trees, and jointed stems like bamboos. Agatized wood occurs on the Suez road, and on the borders of Wâdy Fargh, on the other side of the Nile.

(⁶⁴) The citadel contains several objects worthy of notice,—the Pasha's Palace, Joseph's Well, the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and the Arsenal. Joseph's Well, so called from the Caliph Yoosef (Saladin), was hewn by the ancient Egyptians, but cleared out and supplied with water from the Nile by the Caliph. "To the north of the Roomaylee Gate is the spot where Emin Bey escaped the massacre of the Memlooks by leaping his horse over a gap in the wall."

(⁶⁵) The Gardens of Choubra, or Shooobra, are about four miles north from Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. An avenue of trees, mostly the *Acacia Lebbeckh*, leads to them. The walks radiate from centres, and some of them are covered with plants on trellis-work, which form an agree-

able shade. There are plenty of flowers, but not in great variety. In the centre is a huge marble fountain, with a covered corridor around it, and kiosks projecting into the water. There are also rooms filled with divans. A kiosk, called E' Gebel, the Hill, on the other side of the garden, commands a view of the Nile and the hills in the distance. It is paved with Oriental alabaster, and has a fountain in the centre.

(⁶⁶) Suez, at the head of the gulf of the same name, is a sea-port town of Egypt, and is connected by a railway with Cairo, from which it is distant 76 miles. Suez has a station for caravans and travellers. The hotel where passengers rest before embarking for India was formerly a caravanserai. The country around is a sandy desert, and all provisions must be brought from a considerable distance. Suez has always been a place of considerable transit trade, which has increased very much since the establishment of the overland route to India.

(⁶⁷) The great engineering enterprise, the formation of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez, to unite the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, was successfully brought to a termination by the genius and perseverance of M. de Lesseps on the 17th November, 1869. The whole length of the canal from Port Said to Suez, 99 miles, was then traversed by a number of large steamers.

Commencing on the east of Port Said, lat. $31^{\circ} 16' 10''$ N., long. $29^{\circ} 58' 25''$ E., the canal passes through a basin, from which it proceeds, in a straight line, to Lake Balláh, previous to entering which is the station of Kantara. The width of this portion is 100 mètres at the surface, and 22 mètres at the bottom, with an average depth of 8 mètres. Passing through the southern part of this lake, and making several bends, the canal proceeds, turning a little westward, to El-Guisr, and soon after enters Lake Timsah, near Ismailia, on the west, to which there is a

branch of the railway from Cairo to Suez. From Kantara to the Lagunes, south of Lake Ballah, the dimensions of the canal are the same as previously, but after that to Lake Timsah the width diminishes. In the middle of this lake the course takes a sharp turn to the south-east to Toussoum, and thence more southward to Serapeum, between three and four miles, where the width narrows again. A like distance brings the canal to the Bitter Lakes. Entering the larger one, it passes a "pharos," or lighthouse, made of iron, and exhibiting a dioptric white light, three miles from the entrance, and proceeds south-east, in a straight line, nine miles to another lighthouse; from which, turning more eastward, and then south-west again, it continues through the smaller Bitter Lake, passing Chalouf, to the station at the end of it, lat. $30^{\circ} 10' 20''$ N., long. $30^{\circ} 14'$ E. From this point the canal runs southward, until it curves into the Red Sea about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Suez. The depth between the Bitter Lakes and Suez is rather greater than the rest, reaching 8.67 mètres at Chalouf. From Ismailia to Suez, the Cairo and Suez Railway and the Sweet Water Canal run side by side on the east of the Bitter Lakes and the canal. From Suez to the small Bitter Lake may be traced the remains of the canal cut by Pharaoh Necho; other portions are visible south of Lake Timsah.

SINAI—DESERT.

(1) A few miles south of Wady Amarah is a well, called Howara, which both Niebuhr and Burckhardt concur in considering to be the Marah of Scripture. The well lies among rocks, about a hundred paces out of the road, and its water is so bitter that men cannot drink it, and even camels, unless very thirsty, refuse to taste it. All accus-

tomed to drink the sweet water of the Nile complain of the bitterness of the water of this well.

(2) Makrizi, the Egyptian geographer, speaking of the town of Feirân here, in the valley of the same name, says it was "one of the towns of the Amalekites." The ruins of this and other towns, with towers, aqueducts, and sepulchral excavations, still appear in the valley and the mountains on each side. The valley was evidently then occupied by this people, and probably did not care to admit the further progress of the Hebrews.

(3) The fortified convent of Mount Sinai, *Jebel-Mûsa*, is situated on the north-east side of the mountain, which is 8593 feet above the level of the sea, and forms one of a group south of the chain called *El-Tih*, which crosses the peninsula from east to west.

PETRA.

(1) Petra, in Arabia Petræa, was the capital, first, of the Idumæans, and afterwards of the Nabathæans. It lies in the midst of the mountains of Seir, just half-way between the Dead Sea and the head of the *Ælanitic Gulf* of the Red Sea, in a valley, or rather ravine, surrounded by almost inaccessible precipices, which is entered by a narrow gorge on the east, the rocky walls of which approach so closely as in some places hardly to permit two horsemen to ride abreast. On the banks of the river which runs through this ravine stood the city itself, and some fine ruins of its public buildings still remain. These ruins are chiefly of the Roman period, when Petra had become an important city as a centre of the caravan traffic of the Nabathæans. It maintained its independence under the

Romans till the time of Trajan, by whom it was taken.—
Dr. W. Smith.

“In the accession of Herod the Great, the Idumæan, or Edomite, to the Jewish throne, we have a remarkable instance of fulfilment of prophecy.” Gen. xxvii. 40.—*Vide Rev. C. Baker’s ‘Lake of Gennesaret.’*

(2) Mount Hor is a mountain of Arabia-Petræa, on the east side of the Wady Arabah, nearly intermediate between the Dead Sea and the head of the Gulf of Akabah, and forming part of Mount Seir or Edom. It is a steep and irregular truncated cone, having three peaks on the north, in the loftiest of which is the reputed tomb of Aaron—*Johnston.*

PALESTINE.

(1) At the conquest of Palestine by the Israelites, Hebron was taken from the Anakim by Caleb, whose possession it became. It was afterwards assigned to the Levites, and became a city of refuge. David kept his court there for seven years, while he reigned over Judah only. Absalom raised the standard of rebellion in Hebron. During the Babylonish captivity, the Edomites appropriated Hebron, which became the capital of a district which continued to be called Idumæa long after it had been incorporated with Judæa. It was made a bishopric when the Crusaders conquered Palestine, if not before. Hebron stands partly on the slopes of two hills, and partly in the deep narrow valley of Mamre. Its altitude is 3629 feet.

(2) The Dead Sea, or Lake Asphaltites, in Arabic Bahr Lut (Sea of Lot), is 20 miles east from Jerusalem, where the Jordan enters it at its northern extremity. Its length

is 46 miles, and breadth 10 miles, and its greatest depth 1308 feet. The Dead Sea is 1312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. It is enclosed by bare and rugged mountains of red sandstone and limestone, 1200 to 1500 feet high. The water, which has no outlet, is clear but very bitter and salt, containing about $6\frac{1}{2}$ times as much salt as sea-water. Only the lowest forms of animal life can exist in it. On the western side is a mountain of rock-salt, called Mount Usedom.

(3) The Tamarisk or Tamarix is the name of a genus of trees, *Pentandria Trigynia*—so called from the Hebrew *tamarik*, abstersion, on account of certain real or supposed properties for purifying the blood. There are several varieties—the T. Gallica, the T. Germanica, and the T. mannifera (manna-producing) of Arabia Petræa. This substance is an exudation caused by the puncture of an insect.

(4) When the Crusaders were defeated at Hattin, the King of Jerusalem, Guy of Lusignan, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Raynald of Châtillon, were captured. The two former Saladin treated with respect and honour, but Raynald, whose treacherous conduct had caused the war, he put to death.

(5) Mount Carmel, "the Park" or "Fruitful Field," branches off from the northern end of the mountains of Samaria, runs between the plains of Phœnicia and Sharon, and forms a bold promontory on the Mediterranean. The highest point is 1750 feet. Its sides are covered with the evergreen oak, the prickly pear, and copsewood, and its scenery is amongst the finest in Palestine.—*Johnston*.

(6) Haifa is supposed to occupy the site of the Sycaminum of Greek and Roman writers—an ancient town situated at the foot of Mount Carmel.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(7) Acre, Akka, St. Jean d'Acre, or Ptolemais, was a celebrated city on the coast of Phœnicia, south of Tyre, and north of Mount Carmel. It lies at the bottom of a bay surrounded by mountains, in a position marked out by nature as a key of the passage between Coele-Syria and Palestine. It is one of the oldest cities of Phœnicia, being mentioned in the Book of Judges, i. 31. It is now a fortified city and seaport of Syria, and the capital of a pashalic. The population is 5000.

(8) The words "of Galilee" distinguish this Cana from another not far from Sidon. Cana of Galilee is a village about eight miles north of Nazareth, upon the declivity of a hill, surrounded with plantations of olives and fruit-trees, and having a fine spring of water. There are the ruins of a church built by the Empress Helena over the supposed spot where the marriage feast was held.

(9) Nazareth, Arab. en-Nazirah, stands on the southern ridges of Lebanon, near the plain of Esdraelon, 17 miles south-east of Acre. The chief buildings are, the Latin Church of the Annunciation; the Greek Church; the Maronite Church; and the Mahomedan Mosque. The houses are built of stone and flat-roofed.

(10) Mount Tabor is eight miles east of Nazareth, 1000 feet in elevation above the plain, in the form of a truncated cone. The top is an oval plain, about a quarter of a mile long, covered on the west with a bed of fertile soil, and having at its eastern end a mass of ruins, some of them of very great antiquity.

(11) Endor is a village opposite Tabor on the other side of the plain of Esdraelon. It is only remarkable for the caves hewn in the rock above the village, and for the interview of Saul with the witch. 1 Samuel xxviii.

(12) A few miles from Endor is Nain, an insignificant

village, but remarkable as the scene of the miracle described in St. Luke vii.

(13) Tiberias, Tabaria, or Tubariyeh, is 27 miles east-south-east of Acre, on the western shore of the Lake of Tiberias. About 800 Jews occupy a quarter on the shore, and north of it is a Latin convent with one monk. The ruins of the ancient city extend along the south shore of the lake to the hot baths of Tiberias, temperature 144° Fahr. The baths are mentioned by Pliny.—*Johnston*.

(14) Capernaum is not mentioned in the Old Testament, and was probably built by the Jews after their return from Babylon. Its destruction was foretold by our Lord; and this has been so thoroughly fulfilled, that even its site cannot now with any certainty be determined. Some ruins not far from Tiberias are pointed out as the probable remains of this city.

(15) There is some doubt also as to the actual site of Chorazin. Some say that it is not Tell Hûm, but Kerâseh, two miles distant.

(16) Khan Jubb Yûsef, "the Khan of Joseph's Well;" said to be the place where Joseph's brothers threw him into a pit previous to selling him to the Ishmaelites.

(17) Safed is in the pashalic of Acre, 12 miles north-north-west of Tiberias. It is 2775 feet above the sea.

(18) Hazor was one of the "fenced cities" of Naphtali; its exact site is uncertain.

(19) Kedesh-Naphtali, "the holy place of Naphtali," now *Kedes*, originally a royal, and probably a sacred city of the Canaanites, was conquered by Joshua, and made a "city of refuge" for the northern tribes. Its chief historical interest is its connexion with the life of Barak.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(²⁰) The inhabitants are of the Metawileh tribe.

(²¹) The castle exhibits specimens of Phœnician, Roman, Saracenic, and Arab architecture. It was one of the strongest fortresses in the country.

(²²) The Laish of the Phœnicians was captured by the Danites, and named Dan. They set up here an independent priesthood. Dan was the northern border city of Palestine.

(²³) The stream proceeding from the union of the waters of these two springs bears the Arabic name el-Leddân.

(²⁴) Bashan was the country of the Rephaim, whose last King, Og, so famous for his great stature, was dispossessed by the Israelites.

(²⁵) Dr. Robinson thinks that before the Panium of the Greeks was founded here, the town of "Baal-gad, in the valley of Lebanon, under Mount Hermon," existed.

NOTES TO VOLUME II.

(1) Hibbatiyeh is a little village remarkable for a beautiful old ruin of an ancient temple, which stands in a field at the mouth of the ravine called Wady Shib'a. It is one of the best preserved ruins of the many ancient temples of Libanus and Antilibanus. The walls are six feet thick, and one of the stones measures fifteen feet long. At each end is a splendid pediment, and at the corners are square pilasters, with Ionic capitals, between which, on the eastern side, were two round columns forming the portico.

(2) Hasbeiya is situated on a ridge of Hermon, to the east of Wady et-Teim. On the southern bank of the ravine stands a palace, which belonged to the Emir S'aad ed-Din; and here is the chief part of the town. Before the massacre of 1860 the population was about 5000, of which 4000 were Christians, and the greater part of the remainder Druzes. On the 3rd June, 1860, a body of Druzes attacked the town. The Christians defended themselves till the next day, when they were overpowered. They claimed protection from the Governor, Osman Bey, who had a garrison of 200 soldiers under his command. He pledged in writing the faith of the Sultan for their personal safety, provided they gave up their arms. They surrendered their weapons, which Osman Bey immediately handed over to the Druzes. The Christians were confined in the palace for some days, enduring much suffering from hunger and thirst. Hundreds more Druzes were admitted into the town, the palace gates were opened, and 1000 Christians were massacred by the Druzes. For this atrocious act

Osman Bey was, after trial, shot at Damascus. Near Has-beiyya is the most famous of the Druze places of worship. It is called Khulwât el-Biyâd.

(3) The Druzes, a sect inhabiting the mountainous country of the Libanus and Antilibanus are first heard of in the eleventh century. An Arab tribe furnished proselytes to a missionary called Darazi, who had been sent into Syria by Hamzé, vizier of Hakem, the then Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, to preach the divinity of the latter. Darazi, having gained a few followers, among whom he sanctioned the most licentious principles, declared himself head of the sect. Hamzé, indignant at his treachery and rebellion, caused him to be assassinated in Wady el-Tame, between the two chains of mountains, and replaced him by Moktana Baha-edeen. He placed the Druze religion on its present basis, but the seductive teaching of Darazi was never eradicated; hence the Druzes are divided into two sects, of which the followers of the purer and more moral and religious teaching of Baha-edeen form the larger; but the disciples of the unscrupulous libertinism of Darazi are ever ready for the committal of every kind of atrocity. From the latter the whole take the name of Druzes. Their religion is a mixture of that of the Sadducees, the Samaritans, and the Mahommedans, and their chief object of adoration is the Caliph Hakem, whom they believe to have been an incarnate God. After Hakem's death, in 1025, A.D., Hamzé disappeared, and the succeeding caliph issued a decree of extermination against the followers of the odious heresy. Their meetings were henceforth held with great hazard in the fastnesses of the Lebanon, and none were admitted without long probation. Hence arose the divisions of the Ockals or initiated, and the Djakels or ignorant, into which the Druzes are classed. Outwardly the whole profess orthodox Islamism. Henceforth the Druzes acquired strength and importance, simply by their

own increasing numbers. The great Arab tribe of Beni Tuhnooch, till the middle of the twelfth century, exclusively supplied the chiefs or sheikhs who ruled the Druzes. In the fifteenth century they rose to the summit of their power, and occupied the towns of Beyrout and Sidon. They long resisted the attacks of the Turks, but in 1588 were rendered tributary by Amurath III. They tried, in 1773, by the aid of the Russians, to regain their power, but were soon subdued again by the Turks. In 1842 the Porte allowed them to be governed by an Emir of their own nation, subject, of course, to the Ottomans.—*Colonel Churchill and 'Popular Encyclopædia.'*

The Maronites are a sect of Christians in Syria, who are supposed to have been founded in the year 634, by a monk named Maron, who built a convent on the banks of the Orontes, in which he resided. The Arabs having at this time invaded Syria, Joseph, a prince of Byblos, fled with his subjects into the Lebanon mountains, north of the portion occupied by the Druzes. Their peculiar creed was the doctrine of Monothelism, or the "single will" of Jesus Christ. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Maronites acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope in ecclesiastical matters, since which period they have remained attached to the Romish Church, at the same time preserving the Syrian Ritual. Pope Gregory XIII. established a Maronite seminary at Rome; and in 1736 Pope Clement XII. caused the Maronites to adopt the decisions of the Council of Trent. Their chief takes the title of Patriarch of Antioch, and resides at Kanobîn, a convent built on a cliff by the right bank of the river Kadîsha, and dedicated to the Virgin. Since their subjection by the Turks, the Maronites have endured every degree of insult and oppression from the Turkish authorities. Jealousy and rivalry arose between the Maronites and the Druzes, which, fomented by the treacherous conduct of the government, ended in the most fearful massacres of

the Christians, chiefly men, while the women and children were reduced to the condition of slaves. The year 1860 will long be remembered in Syria for the atrocities committed by the fanatical Moslems upon the unhappy Maronites, when murder, outrage, robbery, and devastation raged unchecked, except in one instance, when the illustrious Emir Abd-el-Kader nobly interfered to rescue 12,000 Christians from the ruffian weapons of the infuriated Druzes and treacherous Turks.

(*) The River Leontes, or Litány, is next in size to the Orontes and the Jordan. Its highest source is near the ruins of Ba'albek, and it drains the southern section of the Buká'a, with the sides of Lebanon and Antilebanon adjoining. The upper part of it is called Nahr el-Litány, and the lower part was formerly called by the same name. Its present appellation, el-Kásimíyeh, some translate "the Divider," and derive it from the fact that it formerly divided the territories of Sidon and Safed. The Arabs call it Lanteh, or Litány, which is clearly an Arabic form of Leontes. The river flows in a deep gorge across the plain, and is crossed by a bridge of a single arch, with a span of 20 feet. Near this is a white domed wely, dedicated to Neby Súr, a great prophet of some unknown age.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(*) Mount Hermon (Jebel esh Sheikh), near Hasbeiya, has three summits, of which the loftiest is on the north, and commands the Buká'a and the Lebanon ranges. The name Hermon was doubtless suggested by the lofty conical form of this mountain. The Sidonians called it Sirion, and the Amorites Shenir, both signifying "breastplate," suggested, perhaps, by its glittering summit, when the sun's rays were reflected by the snow. It is now called Jebel esh-Sheikh, "the chief-mountain," or Jebel esh-Thelj, "the snowy mountain," on which the snow always rests. Hermon was the landmark of the Israelites, and ranks next to the

highest peak of Lebanon behind the cedars. It is about 10,000 feet high. The central peak, or cone, is from 2000 to 3000 feet above the other ridges.—*Extracts from Murray's 'Handbook.'*

"As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."—Psalm cxxxiii.

(6) Rasheiya is a village of 3000 inhabitants, occupying a commanding and beautiful site on the side of a hill. Vineyards, orchards, and olive groves clothe the surrounding acclivities; and the castellated palace of the old hereditary Emirs crowns the summit. Rasheiya suffered severely during the massacre of 1860. When attacked by the Druze army after the tragedy at Hasbeiya, 800 men of the Christian population took refuge in the palace, under the protection of the Turkish commander and soldiers. They were all murdered.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(7) Rukhleh is a miserable Druze village, where are the ruins of an old temple of massive proportions, but now nearly all thrown down. Like the temple of Hibbârtiyeh, this one faces Mount Hermon. Not far off are the ruins of another temple, and some tombs excavated in a neighbouring cliff, but without inscriptions.

(8) Deir el-'Ashâyir is also inhabited by Druzes and a few Christians. The former are in fact brigands, and are no better than the marauding Bedouins. They are, however, civil to English travellers. The temple is of a quadrangular form, measuring 90 feet by 36 feet in the interior.

(9) The village of Dîmas is situated on the side of a stony hill, without any trees or shrubs near it. From here stretches the sterile plain of Sahra, which merges at the eastern end into a pretty little glen, that leads to the

village of Dummar, which is agreeably situated on the banks of the River Abana. Dīmas is one of the stations on the road to Damascus, and is consequently much frequented by travellers.

(10) At the city of Damascus there is now but one river, which is called the Barada. Another stream joins this before it reaches the city. Of these one was doubtless the Abana, and the other the Pharpar of Scripture history, of which Naaman the Syrian spoke so proudly. It is generally supposed that the Barada is the Abana. This river rises on the western side of the Antilebanon range, and flowing eastward, bursts through a narrow gorge into the plain, whence it rolls its diversified and picturesque stream through the city, supplying the public fountains, cisterns, and baths, and sending off numerous branches to irrigate the corn-fields, meadows, and gardens, rendering Damascus the best watered city of the East, and converting the country, thirty miles in circuit, into a paradise of luxuriant fruitfulness.

(10a) Bab Tūma, "Thomas's Gate," is a good specimen of Saracenic architecture. Over it is an inscription with the name of Sultan Kilawūn, and the date 634 of the Hegira. It is said to have derived its name from a celebrated Christian warrior, who fought with great bravery against the Moslems. A short distance within is the new church of the Protestant Mission. The road leading from it crosses the Barada by an old bridge, at the distance of some forty yards, and then runs in a north-eastern direction across the plain, forming the caravan route to Aleppo and Palmyra.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(11) Jebel Tinfyeh is the highest point in the lower range of Antilebanon, and is about 1700 feet above the plain. The village of 'Adhra, situated in a clump of trees, is not far distant on the side of Harista and Duma.

(12) Kuteifeh is a village six hours' ride from Damascus. Here the caravan roads to Aleppo and Palmyra separate. The old road to Palmyra turns to the north-east, but the new road passes through Hums. The old road is not safe now, on account of the hostilities going on among some of the Arab tribes, but it is more direct.

(13) Kâra is a large village, or small town, with a mixed population of Moslems and Christians, and has an *Agha* for its chief. It contains two khans, fast falling to ruin; and among the houses we can see large hewn stones, and a few columns. It is the site of Comochara, which is several times mentioned as the seat of a bishop in the early centuries of our era. It has one ruined church, and another converted into a mosque. Upon the wall of the latter is a mutilated Greek inscription, of which we can make out the words "Athanasios Episcopus."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(14) Ayûn el-Allak is a famous place for brigands. Along the road from Kara to this place and farther on are watch-towers, for the protection of the country, as the Bedouins make constant raids on the flocks and on travellers.

(15) The Orontes, or El-Asy. The stream from the fountain at Lebweh flows diagonally across the Bukâ'a, till it strikes the eastern roots of Lebanon, and then continues along them in a northerly direction, through a narrow chasm, varying from 200 to 400 feet in depth. In the bottom of this chasm, on the right bank of the stream, burst forth the waters of Neb'a el-'Asy. The distance between the two fountains is ten miles as the crow flies. The river, formed by the united waters, is about equal to the Barada below Fijeh; and it is named el-Asy, "the Rebellious," because it flows in an opposite direction to all the other rivers in the country.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(16) There are no ancient buildings now remaining

at Hums, but many ruins and Greek inscriptions here and there. Hums was famous for its temple of the sun, whose priests were of the nobles of the land. "Towards the close of the second century a Phœnician named Bassianus was high priest; and he numbered among his lineal descendants, in the three generations immediately succeeding him, no less than four Emperors and four Augustæ. His daughter Julia Domna was wife of Septimius Severus, and mother of Caracalla. In A.D. 218 his two great-grandsons held the office of high priest in concert, and only resigned it when elevated, the one to the throne of the Cæsars, and the other to the dignity of Augustus. These youths were Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius Severus, afterwards known as the Emperor Alexander Severus. Nearly half a century later, Odenathus, the husband of the celebrated Zenobia, was murdered in this city, and only a few years afterwards Zenobia herself, with her brave army, was overthrown on the neighbouring plain."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(17) Dr. Paley, in his 'Natural Theology,' says, "The stomach of the camel is well known to retain large quantities of water unchanged for a considerable length of time. This property qualifies it for living in the desert. A number of distinct sacs or bags (in a dromedary thirty of these have been counted) are observed to lie between the membranes of the second stomach, and to open into the stomach near the top, by small square apertures. Through these orifices, after the stomach is full, the annexed bags are filled from it; and the water so deposited is, in the first place, not liable to pass into the intestines; in the second place it is kept separate from the solid aliment; and in the third place, it is out of the reach of the digestive action of the stomach, or of mixture with the gastric juice. The animal by the conformation of its muscles appears to possess the power of squeezing back this water from the adjacent bags into the stomach, whenever thirst excites it to put this power into action.

"The large hump upon the camel's shoulders (in the Bactrian species this hump is double), which the casual observer is apt to view as a sheer deformity, allows a fixture and pad to be placed upon it, to prevent the load from sliding backwards or forwards when the animal moves among the roughnesses through which it has to pass. It also affords nourishment by the process of absorption when the supply of food becomes scanty, or is altogether exhausted. The camel's broad and expansive foot keeps it from sinking in the sand of the desert; its contractile nose prevents suffocation, when the sand, raised by a storm, is rained over it, and around it in all directions, and preserves from injury the acute sense of smell by which it is distinguished. It forms the wealth and sustains the life of the Arabs; when the sons of the desert meet one another they add to their salutations the question 'How are your camels?' thus marking the deep interest they take in them as articles of property. Independently of religious grounds one must admire that divine wisdom, which prohibited the camel to the Jews as an article of food."

(18) Solomon built Tadmor, which was a halting-place for the caravans from India, Persia, and Mesopotamia to Damascus (1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chron. viii. 4). It was situated half-way between the banks of the Euphrates and the borders of Syria, and was well calculated, owing to its position and fine fountains, to be a halting-place for caravans. Not much mention is made of it till A.D. 130, when it lost its independence, and submitted to the Emperor Adrian, who built its celebrated colonnades and temples, which remain a wonder to this day. He called it Adrianopolis, after his own name, and made it a Roman colony. It had, however, a government and laws of its own. Its prosperity lasted many years, till the Emperor Valerian was captured by the Persians and put to death.

Odenathus, one of the citizens of Palmyra, marched against the Persians, took Mesopotamia, and defeated Sapor beneath the walls of Ctesiphon, A.D. 260. Odenathus was, for this service, invested with the purple, as Augustus, but three years afterwards he was murdered at Emesa (Hums) by his nephew. During his short reign he not only conquered Sapor and avenged Valerian, but subdued the Syrian rebels, and made the northern barbarians feel his power. He left all to his beautiful wife Zenobia, making her regent during his son's minority; but she became ambitious, and adopted the title of "Queen of the East." She added Egypt to her possessions in Syria, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia, and ruled over it for five years; but in A.D. 271, the Emperor Aurelian turned his arms against her, and she was defeated at Antioch. Having retreated to Emesa, she was again routed by the Emperor, and driven back to Palmyra. Aurelian marched across the burning desert, and Palmyra fell before him. Zenobia tried to escape to the Euphrates, but was taken prisoner and brought to Rome. Poor fallen Queen! bound with fetters of gold and covered with her jewels, she was led before the imperial victor on his entry into the city, to grace and enhance by her presence the grandeur of his triumph.

The emperor had left a garrison in Palmyra, but the inhabitants massacred them to a man. Aurelian, when he heard this, returned, and both pillaged the city and put the inhabitants to death. Palmyra was soon afterwards repaired by order of the Roman Emperor, and the Temple of the Sun was rebuilt, but not with its former splendour. The walls of the city were rebuilt by the Emperors Diocletian, Maximian, and Constantius, A.D. 292-5.

Palmyra later became the see of a bishop, and was subsequently captured by the Saracens. The castle, on the hill to the north-west of the city, is old Saracenic in its construction. After the time of Solomon a large colony of Jews existed here. In the twelfth century their number

is stated by Benjamin of Tudela to have been 4000; and even in the time of the Ommiades and Abassides, it is mentioned as such. A century later Abulfeda speaks of it as a mere village, and now about fifty miserable Arab huts, built against the walls of the great Temple, are all that remain of the once populous and magnificent city of the East, the glorious Palmyra.

(19) The Lake of Hums, or *Kades*, Abulfeda says, is one-third of a day's journey in length from north to south, and its breadth is equal to its length. It is formed by a dam from the River Orontes, which is on its northern side. This dam is attributed to Alexander; in the middle of it are said to be two towers, constructed of black stone.—*Rev. J. L. Porter.*

(20) Ain el-Asy, the fountain of the Orontes. Mr. Porter says, "It is far inferior in grandeur to Ftjeh (the source of the Barada), and the united waters here did not appear to me more voluminous than those of the Barada. It is difficult, however, to judge of the volume of a river near such a fountain. The water issues from the restraining grasp of the rocks with such force, and rushes in its rocky bed with such swiftness, that the river is much larger than it appears. The banks of the stream are lofty and precipitous, and its course very tortuous. It continues to run northward for about a mile, and then, turning east-by-north, flows in a winding channel towards Riblah."

(21) Lebanon ("the White Mountain," *Libanus*) is a mountain range of Syria and North Palestine. The western range begins on the south, at the ravine of the Litâny (Leontes), runs north-east to the Nahr-el-Kebir, which flows round its north end. The mean height is from 6000 to 8000 feet; the highest point 10,050 feet. The peak of Sunnîn, on the parallel of Beyrout, is 8555 feet, el-Jurd 5760 feet, Jebel Kuneiyiseh 6825 feet, and the village of Bhamdun 3330 feet above the sea. Snow

lies on the summits all the summer. The central ridge, of Jura limestone, has smooth sides and bare tops, and the scenery is of the wildest and grandest description. Every available spot is cultivated up to 6000 feet with fig-trees, olives, mulberry-trees, and patches of grain. Villages and convents cling to the sides of the cliffs, or are perched on the rocks in picturesque confusion. Many streams of classic fame rush down to the Mediterranean. The recesses are haunted by the jackal, hyena, wolf, and bear. The *Cedars of Lebanon*, the wreck of a noble forest, occupy a platform in the centre of a vast recess in the mountains. The east slopes of the range are tame and infertile. On the south the descent is abrupt to the plain of Cœle-Syria (the modern Buká'a), 2500 feet above the sea. The north half of the range is peopled by Maronite Christians, a hardy and industrious race, the south by the warlike Druzes. Lebanon was assigned to, but never occupied by, the Israelites. The Chain of Antilebanon (Anti-Libanus) rises in the plateau of Bashan and runs north to Hermon. Its highest peak is 9383 feet. Mean height 5000 feet. The mountains are barren, with grey cliffs and rounded summits, relieved by patches of dwarf oak and juniper. The western slopes descend steeply to the Buká'a, the eastern to the plain of Damascus to which the Pharpar and Abana flow. The range is thinly peopled, the population being estimated at 487,000, and abounds in wild beasts, eagles, vultures, and herds of gazelles. This range divides southward into two chains, which bound the valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and El Ghor.—*Johnston's 'Dictionary of Geography.'*

(2) Ba'albek, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, is the Syriac name for the Baalath of Scripture. Baalath means *City of Baal*, or *of the Sun*, for Baal is synonymous with the sun. Heliopolis also means *City of the Sun*, and is merely a translation of the Hebrew name. Ba'albek, probably a corruption of Baalath, signifies *Valley of the Sun*.

Ba'albek is pleasantly situated on the lower declivity of Anti-Libanus, on the last rising ground before the mountain merges into the plain of Bukâ'a, or Cœle-Syria. These ruins are 43 miles north-west of Damascus, and 3838 above the level of the sea.

The origin of Ba'albek is lost in remote antiquity, but the local traditions of the people, whether Christians, Jews, or Mahomedans, affirm that this city was built by Solomon. In 2 Chron. viii. 6, we find, "And Baalath, and all the store-cities that Solomon had, and all the chariot-cities, and the cities of the horsemen, and all that Solomon desired to build in Jerusalem, and in *Lebanon*, and throughout all the land of his dominion." "He (Solomon) built also the house of the forest of Lebanon." 1 Kings, vii. 2.

The gigantic ruins of Ba'albek are more extensive than any in the east, except those of Palmyra. They consist chiefly of three temples, two of them constructed of enormous stones, besides numerous remains of altars, gates, and the city walls, two miles in circuit. Antoninus Pius erected a great temple here, considered as one of the wonders of the world. Captain Mangles observes, speaking of the columns at Ba'albek, "The beauty and elegance of these pillars are surprising. Their diameter is seven feet, and we estimated their altitude at 68 feet, exclusive of the epistylum, which is 20 feet deep, and composed of immense blocks of stone, in two layers each of 10 feet in depth. The whole of this is elaborately ornamented with rich carved work in various devices."

Ba'albek prospered under the Romans, but was ruined by the Arabs and Turks. It was sacked by the Moslems in 748, and pillaged by Tamerlane in 1400; and the grand city became, as it were, a quarry for the materials to construct the mean buildings erected around. About a hundred miserable houses intersected by crooked lanes, on the east of the ruins, form the present village of Ba'albek.

(23) This convent of Mar Elias near Beyrout is Greek.

There is another of the same name near Acre, situated at the northern extremity of Jebel Mar Elias, or Mount Carmel.

(21) The Nahr el-Kelb is the "Lycus Flumen" of old geographers—the Greek "wolf" having degenerated into the Arab "dog." Near the source of the river Adonis, is the little village of Afka, about four hours' ride from which is Nebá el-Asal, "the honey fountain," one of the main sources of the Nahr el-Kelb, springing up in a dreary mountain nook. Thirty minutes more bring us to the chasm through which the stream flows from Neb'a el-Leben, "the milk fountain," another source of the Dog River. This chasm is spanned by a gigantic *natural bridge*—one of the wonders of Lebanon. It is called Jisr el-Hajr, "the stone bridge." The span is 163 feet, the height 80, the thickness above the arch 30, and the breadth of the roadway 120 to 160 feet. The stream, after passing through the bridge, descends the mountain side, and then dashes over a high ledge of rock in sheets of foam.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(22) Or Magoras of Pliny, *Nahr-Beirut*.

(23) Beyrout, or Beirut, the ancient Berytus, is a fortified city and sea port of Syria, in the pachalic of Damascus. It is situated on a bay of the Levant, near Cape Beyrout; lat. 33° 50' N.; long. 35° 24' 4" E. During the Crusades Beyrout sustained two memorable sieges; one in 1110, when it was captured by Baldwin I., and the other in 1187, when Saladin reduced it again under the rule of the Saracens. Subsequently Druze Emirs governed under the Turkish sovereignty. They fortified the place with walls and towers, extending for about 3 miles in circuit. In 1840 Beyrout was taken by Ibrahim Pacha, but was bombarded and retaken by the English in the same year. The town is prosperous; outside the walls there are suburbs of equal extent to the portion within the walls. There is a plentiful supply of water. English, French, and American

schools have been established. A French Company has constructed a carriage-road, and a telegraph between Beyrout and Damascus, *viâ* Zahleh.

(27) Tripoli or Tarâbulus, the ancient Tripolis, "Triple City," is said by ancient authors to have originally consisted of three divisions, founded respectively by the three neighbouring Phœnician cities, Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus. It is on both sides of the river Kadîsha, where on a rising ground Raymond of Toulouse built a castle to protect the pilgrims. Like the other Phœnician cities Tripolis carried on an extended commerce in ancient times. It also played an important part during the Crusades. Baldwin I. took it in 1110, aided by a Genoese fleet, and it was besieged by Saladin in 1188.

(28) Ladakîyeh, Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, was probably founded by Seleucus Nicator, the first of the Seleucidæ, and named after his mother, B.C. 290. It stands upon a rocky tongue of land, which projects about two miles into the sea, with a harbour partly formed by a pier. The trade consists in tobacco, oil, cotton, and silk; and might with ease be greatly increased. It was early the seat of a Christian bishop. The Rev. S. Lyde established a mission here among the Nusairîyeh. Laodicea was taken and destroyed by the Arabs under Moawiyah, in the Caliphate of Omar.

(29) Mount "Casius, now called Jebel Okrá, 'the Naked Mountain,' is an immense cone of limestone, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of 5700 feet. The upper part of the cone is bare; but the base and ridges that branch out from it eastward are covered with forests of oak and pine. A temple dedicated to Casian Jupiter formerly stood on its side, about 400 feet above the sea; and there an annual feast was held in honour of the god, in the month of August. At the north base of the mountain is a strip

of plain, half-a-mile wide, extending some three miles to the mouth of the Orontes. Upon it probably stood the town of Nymphæum."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(³⁰) See p. 295 of this volume. TURKEY, *note* 12.

RUSSIA.

(1) Balaklava is a sea-port town of Russia, on the Black Sea, near the southern extremity of the Crimea, six miles from Sebastopol. The Crimea, Tauric Chersonesus of the ancients, derives its name from its ancient capital, Crim, or Staroi-Krim. Its early inhabitants were the Tauri, a Scythian people, whence the ancient name. They established themselves in this peninsula in the sixth century B.C., and near the beginning of the fifth century founded the petty kingdom of the Bosphorus, which was afterwards subdued successively by Mithridates, the Goths, and the Huns. The last held possession of the Crimea till the fourth century A.D., when it was captured by the Hungarians. The Emperor Justinian drove them out in the sixth century, but the Khazars, a people from the mouths of the Volga, seized upon it in 679. These were succeeded by the Tartars of Kaptchak in 1237; the Genoese, who built Kaffa, in 1261. Mahomet II. attached it to his empire in 1475-80, and it was finally ceded to Catherine II. by the Turks in 1791.—*Bouillet.*

Rostof, or Rostov (*Dmitria-Rostofskaga*), is a town on the right bank of the Don, 22 miles above its embouchure into the Sea of Azov. Population about 12,000. It is the chief depôt for the trade of the countries through which the Don flows, and has a considerable commerce. It is defended by a fortress, and has a harbour and ship-building yards.

"At Kalatch, now the most important wharf on the Don, the traveller takes the rail for Tsaritsin on the Volga. The railway was opened in 1861 by an American company, but is now in the hands of the Government. It is well made, and the carriages are very comfortable. The distance is 73 versts (112 miles), and the fare, first-class, 2 rs. 19 c."—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

Tsaritsin is a town on the Volga, to which a railway runs from Kalatch on the river Don, thus connecting the two rivers. The Volga and the Don are the only two great rivers in Russia which are not connected by water. Tsaritsin was treacherously surrendered to Stenka Razin in 1670, and again plundered by the rebel Bulavin in 1707. Peter the Great visited the town in 1722, and confirmed its privileges; on which occasion he presented the inhabitants with his stick, saying, "Here is my stick; as I managed my friends with it, so you defend yourselves with it against your enemies." Then taking off his cap, and likewise giving it, he said, "As no one dares to take this cap off the head of Majesty, so shall no one dare to turn you out of Tsaritsyn." Both relics are preserved in the Town-hall.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

Tsaritsin is famous for its mineral waters.

Kamyshin was fortified in 1668, by Colonel Thomas Baillie, an Englishman in the Russian service. The fortifications were useful in the suppression of Cossack piracy on the Volga. Its inhabitants, in 1700, instigated by the Don Cossacks, rose in rebellion against the reforms of Peter, and murdered all those who shaved in compliance with the Tsar's orders. In the vicinity are traces of a canal, which was commenced by Devlet Gürey, in 1550, in order to unite the Volga with the Don.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

Saratoff, or Saratov, the fortified capital of the province of Saratov, is situated on the right bank of the Volga, about

200 miles from Kamyshin. It is built chiefly of wood. The manufactures are cotton and silk goods, clocks, watches, ropes, earthenware, leather, tobacco, bells, beer, and spirits. It carries on commerce between Astrakhan, Nijni-Novgorod, and Moscow, and exports corn.

Samara, on the Volga, 110 miles south-east of Simbirsk, is the capital of the Government of the same name, and is built on a height at the confluence of the Samara with the Volga. There is a cathedral and iron-works. The people trade in cattle, sheep, salt-fish, caviar, tallow, skins, and leather.

Balaklava has a very ancient history. It is said to be the ancient port of the *Læstrigones*, noticed by Homer, who describes it exactly as it now appears. Two high rocks, which advance into the midst of the waves, and seem approaching to embrace one another, stand at the entrance of the harbour, and only leave a narrow passage to the south, which barely allows two vessels to pass one another. Its width is 800 feet, and its greatest depth 100 fathoms. The water looks dark, or even black. Inside the port enlarges to a width of 1200 feet, but its depth decreases to 6 fathoms. The entire length is nearly a mile.

(2) Simbirsk, capital of the Government of Simbirsk, is on the Volga, where it is joined by the Sviago. There are two cathedrals, a monastery, a nunnery, a college, and numerous charitable institutions. Simbirsk exports fish and grain. It was founded by the Boyar Hitrovo, in 1648, and burnt by Stenka Razin in 1670.

(3) The Kama River is the chief tributary of the Volga, and where the confluence takes place nearly as broad. It rises near Glazov, in the Government of Viatka, flows through Perm, where there is a large cannon foundry, and joins the Volga, 40 miles south of Kazan. The Kama is

navigated by about 1800 vessels, which give employment to more than 30,000 men. Vast quantities of salt and other goods are brought to Nijni.

(*) Kazan (page 170) was founded in 1265, and destroyed 140 years afterwards by Gourii Dmitriavitch, the brother of the Grand Duke of Muscovy. Rebuilt by Oulat Achmet, the second Kazan rose like Rome upon the seven hills, and its population was composed of brigands from Astrakhan, the Crimea, and the Horde D'Or. Oulat fought in Russia, and received a considerable tribute in money from the Czar. In 1552, John IV., called the Terrible, with an army of 150,000 men, took possession of Kazan, and with the town fell the Tartar dominion. Since that period Kazan has never been disturbed till 1774, when it was burnt down by Pugachev. Kazan is one of the finest towns in Russia; it contains several fine churches, and among other remarkable buildings—the fortress; the tower of Sumberki, named after the beautiful but unhappy princess of that name, daughter of a khan of Bogais, and wife of three sovereigns of Kazan, who was made prisoner by the Russians; the monument raised to the memory of the soldiers who fell during the siege of the town, is in the shape of a mausoleum, with doors like a church, erected in 1823; the Gate of Spaski; four monasteries: a large university; and a curious and interesting museum.

The celebrated image of our Lady of Kazan was discovered unscathed in the ashes of a conflagration, and the Bogoraditsky Convent, near the Kremlin, was built in 1579, to receive it. The diamond crown on the head of the Virgin was presented by Catherine II. John the Terrible caused every building within the Kremlin to be destroyed, and even the tombs of the Tartar sovereigns to be levelled with the ground. There are 126 factories at Kazan. The soap and stearine works are the most important. There are also some tanneries. The races inhabiting the sides of

the river are said to be very interesting; the most remarkable being the Mordva, the Chuvaski, and the Cheremissi, of Finnish and Mongolian origin.

(5) The older part of Nijni Novgorod, or *Lower Novgorod* (page 173), is built upon a steep promontory of land, at the junction of the River Oka with the Volga, 250 miles from Moscow, east by north. A vast plain spreads around it. The town contains about 30,000 persons, but that number is increased tenfold when the great fair, which takes place annually, is held. It begins early in July and ends in August. Merchants come from every part to attend it; from Thibet, Buchara, Finland, Greece, England and France. The fair is held in a suburb of the town—the bread consumed during the time it lasts is said to amount to 400,000 lbs. weight every day. When these fairs are not going on the town is very quiet, and its streets and squares look quite deserted. There are fifty-one churches of the Russian communion, and eight belonging to other denominations at Nijni. The Otkos, or “Terrace,” was built by the Emperor Nicholas. In the cathedral of the Transfiguration, founded in 1221, Minin, the patriot, who saved his country from the Poles in 1612, is buried.

(6) This picture, called the “Virgin of Vladimir,” or “Our Lady of Vladimir,” is described as having been painted by St. Luke, and miraculously preserved from the fury of Timour the Tartar. It is in the Ikonostas, or “Holy of Holies,” in the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow. The Grand Duke Gourii Dolgorouki, in the twelfth century, brought it from Constantinople. It had been presented to the Princess Eudoxia by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus and the Patriarch. In 1154 the picture was brought from Southern Russia to Vladimir, where a cathedral was built for its reception, and in 1400 it was moved to Moscow. The jewels with which the picture is adorned are valued at 45,000*l*.

(7) Four columns, the quadrangular bases of which encumber the nave, with two others concealed by the Ikonostas, support the roof, which is diversified by five cupolas, on which are figures of Jesus Christ. The pillars and roofs are covered with frescoes, on a gold ground. Here is shown the wooden throne of Vladimir Monomachus, A.D. 988. In the Ikonostas, behind the screen, stands a model of Mount Sinai, made of pure gold, which Prince Potemkin presented to the cathedral. The host is placed within it; and some important state documents are kept under it. A huge Bible, adorned with jewels, was presented by Peter the Great's mother.

(8) The Tower of Ivan Veliki (John the Great), is believed to have been built by the Tsar Boris Godunoff. Its height, including the cross, is 325 feet. Four-fifths of its length is of an octagonal form, and the remainder is a circular shaft, surmounted by a brilliant golden cross, which can be seen for several leagues from the city. The peasants before beginning their daily work, are accustomed to uncover and cross themselves, saluting this emblem of their faith. A huge bell, weighing 64 tons, called the "Assumption," hangs in the lower part of the tower. The basement is formed into a chapel, dedicated to St. John of the Ladder.

(9) Count Segur says, On the 14th September, 1812, Napoleon reached Moscow with his army. As they ascended Le Mont de Salut, Moscow, with its golden and many coloured spires and cupolas, glittering in the rays of the mid-day sun, lay stretched out before them. Struck by this gorgeous spectacle, the whole army drew up, and exclaimed "Moscow!" then all hurried on in a disordered march, clapping their hands, and repeating "Moscow!" like sailors who see land for the first time after a long and stormy voyage. Napoleon himself was struck with

astonishment, and an exclamation of pleasure broke from his lips, as he said, "La voilà donc enfin cette ville fameuse;" and his next expression was, "Il était temps."

(10) The women sit in a circle, and the men stand behind them with tambourines in their hands, which they agitate or shake. Their songs are wild and plaintive, sometimes shrill, sometimes guttural. Two of the gipsies sang a kind of dialogue, replying to each other, and their companions joined in the chorus. Suddenly one of the women rose, and began a wild fantastic dance, another followed her example; they threw their arms about, rocked their heads from side to side, and shook their shoulders. During this the others sang a wild chorus. The movement of the dancers now became quicker, their feet were scarcely lifted from the ground, but performed a gliding motion, like the Egyptian dancing girls. The body is always in motion. The performance is peculiar, but elegant, and must be fatiguing, for after it was over the dancers appeared languid and fatigued.

(11) This is one of the most celebrated monasteries of Russia, and is a Lavra, or the seat of a metropolitan, inferior only to the Lavra of the Cave in Kief. Other monastic establishments are only *monastirs*. Its name is Alexander Nevskaya Sviatotoitskaya Lavra (the Alexander Nevsky's Holy Trinity Lavra). It stands at the extreme end of the Nevski Prospekt, where it occupies a large space, enclosing within its walls churches, towers, gardens, and monks' cells. This church and convent were founded by Peter the Great, in honour of the canonised Grand Duke Alexander, who, in a great battle fought on this spot, defeated the Swedes and knights of the military orders, A.D. 1241: his remains were brought here with much pomp by Peter from Wladimir. The church and monastery were originally built of wood in 1712; but stone was substituted some years afterwards. Peter's successors increased the

possessions and buildings of the cloister, and Catherine built the cathedral, one of the largest in the capital. For the decoration of the interior, marble was brought from Italy, precious stones from Siberia, and pearls from Persia. It is further adorned with some good copies after Guido, Rubens, and Perugino; the Altar-piece, the Annunciation, is by Raphael Mengs.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

(¹²) He arrived in the winter, and drove in imperial state with six horses, and accompanied by elephants bearing on their backs towers filled with Indian warriors, well protected from the cold by rich furs. The cages in which the animals travelled were covered with the skins of the Polar bear. Some of the pearls given to this monastery appear in mitres and robes; many of the latter are presents. There is an episcopal staff shown, which was turned by Peter and given to the monastery; also one of amber presented by Catherine. The crown of Alexander, the bed on which Peter died, and many other interesting objects are here. The library is very fine, and contains about 10,000 volumes, and many valuable manuscripts and rare specimens of the antiquities of Russia.—*Murray's 'Handbook.'*

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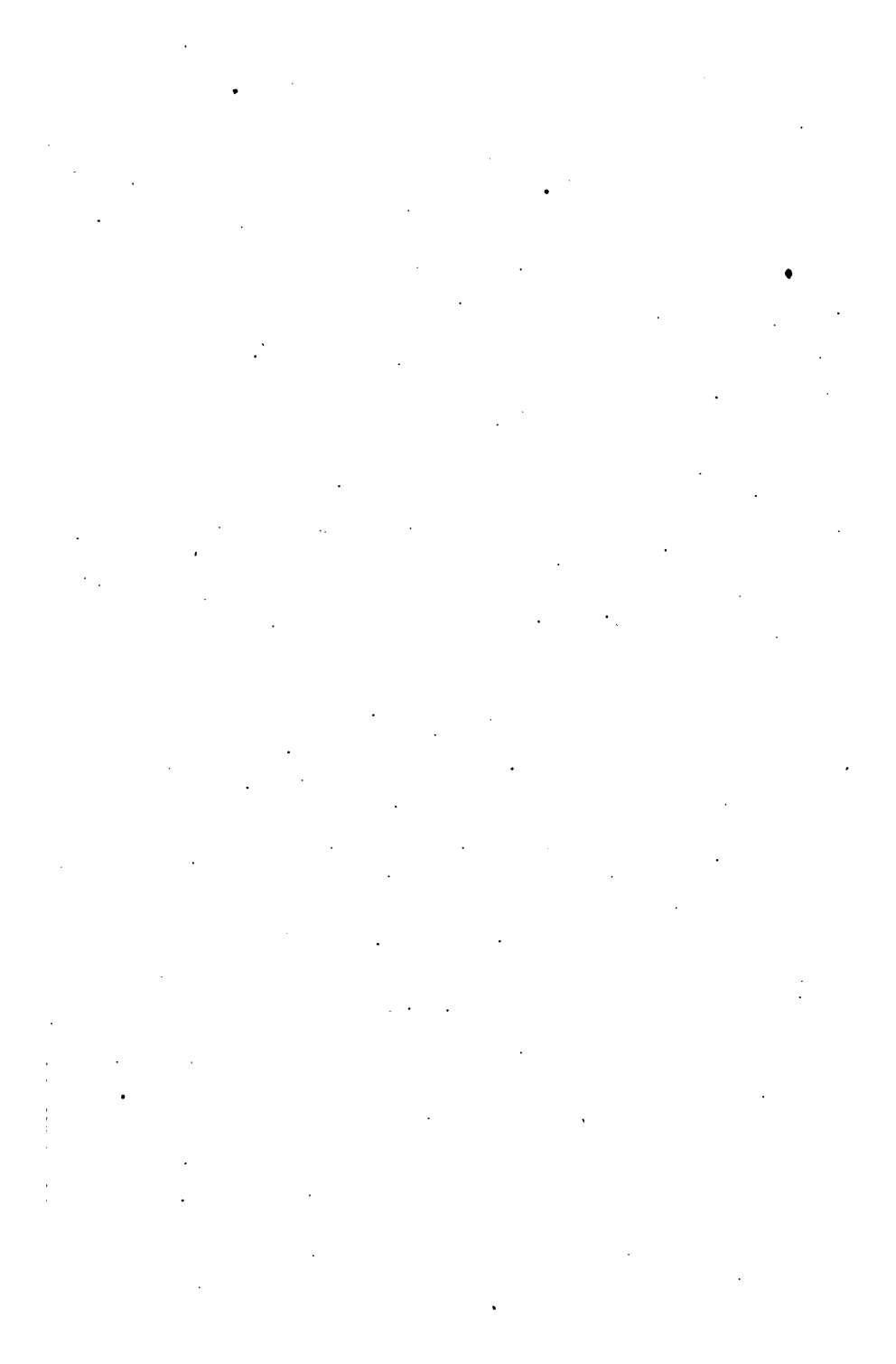
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